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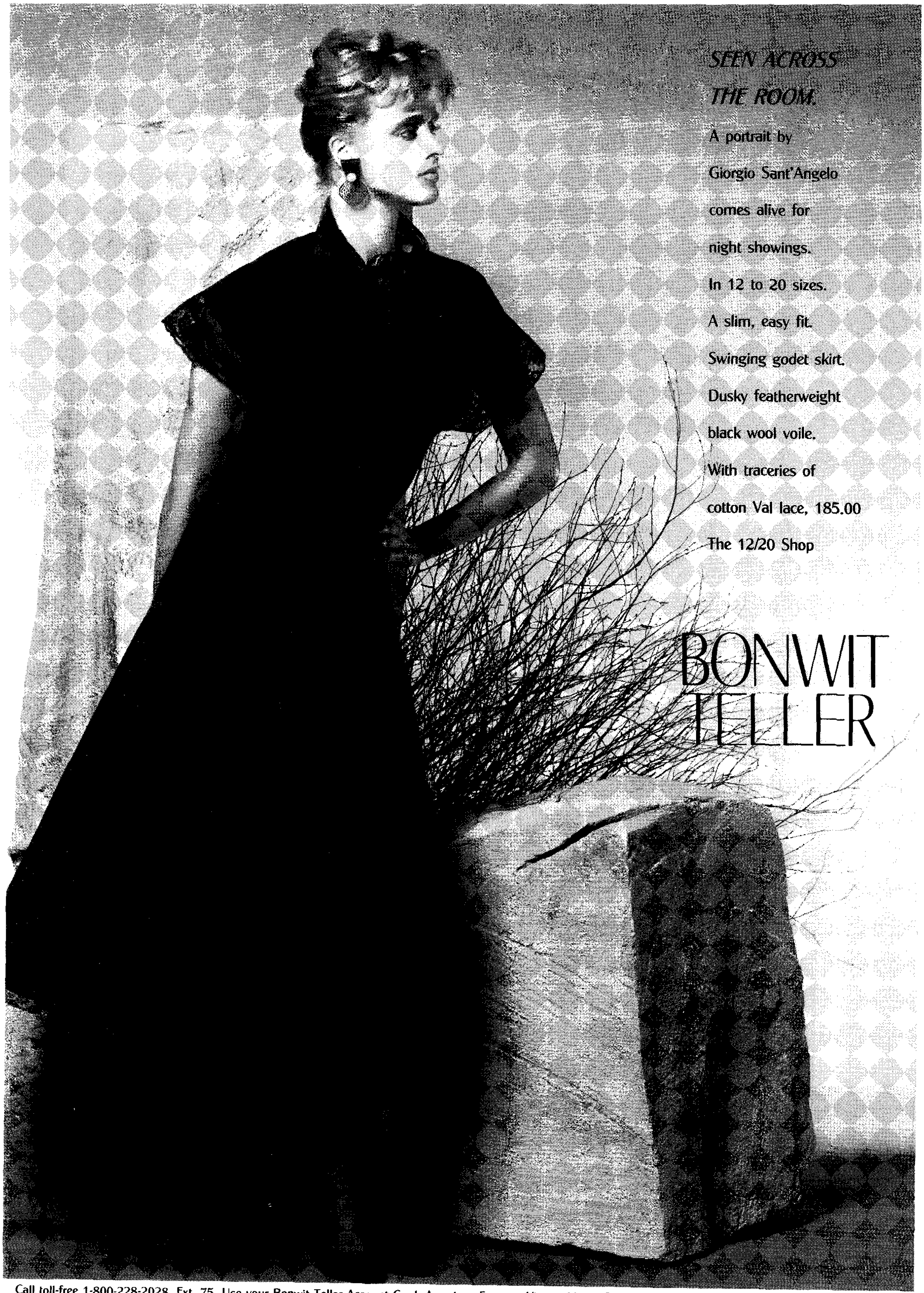

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

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**A . . . My Name Is Alice**—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Balm in Gilead**—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/84.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Blue Window**—A comedy by Craig Lucas. (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

**Come Back, Little Sheba**—A revival of a play by William Inge, with Shirley Knight, Philip Bosco, and Mia Dillon. Preview Wednesday, July 11. Opens officially on Thursday, July 12. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**Danny and the Deep Blue Sea**—John Turturro is the rough truck driver and June Stein the tough young woman who meet in a bar in the Bronx and proceed from there in John Patrick Shanley's melodrama. The strong direction was by Barnet Kellman. (6/18/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Design for Living**—A male artist, a male playwright, and a female interior designer make up a triangle that gives them the greatest possible pleasure; for a time, the triangle turns into a rectangle, which spoils everything. Such is the plot of this harsh comedy by Noël Coward. Directed by George C. Scott and with a cast headed by Jill Clayburgh, Frank Langella, and Raul Julia, it is well worth going to see. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Endgame**—A revival of a play by Samuel Beckett, directed by and with Alvin Epstein. (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Found a Peanut**—Among the adult actors who portray small children at play behind a Brooklyn apartment house are Peter MacNicol, Robert Joy, Kevin Geer, and Evan Handler. Donald Margulies' script is clever enough for all practical purposes. Incidental music by Allen Shawn; scenery and lighting by Thomas Lynch and Beverly Emmons. Claudia Weill directed. (6/25/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 15.)

**Glengarry Glen Ross**—A dark comedy by David Mamet, about a handful of desperate real-estate salesmen in Chicago. Their language is harsh, filthy, and funny, and the actors portraying them are worthy of the highest praise. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, July 15, at 7.)

**Greek National Theatre**—In a one-week engagement of Sophocles' "Oedipus Rex," in modern Greek, with Nikos Kourkoulos. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Tuesday through Saturday, July 17-21, at 8. Matinées Wednesday, July 18, and Saturday and Sunday, July 21-22, at 3.)

**Hurlyburly**—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Christopher Walken, Judith Ivey, Sigourney Weaver, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. (7/2/84) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Isn't It Romantic**—A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. With Barbara Barrie, Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, Alan Rosenberg, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Light Opera of Manhattan**—Through Sunday, July 15: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, July 18: Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

**The Miss Firecracker Contest**—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Nest of the Wood Grouse**—Eli Wallach plays a fraudulent Soviet bureaucrat in Victor Rozov's domestic comedy, which aims at satire but settles for entertainment. Mary Beth Hurt, Rosemary De Angelis, Dennis Boutsikaris, and Anne Jackson are among the supporting actors. The play is a long-running

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hit in Russia. (6/25/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 22.)

**Nite Club Confidential**—An amiable salute—tongue in, tongue out of cheek—to night clubs in the fifties, with new songs written for the occasion by Dennis Deal and Albert Evans, and old ones by, among others, Harold Arlen, Frank Loesser, and Johnny Mercer. The music sounds fine, and the company is able and agreeable; Tom Spiroff is, for a few brief, shining moments, a knockout as Elvis Presley. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 594-0326. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

**Noises Off**—As funny a farce as one could ask for. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. The cast includes Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**On Approval**—An acceptable, summer-stock kind of revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of British high life in the nineteen-twenties. The four American actors of the company do pretty well under the brisk, capable direction of Daniel Gerroll. (5/21/84) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**The Real Thing**—The hero of Tom Stoppard's new comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. The playwright's mistress and eventual wife proves to be even more selfish than he is. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. John Vickery and Caroline Lagerfelt head the cast. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Rink**—A conscientiously depressing musical about how painful life can be. A few sunny glimpses are provided by Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli, as well as by Peter Larkin's marvellous setting. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb and are up to their high standard. The book is by Terrence McNally. Starting Monday, July 16, Stockard Channing will take over for Miss Minnelli. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

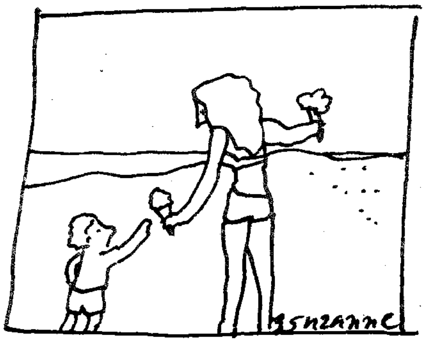
**Robert Frost: Fire and Ice**—A one-man play, written by Arthur Peterson and June August, in which Mr. Peterson portrays the poet. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

**Split Second**—This play, by Dennis McIntyre, tells the story of the killing of a racially abusive white thief by a black policeman, and the consequences of the murder among the policeman's colleagues and family and within his own conscience. With John Danelle in the leading role, Michele Shay, and Norman Matlock, among other good actors. (6/18/84) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturday, July 14, at 7 and 10; Sunday, July 15, at 7:30; and Saturday, July 21, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3, and Wednesday, July 18, and Saturday, July 21, at 2.)

**Sunday in the Park with George**—A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Tap Dance Kid**—Nothing is less needed in the world than a didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Waltz of the Stork Boogie**—A revised version of



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a comedy-with-music by Melvin Van Peebles, starring Harold Nicholas and the Brewery Puppets. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 29.)

**Zorba**—Closed for three weeks; scheduled to reopen on Monday, July 23, at the Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St.

**Long Runs**—**brighton beach memoirs:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A musical worth attending for the performances by George Hearn and Gene Barry as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez and for the production itself, which is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. Starting Monday, July 16, Jamie Ross will replace Mr. Barry. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dreamgirls:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 10,072 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fool for love:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **my one and only:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy in a newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **torch song trilogy:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **true west:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Erik Estrada and Peder Melhuse. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

## MISCELLANY

**Radio City Music Hall**—A show called "Gotta Getaway!," starring Liliane Montevecchi, with the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

**Forbidden Broadway '84**—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

**Kyogen**—A company of nine, presenting programs of classic Japanese plays. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. 759-0588. Saturday, July 14, at 8; Sunday, July 15, at 2 and 8; and Monday through Wednesday, July 16-18, at 8.)

## DANCE

**Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre**—Final performances—Wednesday evening, July 11: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "Precipice," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 12: "Concerto in F," "Cry," "Isba," "Treading," and "Blueshift." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 13: "Fontessa and Friends," "Pas de Duke," "Concerto in F," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 14: "Night Creature," "Cry," "The Stack-Up," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 14: "Concerto in F," "Treading," "Precipice," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Monday evening, July 16: "Landscape," "Love Songs," "Night Shade" (New York première), and "Blueshift." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, July 17: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Precipice," and "The Stack-Up." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 18: "Fontessa and Friends," "Treading," "Night Shade," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 19: "Night Creature," "Treading," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 20: "Concerto in F," "Fever Swamp," "Pigs & Fishes," and "Precipice." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 21: "Landscape," "Love Songs," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 21: "Concerto in F," "Cry," "The Stack-Up," and "Revelations." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

**Twyla Tharp Dance**—Presenting "Nine Sinatra Songs" and "Fait Accompli" in a two-week engagement. (Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west

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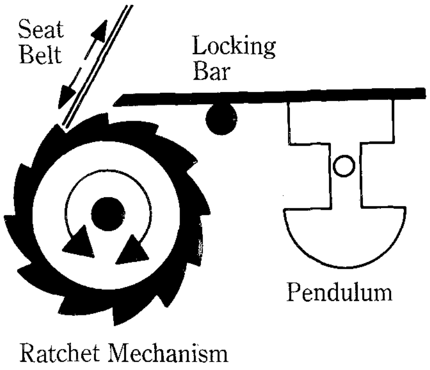
The fact is, the shoulder belt is designed to restrict your movement only in an emergency. In normal situations, you can lean forward or to the side with little pressure from the shoulder belt.

**In an emergency, the belts lock up to hold you in place.** The inertial reel makes this possible. That's a mechanism as simple and reliable as gravity (as you can see in the accompanying diagram). Inertial reels have been used since the 1974 model year for the shoulder belt in many GM cars. They allow you complete freedom of movement in normal driving. You can turn easily to check traffic or reach to the glove compartment.

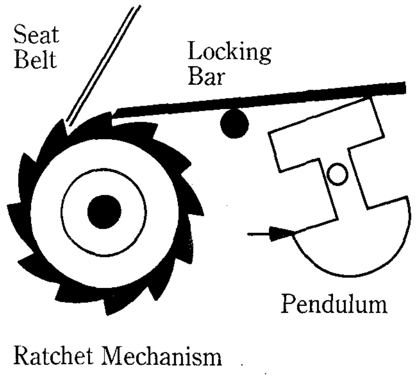
**Adjusting your shoulder and lap belt.** Even the slight tension you feel from the inertial reel is adjustable so there is almost no pressure. Pull the shoulder belt far enough away from you so that, when you let it go, it comes back flat against your chest. Then pull down slightly on the shoulder portion, about one inch, and let it go again.

Safety experts suggest allowing no more slack on the shoulder belt than absolutely necessary for comfort. Lap belts should be adjusted snugly as low on your hipbones as possible—not higher where they might damage internal organs in a crash.

**How the inertial reel works.** *Your shoulder belt is designed to allow freedom under normal conditions, but to lock automatically and restrain you in a collision.*



**Under normal conditions,** *the pendulum and locking bar are in their rest positions. The reel which holds the seat belt is free to rotate. As you lean against it, the belt unreels.*



**In emergencies,** *such as a collision from any direction, the pendulum tilts, forcing the locking bar to engage the ratchet. The reel locks and the seat belt restrains you.*

In a collision, lap/shoulder belts, worn properly, distribute the force across the large, strong bones of your hips and torso. Perhaps most important, belts help keep you from being thrown out of the vehicle in an accident.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, July 22.)

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## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Algonquin Hotel,** 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**RONNY WHYTE,** a fine baritone and a good pianist—dig his left hand—performs songs you may remember, songs you may have forgotten, and songs you may never even have heard of in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

**Angry Squire,** 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner era) bar and restaurant—it feels sort of like the We're Here with jazz. Friday and Saturday, July 13-14, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and drummer **VERNEL FOURNIER'S** trio, and Friday and Saturday, July 20-21, bassist **MICKEY BASS.** Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

**Bitter End,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A rock, folk, folk-rock, and comedy club. The schedule: Wednesday, July 11, End to End, Bricks Mortar, and I.C.B.M.; Thursday, July 12, the Intruders, Viva Larue, and Mama Tried; Friday, July 13, Expresso Tango, Adults, and Life in a Blender; Saturday, July 14, J.G. & the Initials, Faz, and Bop Apocalypse; Sunday, July 15, Castle Browne; Tuesday, July 17, Merrill Lunch; Wednesday, July 18, Mitch Frohman & the Cultural Connection, Eclipse, and Maximum R. & B.; Thursday, July 19, Sharynn Harper, Circle of 5, the Centerfold, and Strate A's; Friday, July 20, Holy War, the Shane Gang, and the Knobs; and Saturday, July 21, the Lounge Lizards and Wired. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Wonka Tonka Mondays present a variety of music from nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

**Blue Note,** 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Singer-pianist **NINA SIMONE** finishes her visit on Sunday, July 15; on Monday, July 16, the Amy Duncan trio will trade sets with Over Easy; and on Tuesday, July 17, trumpeter-composer **SHORTY ROGERS** will arrive with his fellow West Coaster, saxophonist **BUD SHANK.** Music from ten. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

**Bottom Line,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The schedule: Wednesday, July 11, Sandra Bernhard; Thursday, July 12, Roomful of Blues and **FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL;** Friday, July 13, the Waitresses; Saturday, July 14, a benefit concert with Lucie Arnaz, Buskin & Batteau, Steve Chapin, Tom Chapin, and **TOM PAXTON;** Monday and Tuesday, July 16-17, guitarist **LEE RITENOUR;** Wednesday, July 18, Kenny G; and Thursday, July 19, **BILL MONROE & THE BLUEGRASS BOYS.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. The pianists and bassists: **HUGH LAWSON** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** through Saturday, July 14, and starting Monday, July 16, **FRED HERSCH** and **GEORGE MRAZ.** Music from nine-forty-five.

**Carnegie Tavern,** 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Just around the block from Carnegie Hall you can hear pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** who was inspired by Chopin (Fred) and Tatum (Art). He plays from nine until midnight every night but Sunday. Dining.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, July 11, Dawn Patrol, the Embracers, the Lights, and the Bandables. Music from long after nine-thirty.

**Eagle Tavern,** 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, July 11, John Whelan and Elleen Ivers; Saturday, July 14, the Lewis Brothers; Wednesday, July 18, Nancy Crutcher; and Saturday, July 21, the Navesink Valley String Dusters and the Screaming Lulu's. Mondays and Fridays are Irish-music nights. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

**Eddie Condon's,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek hangout for traditional jazz. The house sextet plays Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, July 15, the Eddie Bert–Loren Schoenberg quintet will be on the stand; Mondays, Ed Polcer's quintet performs. Starting Tuesday, July 17, the Joe Muranyi sextet, with **BILLY BUTTERFIELD,** will take charge. Music from eight-thirty to two. Wednesdays, the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

**Edwardian Room,** in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

**Fat Tuesday's,** 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—New Orleans trumpeter **AL HIRT** leads a quartet through Sunday, July 15; Monday, July 16, will belong to the **LES PAUL** trio; and Tuesday, July 17, guitarist **LAURINDO ALMEIDA** will bring in his trio. Sets begin at eight-thirty. Dining.

**Folk City,** 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, July 11, at nine and eleven, Hoy Boy & the Doys; Saturday, July 14, at eight and eleven, the Washington Squares; Tuesday, July 17, Lucy Avery Brooke; Wednesday, July 18, at nine and eleven, Ned Sublette and the Nitecaps; Friday, July 20, at eight and eleven, Terry Waldo & the Gotham City Jazz Band; and Saturday, July 21, at eight and eleven, Suzanne Vega. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

**Greene Street,** 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The schedule: pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS** through Thursday, July 12; Friday and Saturday, July 13-14, **CARMEN LUNDY,** a wonderful young vocalist; Sunday and Monday, July 15-16, Louis Banks and Jerome Harris; Tuesday through Thursday, July 17-19, pianist **HAL SCHAEFER;** and Friday and Saturday, July 20-21, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN.** Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

**Gregory's,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Wednesdays through Sundays, Kitt Moran sings with the Mike Moran trio; on Mondays pianist Judd Woldin teams up with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten. Sundays through Fridays from five to ten, pianist Don Golson has the floor.

**Hanratty's,** 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A dining room with a view of a pianist. Tuesdays through Saturdays, you can see (and hear) **DICK WELLSTOOD,** and on Sunday and Monday, July 15-16, **DAVE MC KENNA.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

**Knickerbocker Saloon,** 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The good reasons are pianist **ROGER KELLAWAY** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE,** who perform through Saturday, July 14. Then, on Tuesday, July 17, pianist **JACK WILSON** and his bassist will take over. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from about ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

**Lone Star Café,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can tell the atmosphere is more like Austin than Dallas or Houston because there are no freeways in here. The performers: Wednesday, July 11, Bobby Bare; Thursday, July 12, Paul Barrere, with Catfish Hodge; Sunday, July 15, Max Creek; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 17-18, Tom Johnson and Border Patrol; and Thursday, July 19, New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN** and, also from New Orleans, the **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

**Lush Life,** 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** leads his quartet through Sunday, July 15; and on Tuesday, July 17, singer **ANITA MOORE** will move in with her backing crew. On Mondays, the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN** band takes over. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine. Dining.

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Julius La Rosa sings here Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, featuring Woody Allen on clarinet, occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

**Peppermint Lounge,** 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, July 13, Urban Blight; Saturday, July 14, the Vipers and Floor Kiss; and Friday, July 20, Lenny Kaye. Live music from about eleven-thirty. Dancing.

**Rainbow Room,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER** and his nifty little dance orchestra perform Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

**Red Blazer Too,** 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

**Ritz,** 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock

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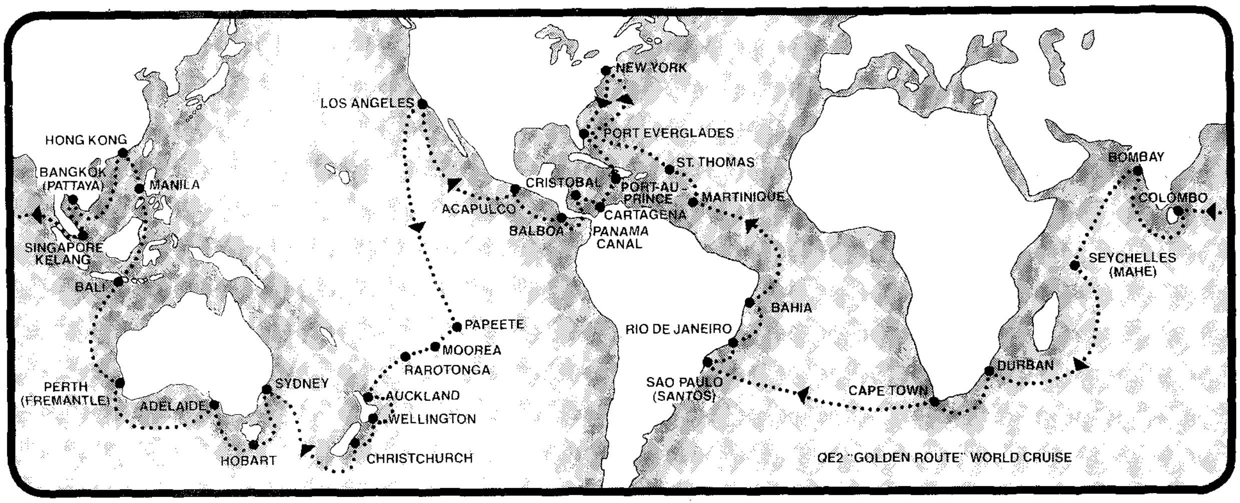
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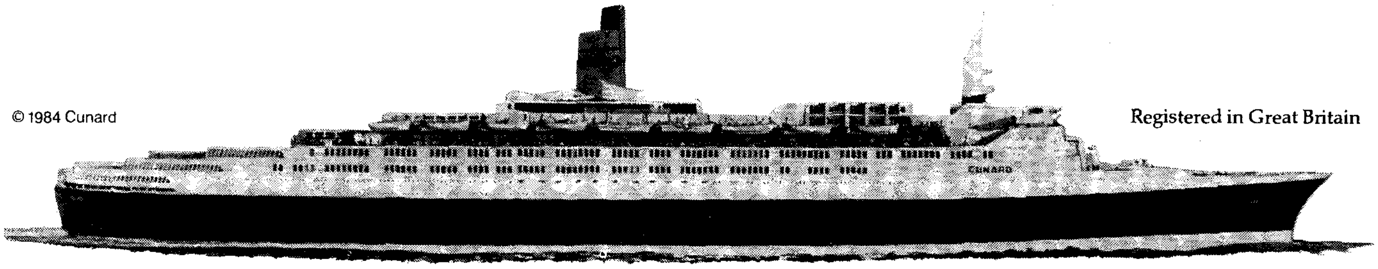

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and roll. Thursday, July 19, Test Dept.; Saturday, July 21, Icicle Works. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

**Sounds of Brazil,** 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, July 11, percussionist **NANA VASCONCELOS** and composer-guitarist **EGBERTO GISMONTI**; Thursday, July 12, Kimati Dinizulu & the Kotoko Society; Friday and Saturday, July 13-14, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Tuesday, July 17, Mario Toledo & Choros of Brazil; Wednesday, July 18, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND**; Thursday, July 19, Ladji Camara; and Friday and Saturday, July 20-21, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET** plays some fine New York jazz through Sunday, July 15, and starting Tuesday, July 17, alto saxophonist **CHARLES MC PHERSON** will arrive with **CURTIS FULLER, KENNY BARRON, CHIN SUZUKI,** and **AL FOSTER**. Mondays are launch nights for **SUN RA & THE OMNIVERSE JET SET ARKESTRA**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

**Tramps,** 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A friendly, unassuming music hangout. New Orleans' own **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND** is here Wednesday through Saturday, July 18-21. Tuesday, July 17, will belong to the Spoonie Gee. Music after ten.

**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences; on July 16, **CONJUNTO CLASICO, NESTOR TORRES,** and jazz flutist **DAVE VALENTIN** will all be present. . . . ¶ And starting at nine-thirty out on the Terrace **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** perform nightly, except Mondays. And jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops by on Tuesdays.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. The **HEATH BROTHERS BAND** winds up its stay on Sunday, July 15; on Tuesday, July 17, skywalker trumpeter **JON FADDIS** will bring in his quintet. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** is Monday's tradition. Music from ten.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. The pianists: Richard Schulman through Sunday, July 15; Leslie Pintchik Monday through Wednesday, July 16-18; and Ted Chavis Thursday through Sunday, July 19-22. Music from eight-thirty until two.

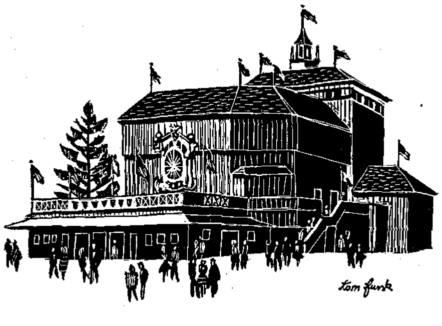
**West End,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The schedule: Saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** & the Jazz Sultans through Sunday, July 15, and starting Tuesday, July 17, a (presumably) bebop band called Dizzy Gillespie's All-Stars (Mr. Gillespie will not be on the premises). The Monday man is saxophonist Percy France. Music from about nine.

**Zinno,** 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—**JOHN BUNCH** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** play piano-bass duets through Saturday, July 14, and starting Tuesday, July 17, Jeanne Matisse will work with Mr. Holley. Monday's music is provided by Brian Torff and Jim Roberts. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

### JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**New Jazz from New Orleans**—Friday, July 20, at 8: Patrice Fisher & Jasmine, Allen Toussaint, and Jimmy Robinson & Woodenhead. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 8: Ramsey McLean & the Survivors and Allen Toussaint. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

**Malicorne**—With Dan Ar Bras. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, July 21, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)



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**Jazz Center of New York**—Friday, July 13, at 9 and 10:30: Randy Weston. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 9: Jam session. . . . ¶ Monday, July 16, at 9: Tom Pierson's big band. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 20-21, at 9 and 10:30: Al Grey Stars, featuring Bobby Durham, Carol Britto, and J.J. Wiggins. (380 Lafayette St. 924-5026.)

## ART

*(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)*

### GALLERIES

**Futura 2000**—Energetic new works by this spray-paint virtuoso, who is one of the graffiti artists in the Shafrazi gallery stable. His real name is Lenny McGurr. Through Saturday, July 14. (163 Mercer St.)

**Al Hirschfeld**—More than a thousand original drawings. Through Aug. 24. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St., between University Pl. and Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

**Oliver Johnson**—Accomplished oils and pastels of jazz people, notably Louis Armstrong in *his shirtsleeves, and a concert at Preservation* Hall. Through Friday, July 13. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St.)

**Jeff Mendoza and Stephen Whisler**—Sculptured landscape forms—mesas and plateaus in abstract wall pieces by the former, and rugged freestanding characterizations of canyons and geysers by the latter. Also drawings by both men. Through July 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

**Yhuda Porbochrai**—Paintings of New Image figures seen in environments where conventional fish and flowers abound. Through Friday, July 13. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

**Fairfield Porter and Friends**—A show of thirty-one works by fifteen artists who constitute a community, in this instance, because of their professional links to Mr. Porter (1907-75), whose portrait by Elaine de Kooning and self-portrait are included. Among the other artists are Robert Dash, Jane Freilicher, Larry Rivers, and Nell Blaine. Through Sept. 9. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Tuesdays through Sundays.) . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Porter. Through July 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. These shows, of course, complement Porter's retrospective at the Whitney Museum.)

**Richard Ryan**—Figures and medieval-looking architecture painted in exceptionally low-keyed reds and browns. The artist teaches at Vassar. Through Friday, July 13. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Alison Saar / Rod Rhodes**—Sculptural works, including wall reliefs, made of tin, bits of cloth, plaster, and so on, depicting conjure men and other street-life figures. / Miniature architectural settings with windows through which erotic dramas are visible. Through Friday, July 13. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

**Art on the Beach**—Eight environmental installations, each the product of an association among an artist, architect, and performer and appropriate in concept to this acre of sand (the environmental part) tended by Creative Time. Performances are held Sunday and Wednesday evenings at 6:30 (Ellen Fisher on Wednesday, July 11; Oliver Lake on Sunday, July 15, and Wednesday, July 18); exhibition hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30. (Battery Park City Landfill, Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts.)

**Group Shows**—At the **ALEXANDER,** 20 W. 57th St.: What these paintings and sculptures by about twenty artists have in common is a centered image. Martha Diamond, Suzan Pitt, Troels Worsel, others. Through Aug. 17. . . . **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by David Salle, pastels by Francesco Clemente, and sculptures by Bryan Hunt. Through July 27. . . . **CASTELLI,** 142 Greene St.: The chefs d'oeuvre of the current show are Frank Stella's twelve-foot-nine-inch mixed-medium construction; Richard Serra's twenty-ton Corten-steel sculpture; and Robert Rauschenberg's high-fire ceramic painting, just under nine feet tall, incorporating a copy of David's portrait of Napoleon on a rearing charger. Through July 27. . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 417 E. 75th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and collages by gallery artists Howard Newman, Robert Ohnigian, Romare Bearden, and others. Through Friday, July 13. . . . **DEUTSCH,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings executed primarily in the first half of the twentieth century by American abstractionists, among them O'Keeffe, Bolotowsky, Diller, and Gorky. Through Wednesday, July 18. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: A hundred and twenty-one drawings on loan from the Victoria and Albert Museum in a selection that systematically covers practically every aspect of the art, with examples from Tiepolo and Dürer to LeWitt and Hockney. Through July 28. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **ESMAN,** 121 Spring St.: Paintings and sculptures by seven young artists. Through Friday, July 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Frederic Amat, Philip Pearlstein, and William T. Wiley are some of the artists represented in a rotating show offering paintings and works on paper that deal with the theme of the artist's studio. Through July 27. . . . **GETLER-PALL-SAPER,** 50 W. 57th St.: "Swimming and Other Pools" is the title that explains this grouping of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Jennifer Bartlett, David Hockney, Budd Hopkins, Debra Pearson, and others. Through Aug. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Mother Nature was the common denominator in this selection of paintings by a half-dozen artists, among them Michael Mazur and Ree Morton, whose treatments range from the representational to the abstract. Through July 25. . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings, dated 1945 to 1984, by American artists whose compositional themes centered on color and geometry. Ad Reinhardt, Joseph Albers, Sol LeWitt, Charmion von Wiegand, and others. Through July 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PINDAR,** 127 Greene St.: A smorgasbord of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by Philip Corey, Mimi Korach Lesser, Carol Unger, and numerous others, inspired by the artists' feelings about their kitchens. Through July 28. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: An all-watercolor exhibit, including landscapes by Sally Vagliano and Simon Harling, and abstractions by Dorothy Dehner and John Ferren. Through July 27. . . . **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS,** 114 Prince St.: Paintings by Mark Kostabi, Bruce Wall, Joel Handorff, and Rick Prol. Through Saturday, July 21. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **THORP,** 103 Prince St.: Large abstractions by Marjorie Welish and David Hannah, showing at the gallery for the first time, plus works by Alfred Jensen, Joan Snyder, Edward Finnegan, and Henri Michaux. Through July 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures by twelve contemporary artists; three of them are Heide Fasnacht, Bill Spira, and Alvin Tada. Through July 31. . . . **ZARRE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Edgar Buonagurio, Harry Bartnick, Mark Hadjipateras, and others. Through Friday, July 13.

¶ Following is an arbitrary list of other galleries that are open, most of them with changing exhibitions of works by gallery members: **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mon-

days.) . . . **PAM ADLER,** 37 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ARMSTRONG,** 50 W. 57th St. . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St. . . . **DAVID FINDLAY, JR.,** 41 E. 57th St. . . . **FRENCH,** 41 W. 57th St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KIND,** 136 Greene St. . . . **METRO PICTURES,** 150 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St. . . . **OSCARSSON HOOD,** 41 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **TATISTCHEFF,** 50 W. 57th St.

**SCULPTURE**—At the **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: Works in various mediums by John Chamberlain, William Crozier, Willem de Kooning, Michael Heizer, and others. Through Sept. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MANHATTAN ART,** 81 Greene St.: Wall pieces in wood and in slate by Jeffrey Plate; trim marble posts standing in a bed of glass shards by Arden Scott; and Jim Raglione's group of skeletal chairs and chaises made of pipe and meant to be hooked up to the water supply. Through Friday, July 13. . . . **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: Works in stone by Max Bill, Anna and Wolfgang Kubach-Wilmsen, and Masayuki Nagare. Through Friday, July 13. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Peter Agostini, Lee Bontecou, Raoul Hague, Reuben Nakian, Richard Stankiewicz, and George Sugarman in a show of works and related drawings, all executed in the nineteen-sixties. Through Friday, July 20.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**BARBARA BLONDEAU** (1938-74)—A series of time-motion studies, each work a contact print of an entire roll of film. Through July 27. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ**—Various prints. Through Aug. 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

**LUCIA MOHOLY**—Photographs of Gropius's Bauhaus buildings in Dessau and a portrait of Florence Henri are among forty works. Through Friday, July 20. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays, and open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **CARIMOR,** 20 E. 76th St.: Civil War prints removed from Alexander Gardner's two-volume "Photographic Sketch Book of the War." Through July 28. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **PACE-MAC GILL,** 11 E. 57th St.: Prints by gallery artists Harry Callahan, Nancy Hellebrand, Richard Avedon, Jim Goldberg, and others. Through Aug. 31. . . . **PFEIFER,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Painted photographs by Holly Roberts, Russell Drisch, Susan Chang, and others. Through July 27.

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"African Ivories," seventy-odd carved objects spanning the past four hundred years of sub-Saharan culture, including figures, masks, ornaments, musical instruments, and two huge ivory tusks that are engraved with images of African rulers and deities. . . . ¶ A display of a few dozen nineteenth-century European painted fans that unfold to reveal, for instance, the eruption of Vesuvius or a scene from the opera "Bellerophon." Through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Shows of two nineteenth-century French artists—Delacroix (represented by lithographs, drawings, and etchings) and Antoine-Louis Barye (gouaches and bronze plaques), noted for his animal forms. Through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.—The inaugural exhibition in the expanded galleries is entitled "An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture." Recent with a capital "R": the nearly two hundred works are by artists who were selected because they have become prominent only in the past decade. Through Aug. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Works of a social and political nature by Robert Adams, Jim Goldberg, and Joel Sternfeld. Through July 31. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A small show of Cubist paintings from the museum's collection, with works by Gleizes, Léger, Ozenfant, and others. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART,** Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Fairfield Porter. Through Aug. 19. (Complementary shows are at the Tibor De Nagy Gallery, 29 W. 57th St., and Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ A survey of abstract paintings and sculptures in America covering the years 1927 (the date of Stuart Davis's "Eggbeater" series) through 1944 (the year Mondrian died); nonobjective and hard-edge styles typify these works, by Albers, Noguchi, David Smith, and others, done prior to Abstract Expressionism. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Fifteen illuminated sculptures by R. M. Fischer, constructed from found objects and industrial materials, are aglow in the lobby gallery and lower gallery. Through July 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM,** Eastern Parkway—Picasso's "Parade," the fifty-seven-foot painted curtain executed in 1917 for use on the set of the Cocteau-Satie-Massine ballet of the same name, has been mounted in the fifth-floor rotunda. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A selection of American watercolors and pastels from the permanent collection, which boasts a number by Homer and Sargent, and includes Cassatt, Demuth, Hopper, O'Keeffe, and others. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ "Spanish Colonial Arts of the Andes," paintings, textiles (a seventeenth-century Peruvian tapestry, for instance), furniture, and such objects as a bishop's silver hat decorated with ribbon and velvet. Assembled from the museum's collections. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,** Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. Through Sept. 9. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

**ASIA SOCIETY,** 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Two shows reflecting contemporary life in the People's Republic of China. Brush-and-ink paintings (primarily hanging scrolls) and some sketches by thirty-six artists ranging in age from twenty-nine to ninety-one. . . . ¶ Photographs of the people there by Tom Zetterstrom. Both shows through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Fridays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An architectural exhibit that reviews the changes in skyscraper design in Manhattan between the world wars, and specifically the impact of the 1916 "setback" zoning law on the city's skyline. The Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, and the Waldorf-Astoria are a few of the projects considered in original drawings, models, and photographs. Through Sept. 23. . . . ¶ A show, organized by the Denver Art Museum, that examines the predominance of the circle as a motif in the designs of the Plains Indians for their tepees, toys, beaded saddle blankets, and other social and domestic necessities. Through Sunday, July 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**FRICK COLLECTION,** 1 E. 70th St.—A show of neoclassical terra-cotta sculptures by the eighteenth-century French artist called Clodion (Claude Michel). All but two of the fifteen pieces are on loan. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**JEWISH MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of approximately three hundred religious and domestic objects, such as Torah ornaments, synagogue furnishings, and cooking utensils. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

**MORGAN LIBRARY,** 29 E. 36th St.—Two anniversary exhibits (it's the library's sixtieth) from the collections: French drawings, 1550 to 1825, by Poussin, Claude, Watteau, Ingres, Delacroix, and others; and illuminated manuscripts and autograph manuscripts ranging from a Dutch "Hours of Catherine of Cleves" to Steinbeck's yellow-pad manuscript of "Travels with Charley." Through July 31. (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

**MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART,** 125 W. 55th St.—An exhibit reflecting the nineteenth-century whale trade. Scrimshaw, paintings of maritime families, and ships' figureheads. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN,** 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of eighty original *New Yorker* covers that were inspired by—or at least reflect—the seasons of the year. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

**NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibit of European and American playing cards dating from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, and illustrated with patriotic emblems, advertisements, folk art, and other designs. Card-game accessories and early board games are also on display. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Gottesman Exhibition Hall has opened with "Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict," an inquiry whose materials include Calvin's "Religious Institutes," Daumier's "Liberty of the Press . . . ," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Sanger's "The Woman Rebel," and Orwell's "1984"—each of them once anathema to somebody. First editions, autograph copies, original manuscripts, prints. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

**STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM,** 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. Through Sept. 2. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

**NEW YORK CITY OPERA**—Thursday, July 12, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Judith Forst, Frederick Burchinal, and Bruce Reed; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 8: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Maria Spacagna, Jon Fredric West, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 2: "La Traviata," with Marianna Christos, Robert Grayson, and Robert McFarland; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Catherine Lamy, Jane Shaulis, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 15, at 1: "La Bohème," with Judith Haddon, Maryanne Telese, Richard Leech, and Scott Reeve; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 15, at 7: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Sharon Christman, Walter MacNeil, and William Parker; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 18, and Friday and Saturday, July 20-21, at 8: "Candide," with Leigh Munro, Deborah Darr, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, David Eisler, and Scott Reeve; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 19, at 8, and Saturday, July 21, at 2: "Candide," with Claudette Peterson, Maris Clement, Joyce Castle, Cris Groenendaal, and Joseph McKee;

Scott Bergeson. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

**Mostly Mozart Festival**—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 25. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 11: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Thursday, July 12: Vittorio Negri conducting the orchestra in an all-Vivaldi program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 13-14: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Misha Dichter, piano, and Elmar Oliveira, violin. . . . ¶ Monday, July 16, and Wednesday, July 18: Eduardo Mata conducting the orchestra, with Philippe Entremont, piano, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 17: The Emerson Quartet and Misha and Cipa Dichter, pianos. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 19: A repeat performance of the July 12 all-Vivaldi program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 20-21: Eduardo Mata conducting the orchestra, with Young-Uck Kim, violin, and Miss de Larrocha. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

**Note**—The Eastman Brass Quintet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, July 25, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, July 16, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

## IN THE COUNTRY

**Tanglewood Festival**—Thursday, July 12, at 8:30: Christoph Eschenbach and Justus Frantz, *duo piano*. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 7: Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 9: Kurt Masur conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 8:30: Christoph Eschenbach conducting a *J. C. Bach–Beethoven–Schubert program*, with Mr. Frantz. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 15, at 2:30: Kurt Masur directing an all-baroque program, with Elly Ameling, soprano; Susanne Mentzer, mezzo-soprano; Jerry Hadley, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone; and *the Tanglewood Choir*. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 19, at 8:30: Elly Ameling, soprano, and Rudolf Jansen, piano, in an all-Schubert program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 20, at 7: Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Jonathan Feldman, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 20, at 9: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in a Mozart-Beethoven program, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 8:30: Kurt Masur conducting a Beethoven–Richard Strauss program, with Charles Kavalovski, horn. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 22, at 2:30: Kurt Masur conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Mr. Silverstein. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 1-414 637-1666.)

**Caramoor Festival**—Thursday, July 12, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a chamber-music program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 9: Michael Feldman conducting the ensemble in a Telemann-Vivaldi program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 8:30: Jerzy Semkow conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a Rossini-Mendelssohn–Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 15, at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 19, at 4:15: The ensemble in a second chamber-music program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 20, at 9: The Emerson String Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 8:30: Michael Feldman conducting the orchestra, with William Purvis, horn. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 22, at 5:30: Miriam Fried, violin, and Garrick Ohlsson, piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 26. On Saturdays, buses leave at 6 from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-5035.)

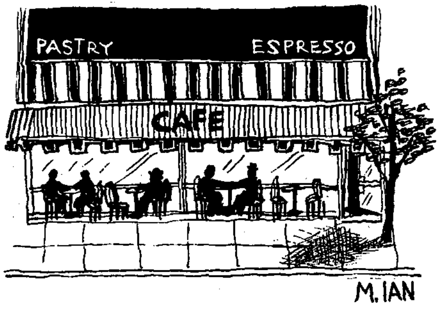
**Saratoga Performing Arts Center**—The New York City Ballet in a three-week season that ends Saturday, July 21. Wednesday, July 11, at 8:15: "Allegro Brillante," "Antique Epigraphs," "Réjouissance," and "Symphony in C." . . ¶ Thursday, July 12, at 2: "Allegro Brillante," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Harlequinade." . . ¶ Thursday, July 12, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Réjouissance," and "Symphony in C." . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 8:15 (a benefit performance): "Theme and Variations," "Concerto Barocco," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," and "Brahms/Handel." . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at *2* and 8:15: "Jewels." . . [**NOTE:** A special concert will be given by David Gilmour on Sunday, July 15, at 8:15.] . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 17, at 8:15: "Episodes," two new unnamed ballets, and "Symphony in C." . . ¶ Wednesday, July 18, at 8:15: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Bugaku," and "Western Symphony." . . ¶ Thursday, July 19, at 2: "Raymonda Variations," "Réjouissance," and "Western Symphony." . . ¶ Thursday, July 19, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Bugaku," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Friday, July 20, at 8:15: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," the two new unnamed ballets, and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 2: "Allegro Brillante," the two new unnamed ballets, and "Western Symphony." . . ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Bugaku," and "Brahms/Handel." (Saratoga Springs. Through Saturday, Sept. 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

**Summerfare '84**—Opening performances of a festival of theatre, dance, and music which will *take place at the State University of New* York, at Purchase, through Sunday, Aug. 12. *Un soupçon*—**FRIDAY, JULY 13, AT 8:** "Secrets," a musical-dance production from Australia, with life-size marionettes and live performers. . . . **AT 8:30:** Zarzuela, a fifty-member company from Spain, named for and presenting that nation's form of popular opera. . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** Teddy Wilson. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 14, AT 6:** Benjamin Britten's opera "Noah's Flood." (No tickets necessary.) . . . **AT 7 AND 10:30:** Billy Reed and the Street People. (No tickets necessary.) . . . **AT 8:** Anthony Newman, harpsichord, and "Secrets." . . . **AT 8:30:** Zarzuela. . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** Chris Connor. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 15, AT 3 AND 7:30:** "Secrets." . . . **AT 3 AND 8:** Zarzuela. . . . **AT 6:** The Johnston Fantastic Symphony Steel Orchestra. (No tickets necessary.) . . . **WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, AT 8:** "Secrets." . . . **AT 9:** Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones," starring Cleavon Little, with original jazz music by Coleridge Taylor-Perkinson and a dance sequence performed by the Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble. . . . **THURSDAY, JULY 19, AT 8:** "Secrets." . . . **AT 9:** "The Emperor Jones." . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 20, AT 8:** "Secrets." . . . **AT 9:** Sankai Juku, an avant-garde dance company from Japan; and "The Emperor Jones." . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 21, AT 5:** Sankai Juku. (No tickets necessary.) . . . **AT 6:** Anthony Newman, organ. . . . **AT 8:** "Secrets." . . . **AT 9:** "The Emperor Jones" and Sankai Juku. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 22, AT 3 AND 7:30:** "Secrets." . . . **AT 9:** "The Emperor Jones." (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

**Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival**—Programs of modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 14: Daniel Stein, mime, and dancer-choreographers Timothy Buckley, Maria Cheng, and Wendy Perron. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 17-21: Sara Yarborough, Andrea Duffin, Deirdre Duffin, and others. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

## *SPORTS*

**Baseball**—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Kansas City, Thursday, July 12, at 8; Friday, July 13, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, July 14, at 8; and Sunday, July 15, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Texas, Monday and Tuesday, July 16-17, at 8, and Wednesday, July 18, at 1. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Thursday and Friday, July 19-20, at 8, and Saturday, July 21, at about 2:20 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1, and will include a couple of innings involving old Yankee warriors and former members of other American and National League teams).



**Golf**—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship. (Salem Country Club, Peabody, Mass. Thursday through Sunday, July 12-15.)

**Racing**—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 30. The Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Sunday, July 15, and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 21. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 21. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:30.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, July 14. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, July 24.

**Yachting**—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 14, through Saturday, July 21.)

## ET ALIA

**Democratic National Convention**—Opens at the George Moscone Center, in San Francisco, Monday, July 16, at 2, Pacific Time. The keynote address, by Governor Mario Cuomo, of New York, will be delivered that evening.

**Auction**—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St.—Wednesday, July 18, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century works of art. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday through Friday, July 11-13, and Monday, July 16, from 9:30 to 5; Tuesday, July 17, from 9:30 to 3.)

## THE GREAT OUTDOORS

**New York Shakespeare Festival**—Free performances of **HENRY V,** with Kevin Kline and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 22. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

**Kyogen**—Programs of classic Japanese plays. (Lincoln Center, North Plaza. Wednesday through Friday, July 11-13, at 8:30.)

**South Street Seaport Museum**—Free concerts on Pier 16. Thursday, July 12: The Sonny Fortune quintet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13: The Harold Ousley quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 19: Roger Kellaway and Michael Moore. . . . ¶ Friday, July 20: Kirk Lightsey and Harold Danko. (East River at Fulton St. Evenings at 8.)

**Damrosch Park,** Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Memorial Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 12.)

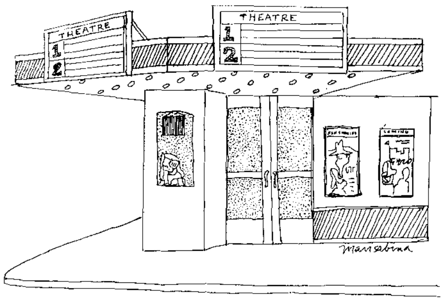
**Central Park Mall**—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the first two in a series of three productions of Puccini operas. Thursday, July 12, at 8: "La Fanciulla del West." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 19, at 8: "Madame Butterfly."

**Music Festival on the Pier**—The Miller beer people's summertime concerts. Wednesday, July 11: The Marshall Tucker Band and Betts, Hall, Leavell & Trucks. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13: Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Bruce & Friends. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 15: Twisted Sister, Ratt, and Lita Ford. . . . ¶ Monday, July 16: David Gilmour. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 18: Little Steven and the Disciples of Soul. . . . ¶ Friday, July 20: Psychedelic Furs and Talk Talk. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30—on July 16, at 8—through Friday, Sept. 14. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

**Walking Tours**—Henry Hope Reed will conduct a tour of northern Central Park. Saturday, July 14, starting at Central Park West and 100th St., at 2. (For information, call 473-6283.) . . . ¶ Conducted tours of the East Village and Washington Square, sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Saturday and Sunday, July 14-15, starting in front of Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. and 8th St., at 2. (For information about tickets, call 935-3960.)

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



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**FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 15.**

### EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A festival of Charlie Chaplin films:
Through July 12: "The Kid" (†); "The Circus" (†); and "Laughing Gas" (1914; a short film).
July 13-15: "City Lights" (†); and "The Jitney Elopement" (1915; a short film).
July 17-19: A program of five short films—"Caught in a Cabaret" (1914), "Oh What a Night!" (1914), "His New Job" (1915), "The Perfect Lady" (1915), and "The Champion" (1915).
From July 20: A program of five short films—"Mabel's Busy Day" (1914), "The Rink" (1916), "The Vagabond" (1916), "The Fireman" (1916), and "The Count" (1916).

**R.K.O. Century Art,** 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through July 12: "Cannonball Run II" (directed by Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise.
From July 13: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 12: "The Natural" (†); and "Strange Brew" (Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis).
July 13-19: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†) and "Risky Business" (†).
From July 20: To be announced

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through July 12: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
From July 13: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz).

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Gremlins" (†).

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through July 19: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
From July 20: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.

**Loews 34th Street Showplace,** 238 E. 34th (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 3: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through July 19: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
From July 20: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
To be announced.

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through July 19: "The Natural" (†).
From July 20: "Electric Dreams" (Steve Barron), with Lenny Van Dohlen.

**Gotham Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The 4th Man" (†).

**Manhattan 1 and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 12: "Gremlins" (†). From July 13: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz).

**Baronet and Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 2: Through July 19: "Rhinestone" (Bob Clark), with Sylvester Stallone and Dolly Parton. From July 20: "One Deadly Summer" (Jean Becker; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey; and "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

**Cinema I and II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022 / 0774)
Theatre 1: "Under the Volcano" (†).
Theatre 2: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.

**Gemini 1 and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through July 12: "Cannonball Run II" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise. From July 13: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.
Theatre 2: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through July 19: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke.
From July 20: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.

**Loews New York Twin 1 and 2,** 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through July 12: "Splash" (†).
July 13-19: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
From July 20: "The Natural" (†).

**U. A. 85th St. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

**Loews Orpheum 1 and 2,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
Theatre 2: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†).

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th (249-1144)
Through July 12: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
From July 13: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.

**R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 12: "Cannonball Run II" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise. From July 13: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz).

### WEST SIDE

**Film Forum 1 and 2,** 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through July 17: "The Last Sea" (1979; directed by Haim Gouri, Jacquot Ehrlich, and David Bergman; in Hebrew, Yiddish, French, and English, with English subtitles). From July 18: "Cruel Story of Youth" (1960; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).
Theatre 2: Through July 12: "My Night at Maud's" (†). From July 13: "The Hidden Fortress" (†).

**Vandam,** 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 12: "The Revolt of Job" (Imre Gyöngyössy and Barna Kabay).
From July 13: "Class Enemy."

**Waverly 1 and 2,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

**Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke.
Theatre 2: "Last Night at the Alamo" (Eagle Pennell).

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through July 19: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger. From July 20: "Electric Dreams" (Steve Barron), with Lenny Van Dohlen.
Theatre 2: Through July 12: "Diva" (†). From July 13: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French).
Theatre 3: Through July 19: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley. From July 20: "Electric Dreams."
Theatre 4: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
A program of Donald Duck cartoons.

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Guest" (1977; Ross Devenish), with Athol Fugard; and "Marigolds in August" (1979; Ross Devenish), with Winston Ntshona, John Kani, and Athol Fugard.

**57th St. Playhouse,** 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Gabriela" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.

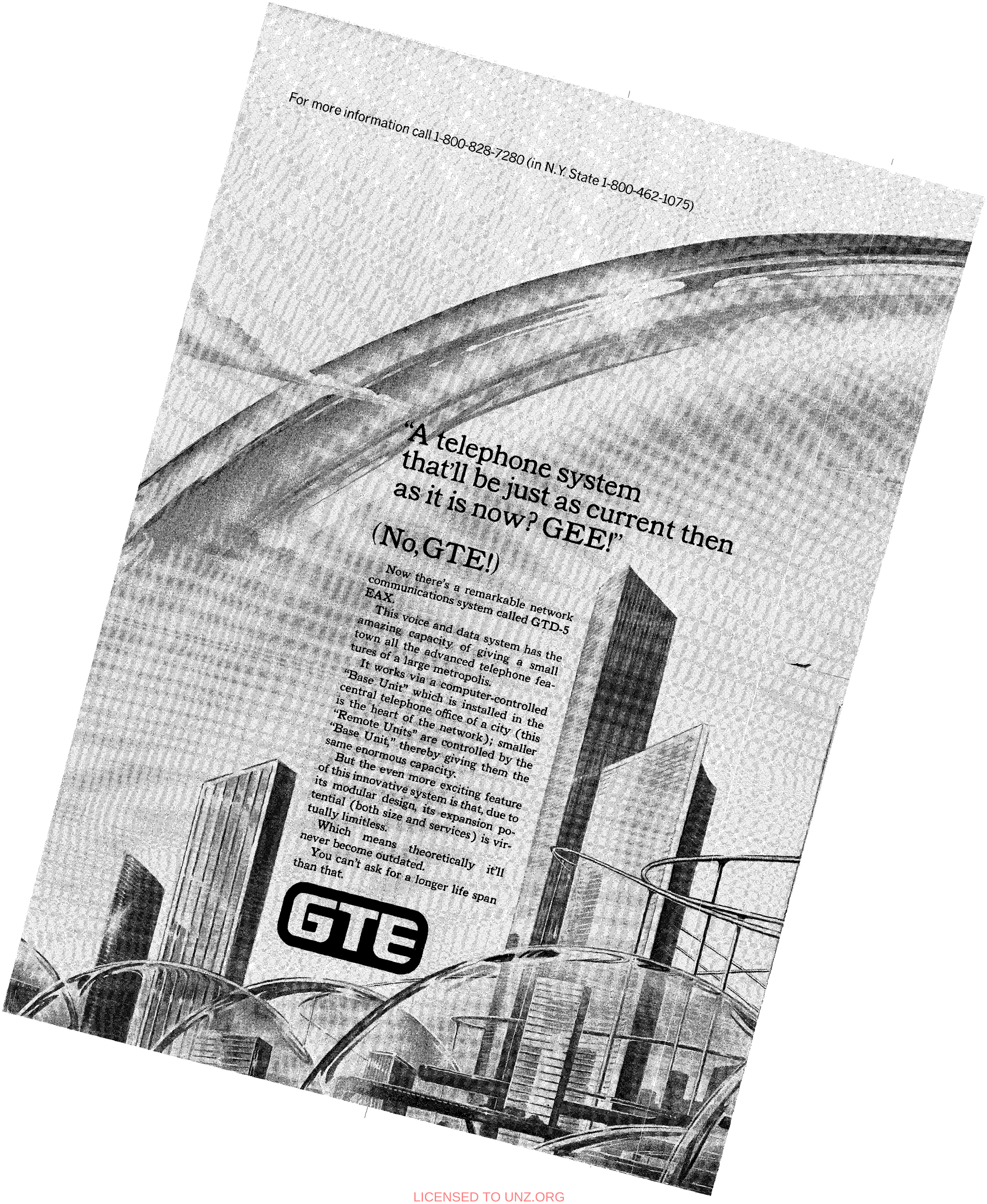
**Loews Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Pope of Greenwich Village" (Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke.

**Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3,** B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "After the Rehearsal" (Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson and Ingrid Thulin.
Theatre 2: "Another Time, Another Place" (Michael Radford), with Phyllis Logan.
Theatre 3: "Eréndira" (†).

**Cinema Studio 1 and 2,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: "Improper Conduct" (Nestor Almendros and Orlando Jiménez-Leal; in French and Spanish), a documentary.

**Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2,** B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.
Theatre 2: Through July 17: "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades. From July 18: "Skyline" (Fernando Colomo; in Spanish and English).

**Loews 83rd Quad,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 12: "Cannonball Run II" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise. From July 13: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.
Theatre 3: "The Pope of Greenwich Village"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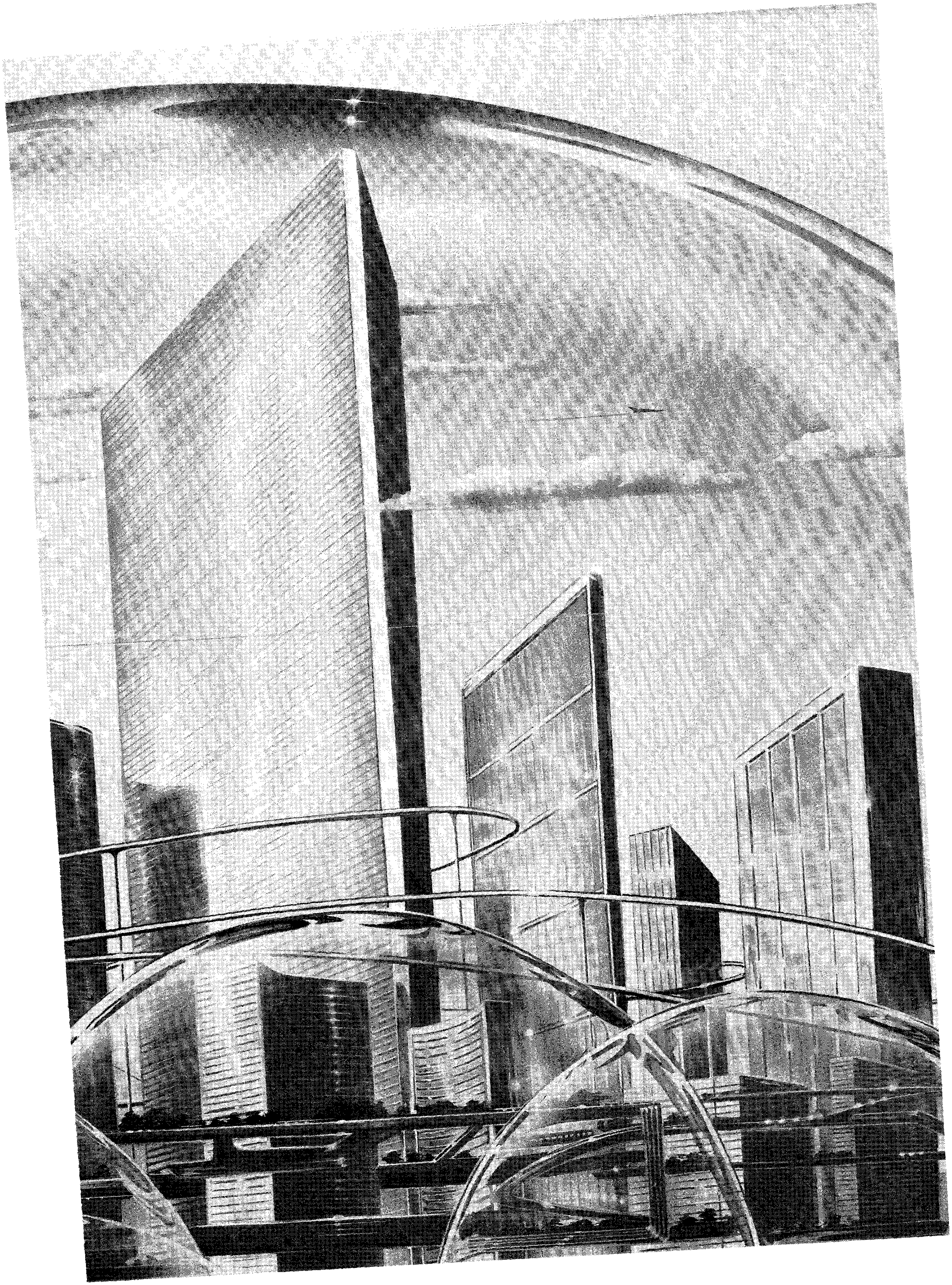

(Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke.

Theatre 4: Through July 12: "Ghostbusters" (†). From July 13: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz).

**New Yorker 1 and 2,** B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through July 19: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From July 20: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.
Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

**Olympia Quad,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through July 12: "Zelig" (†) and "Broadway Danny Rose" (†). From July 13: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.
Theatre 2: Through July 12: "They're Playing with Fire." From July 13: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through July 19: "The Natural" (†). From July 20: "Electric Dreams" (Steve Barron), with Lenny Van Dohlen.
Theatre 4: Through July 12: "Diva" (†). July 13-19: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods. From July 20: "Electric Dreams."

### TIMES SQUARE AREA

**Criterion Theatres,** B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through July 19: "Rhinestone" (directed by Bob Clark), with Sylvester Stallone and Dolly Parton. From July 20: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 2: "Cannonball Run II" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise.
Theatre 3: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
Theatre 4: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).
Theatre 5: "Escape from Women's Prison."
Theatre 6: Through July 19: "The Natural" (†). From July 20: "Splatter University."

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.

**Embassy 2, 3, and 4,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.
Theatre 3: "They're Playing with Fire."
Theatre 4: "Breakin' " (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey.

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

**Loews State 1 and 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†). No performances on Tuesday, July 17, and Thursday, July 19.
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

**Movieland,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through July 19: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.
From July 20: "Electric Dreams" (Steve Barron), with Lenny Van Dohlen.

**New Embassy 49th Street,** Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Splash" (†).

**Rivoli 1 and 2,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: Through July 12: "Conan the Destroyer." From July 13: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.

**R.K.O. Century National Twin,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

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Theatre 2: Through July 12: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane. From July 13: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz).

**R.K.O. Century Warner Twin,** B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

### REVIVAL HOUSES

**Agee Room,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Beyond Good and Evil" (1984; directed by Liliana Cavani; in Italian), with Erland Josephson.

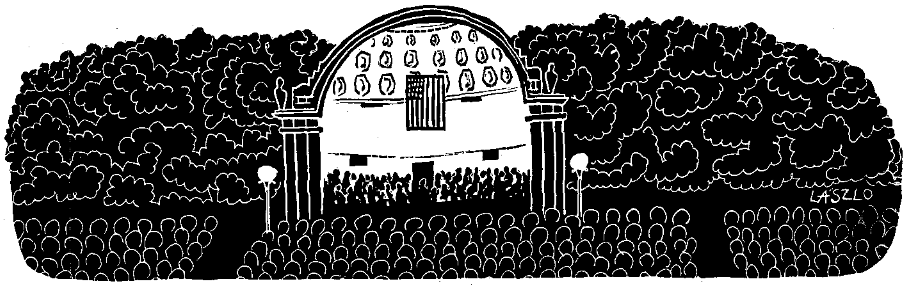
**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 12: "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Eileen Heckart, and Don Murray; "Some Like it Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.
July 13-19: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow; "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson and Eva Dahlbeck; and "The Magician" (1958; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin and Max von Sydow.
From July 20: To be announced.

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through July 12: "Beyond Good and Evil" (1984; Liliana Cavani; in Italian), with Erland Josephson; and "The Night Porter" (1974; Liliana Cavani), with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling.
From July 13: To be announced.

**Cinema Village,** *22 E. 12th. (924-3363)*
Through July 12: "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
July 13-14: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French); and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976; Francis *Giacobetti*), with Sylvia Kristel.
July 15-17: "Three Coins in the Fountain" (1954; Jean Negulesco), with Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire, Jean Peters, Louis Jourdan, and Maggie McNamara; and "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" (1955; Henry King), with William Holden and Jennifer Jones.
July 18-19: Russ Meyer's "Vixen" (1969); and "Beneath the Valley of the Ultra*vixens" (1979; Russ Meyer).*
July 20-21: To be announced.

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (1984; Alex Cox), with Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton.

**Hollywood Twin Cinema 1,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
To be announced.



**Hollywood Twin Cinema 2,** 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
To be announced.

**Metro Cinema,** B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through July 12: "The Hidden Fortress" (†).
July 13: "The Big Chill" (1983; Lawrence Kasdan), with Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, Kevin Kline, Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, and Mary Kay Place; and "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles).
July 14: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Bjorn Andresen.
July 15: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards.
July 16: "Edvard Munch" (1976; Peter Watkins), with Geir Westby and Gro Fraas.
July 17: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke.
July 18: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (†); and "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux.
July 19: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (†).
From July 20: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Empire of Passion" (1980; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 11: "The Sunshine Boys" (1975; Herbert Ross), with Walter Matthau, George Burns, and Richard Benjamin; and "Buddy Buddy" (1981; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.
July 12-14: "Private Lives" (1931; Sidney Franklin), with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan *Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.*
July 15-16: "The Time Machine" (†) and "Forbidden Planet" (†).
July 17-18: "Naughty Marietta" (1935; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; and "Broadway Melody of 1938" (†).
July 19-21: "Red-Headed Woman" (†) and "Possessed" (†).

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
July 11: "Cul-de-Sac" (1966; Roman Polanski), with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).
July 12: "The Testament of Dr. Cordelier" (1959; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault; "A Day in the Country" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jeanne Marken, Sylvia Bataille, and Gabriello; and "Charleston" (1927; Jean Renoir; a French silent film).
July 13: "The Hills Have Eyes" (1977; Wes Craven), with Susan Lanier and Robert Houston; "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg), with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan; and "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones.
July 14: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow" (1964; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.
July 15: "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "3 Women" (1977; Robert Altman), with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule.
July 16: A program of cartoons.
July 17: "King Lear" (1971 †) and "Uncle Vanya" (†).
July 18: "Fire Maidens from Outer Space" (1956; Cy Roth), with Susan Shaw and Anthony Dexter; and "Attack of the 50-

Foot Woman" (1958; Nathan Hertz), with Allison Hayes and William Hudson.

July 19: "Picnic on the Grass" (†); and "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon and Charles Grandval.

July 20: "Black Orpheus" (†); and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

July 21: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina and François Périer.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 11: "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "Michael Shayne, Private Detective" (1940; Eugene Forde), with Lloyd Nolan as Shayne.

July 12: "The Girl from Missouri" (1934; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow and Franchot Tone; and "Hollywood Party" (1934; Richard Boleslavsky, Allan Dwan, and Roy Rowland), with Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez.

July 13: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

July 14: "Murder at the Gallop" (1963) and "Murder Ahoy" (1964), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

July 15: "You Can't Take It with You" (†); and "The Awful Truth" (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

July 16: "October" ("Ten Days That Shook the World;" 1927; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film); and "Potemkin" ("The Battleship Potemkin;" 1925; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film).

July 17: "Dames" (1934; Ray Enright), with Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, and Joan Blondell; and "Wonder Bar" (†).

July 18: "A Thousand Clowns" (†) and "Any Wednesday" (†).

July 19: "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "River of No Return" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.

July 20-21: "Dinner at Eight" (†); and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Museum of Modern Art,** Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—July 12 at 2:30 and 6: "Je Tu Il Elle" (1974; directed by Chantal Akerman; in French, with English subtitles), with Niels Arestrup and Claire Wauthion. For adults only. . . . ¶ July 13 at 2:30: "The Strange Case of Tom Mooney" (1933), "Halstead Street" (1934), "The World Today: Sunnydale and the Black Legion" (1936-37), and "America Disinherited" (1936). . . . ¶ July 13 at 6: "King: A Filmed Record . . . Montgomery to Memphis" (1970; Ely Landau). . . . ¶ July 14 at 2:30: "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Kinuyo Tanaka. . . . ¶ July 14 at 5: "Adrienne Lecouvreur" (1938; Marcel L'Herbier; in French, with English subtitles), with Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay. . . . ¶ July 15 at 2:30: "The Playboy of the Western World" (1963; Brian Desmond Hurst), with Siobhan McKenna and Gary Raymond. . . . ¶ July 15 at 5: "Paratroopers" (1977; Yehuda Judd Ne'eman; in Hebrew, with English subtitles), with Guidi Gov. . . . ¶ July 16 at 2:30: "His Double Life" (1933; Arthur Hopkins), with Lillian Gish, Roland Young, and Montagu Love. . . . ¶ July 16 at 6: "L'Amore: La Voce Umana" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, no English subtitles), with Anna Magnani; and "L'Amore: Il Miracolo" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani and Federico Fellini. . . . ¶ July 17 at 2:30: "Nell Gwynne" (1926; Herbert Wilcox; a silent film), with Dorothy Gish. . . . ¶ July 17 at 6: "The Youth of Maxim" (1935; Grigori Kozintsev and Leonid Trauberg; in Russian, with English subtitles), with Boris Chirkov. Mr. Trauberg will be present. . . . ¶ July 19 at 2:30 and 6: "Simone Barbès" (1980; Marie-Claude Treilhou; in French, with English subtitles), with Ingrid Bourgoin, Martine Simonet, and Michel Delahaye. . . . ¶ July 20 at 2:30: "Paratroopers.". . . ¶ July 20 at 6: "The Strange Case of Tom Mooney," "Halstead Street," "The World Today: Sunnydale and the Black Legion," and "America Disinherited.". . . ¶ July 21 at 2: "King: A Filmed Record . . . Montgomery to Memphis." . . . ¶ July 21 at 5: "Chickamauga ou la Rivière de la Mort" (1963; Robert Enrico; French titles, with English dialogue); "The Two Pigeons" (1962; René Clair; in French, with English subtitles), with Leslie Caron and Charles Aznavour; and "The Fox and the Crow" (1962; Herve Bromberger; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Serrault, Jean Poiret, and Anna Karina. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium,** Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (570-3949)—July 11: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson. . . . ¶ July 12: "Charlie Chan at the Olympics" (1937; H. Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland. . . . ¶ July 13: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson. . . . ¶ July 16: "Outward Bound" (1930; Robert Milton), with Leslie Howard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Helen Chandler. . . . ¶ July 17: "Tales of Hoffmann" (1951; Michael Powell), with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine. . . . ¶ July 18: "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn. . . . ¶ July 19: "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939; Alfred L. Werker), with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce. . . . ¶ July 20: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston. (All showings at 8. Tickets available one hour before performance time, on the night of the performance.)

# IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**Any Wednesday** (1966)—Jane Fonda is millionaire businessman Jason Robards' tax deductible mistress, in the film version of Muriel Resnik's long-running boudoir farce. Most of the movie takes place in the mistress's apartment (which is charged to Robards' company); maybe the various characters' entrances and confusions had some fizziness on the stage, but here there's an element of embarrassment in watching Fonda and Robards trying to activate the static, thudding material. The film would be easier to take if it weren't for the unpleasant moralizing tone: the businessman is sulky and selfish, and our sentiments are meant to be with his supposedly adorable, foolish mistress who wants babies and with his wife (Rosemary Murphy, who does more for her role than the others do with theirs). Dean Jones is the juvenile provided to replace Robards in Fonda's love life; also with King Moody. Directed by Robert Ellis Miller; the adaptation is by Julius J. Epstein. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 18.)

**Black Orpheus** (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Thalia; July 20.)

**Broadway Danny Rose**—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy, Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The movie is about how Lou Canova's ruthless, tough girlfriend Tina (Mia Farrow, disguised with a nasal accent, fright wig, shades, and some padding) learns to appreciate Danny. Shot in grainy black-and-white, the material is dim and larval, like Danny. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/6/84.) (Olympia Quad; through July 12.)

**Broadway Melody of 1938** (1937)—The script is something about backstage troubles before the opening of a giant musical, and this follow-up to the hit "Broadway Melody of 1936"—which had also featured Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, and Buddy Ebsen, and been directed by Roy Del Ruth—seems routine. The score, once again by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown, doesn't have the same excitement. But something startling and joyful happens when the fifteen-year-old Judy Garland, in bobby socks, lets out her huge voice on the memorable love letter "Dear Mr. Gable" (to the tune of "You Made Me Love You"). (She had made her feature-film début the year before in "Pigskin Parade," but this was her first feature at M-G-M.) In the finale, the little bobby-soxer is paired with the tall Ebsen (whose gangly, loose dancing was always a high spot of these M-G-M musicals) and she looks like the most radiantly normal of children. With George Murphy, Sophie Tucker, Binnie Barnes, Billy Gilbert, Raymond Walburn, Charley Grapewin, Willie Howard, Sid Silvers, Igor Gorin, and Robert Benchley. Produced by Jack Cummings; written by Jack McGowan and Silvers. (Regency; July 17-18.)

**Cat on a Hot Tin Roof** (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor looks very desirable, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood). Directed by Richard Brooks. (Metro Cinema; July 19.)

**The Circus** (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. With Merna Kennedy. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through July 12.)

**City Lights** (1931)—The famous Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful, the sentimentality about the blind girl (Virginia Cherrill) is faintly frightening. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 13–15.)

**Dinner at Eight** (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty, much improved version of the Edna Ferber-George S. Kaufman play, with a big-gun cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. Among the people who toned up the dialogue were Herman J. Mankiewicz and Donald Ogden Stewart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 20-21.)

**Diva** (1981)—A glittering toy of a movie, a romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously—the whole high-tech incandescence of the film is played for humor. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. He's pursued by two baroque thugs: one is tall and Latin and chews gum with the jaws of a hippopotamus; the other is small, with spiky blond hair and sunglasses, and an earplug so he can listen to a transistor radio while he's on his murderous errands—he's so dissociated he's practically a mutant. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. A Mr. Cool in a white suit and a white Citroën comes to the aid of the besieged messenger. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through July 12.)

**ENTRE NOUS**—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

**ERÉNDIRA**—A moderately amusing nothing in the surreal-picaresque mode, it was written by Gabriel García Márquez but seems more like the work of someone faking Gabriel García Márquez. The Brazilian director Ruy Guerra puts the García Márquez touches in place, but they have no hallucinatory tingle. A mad old witch (Irene Papas) forces her virginal fourteen-year-old granddaughter Eréndira (Claudia Ohana) to work for her as a whore. And before long the witch is festooned in gold ingots. Little Claudia Ohana is lovely, and very convincing as a budding young girl. And Papas is marvellous; she isn't fake anything—she's an original. Roaring with laughter and giggling on top of it, she survives one attempt on her life after another. Papas's merriment is gargantuan; she could play a female Falstaff. With Michel Lonsdale, Rufus, Pierre Vaneck, and Oliver Wehe as the duped angel. In Spanish. (6/11/84) (Lincoln Plaza.)

**FORBIDDEN PLANET** (1956)—The best of the science-fiction interstellar productions of the fifties lifted its plot and atmosphere from Shakespeare: the magical island of "The Tempest" becomes the planet Altair-4, where the sky is green and the sand is pink and there are two moons. The magician Prospero becomes the mad scientist Morbius (Walter Pidgeon); Prospero's daughter Miranda, who knows no man except her father, is Altaira (Anne Francis); and (though this is less clear) the sprite Ariel becomes Robby, the friendly robot. Caliban has become a marvellously flamboyant monster out of Freud—pure id. It's a pity the film, directed by Fred Wilcox, didn't lift some of Shakespeare's dialogue: it's hard to believe you're in the heavens when the diction of the hero (Leslie Nielsen) and his spaceshipmates flattens you down to Kansas. (More serviceable than one might suspect, "The Tempest" in the forties had been set in a ghost town at the edge of a desert in "Yellow Sky," and with a humor frequently indulged in under cover of the Western genre, Miranda became Anne Baxter's Mike.) In CinemaScope. (Regency; July 15-16.)

**THE 4TH MAN**—The dialogue is slangy and pungent. The Dutch director Paul Verhoeven and his usual scenarist, Gerard Soeteman, are out to give us a shockingly good time in this thriller about a homosexual writer (Jeroen Krabbé) who allows himself to be pampered by a rich blond widow (Renée Soutendijk), because he has a passionate yen for her long-time lover. The film's comic tone depends on our being tickled by the writer's arrogance and mean-spiritedness. When he sneakily maneuvers the widow into inviting her lover for a visit, he's reminiscent of James Mason's Humbert Humbert in Kubrick's "Lolita," courting Mrs. Haze while he can't wait to get his hands on her daughter. At a literary gathering that recalls the one in "The Third Man," the writer explains that he takes incidents from life and embroiders them, and all through the movie, we see glimpses of his embroideries. They're not conscious, they're involuntary imaginings—omens, forebodings, warnings. Some of these dream glimpses relate to Ingmar Bergman movies, some of them to religious symbolism (the writer is a Catholic), and some to his phobia about women. In his visions, the widow is a deadly spider and castrater—a witch. What keeps the movie from being any more than a tongue-in-cheek homoerotic fantasy is that the widow who needs to be a teasingly ambiguous figure—so that we can't tell if the writer is deluding himself that she's a killer who has already dispatched three husbands, or if his hyperactive imagination is alerting him to the truth—is disappointingly placid, a blank. But the film is amusing, and the talented Jeroen Krabbé plays worminess exuberantly. Adapted from a novel by the Netherlands writer Gerard Reve, who lends the writer-protagonist his own name. In Dutch. (7/9/84) (Plaza.)

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**GHOSTBUSTERS**—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. The cast includes Annie Potts, who uses her wonderful self-enclosed quality, and Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. The script is by Aykroyd and Ramis; the cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Loews 34th St. Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

**GREMLINS**—The director Joe Dante has the sensibility of a freaked-out greeting-card poet. This whimsical pop shocker is set in a sleepy small town at Christmastime. The hero, Billy (Zach Galligan), a young bank teller, is given a mogwai—a tiny creature who nests in a box and makes gentle cooing sounds; when the instructions that Billy is given for its care are inadvertently disobeyed, the mogwai multiplies, and its progeny turn into greedy, demonic little gargoyles. The picture is a black humorist's parody of Steven Spielberg's "E.T." Billy's mogwai is a good child; the other mogwai are its aggressively vulgar, beer-guzzling brothers—children of the night. With Frances Lee McCain as Billy's mother, Polly Holliday as the town's Wicked Witch-Scrooge, Dick Miller as the town drunk, and Phoebe Cates, Hoyt Axton, Keye Luke, Glynn Turman, Judge Reinhold, Edward Andrews, and Chuck Jones as Mr. Jones. Written by Chris Columbus; the critters were designed by Chris Walas. (6/25/84) (Bay Cinema, Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

**GREYSTOKE: THE LEGEND OF TARZAN, LORD OF THE APES**—The director Hugh Hudson brings his unique mixture of pomposity and ineptitude to this expensively mounted version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs material. The first half, in the jungle, is fairly absorbing. But it's unlikely that anyone will ever congratulate Hudson for seamless moviemaking. When he sets something up, chances are there won't be any follow-through. After a while, you lose that sense of expectation which is one of the glories of big adventure films. And Hudson has his child Tarzan experiencing so much physical torment and humiliation that young kids are likely to be horrified. The young Frenchman Christopher Lambert, who plays the part, has a fine physique, but he's a charmless, unmagnetic Tarzan; he's never allowed to be playful. The only performer who clearly enjoys himself is that old prankster Ralph Richardson, in his last screen appearance; as Tarzan's grandfather, Lord Greystoke, he comes up with one emotional flourish after another. In the film's second half, Hudson twists the story into knots to deliver his "statement" that apes are more civilized than people; the movie simply loses its mind, and dribbles to a pathetically indecisive conclusion. With Andie MacDowell as a softly enticing Jane, Nigel Davenport, Ian Holm, James Fox, Ian Charleson, Paul Geoffrey, and Cheryl Campbell. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the script is by P. H. Vazak (Robert Towne) and Michael Austin. (4/2/84) (St. Marks Cinema; July 13-19.)

**THE HIDDEN FORTRESS** (1958)—The setting is the Japanese civil wars of the sixteenth century, but Kurosawa appears to be influenced by John Ford in this stirring fairy-tale Western, with its fighting and clowning and horsemen escaping across the border. There's a treasure in gold, a princess in anachronistic-looking shorts, and Toshiro Mifune as a heroic general. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; through July 12. . . . ¶ Film Forum; starting July 13.)

**INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM**—This film directed by Steven Spielberg stands in relation to the previous Indiana Jones picture, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. Harrison Ford is the adventurer-archeologist hero, Ke Huy Quan plays his child sidekick, Short Round, and Kate Capshaw is the gold-digger heroine. The plot involves them with an odious boy maharajah and Mola Ram (an anagram for Malomar), the high priest of a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. A Lucasfilm Production, from a story idea by George Lucas, and a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. The score, by John Williams, is too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's too loud. (6/11/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

**THE KID** (1921)—The most enchantingly Victorian of Chaplin's features, and perhaps because of the way his sentimentality (which was often awkward, and even mawkish, later) fits the subject, this film seems remarkably innocent and pure. Edna Purviance is the destitute young mother who abandons her infant; Charlie, the tramp, takes the child to his garret, and five years later the child (Jackie Coogan) smashes windows, which Charlie, now a glazier and wearing glass on his back like angel wings, repairs. The story is about the love between these two street waifs and about Charlie's fight to keep the child out of the hands of the authorities. A little girl named Lita Grey (known as Lolita), later to be Chaplin's wife, appears in a dream sequence set in Heaven. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through July 12.)

**King Lear** (1971)—Kozintsev, who directed the Soviet "Hamlet," uses Boris Pasternak's translation. Lear is played by Yuri Jarvet, with a look of fragility unexpected in Lears, who are generally like oaks. This is an Old Testament figure capable of both enormous delusion and enormous insight. The film is handsomely imagined, both pictorially and intellectually. Not to be missed. In Russian. (Thalia; July 17.)

**Letter from an Unknown Woman** (1948)—Joan Fontaine suffers and suffers, but so *exquisitely* in this romantic evocation of late-nineteenth-century Vienna that one doesn't know whether to clobber the poor, wronged creature or to give in and weep. Max Ophuls made this film in Hollywood but its Vienna is as romantically stylized and as beautifully textured as his European work. His theme (it was almost always his theme) is the difference in approaches to love. A pianist, Louis Jourdan, seduces the impressionable adolescent Joan and promptly forgets her; years later he meets her again, and, thinking her a fresh conquest, seduces her again. But in the intervening years she has borne him a child and remained hopelessly in love with him. This ironic love story, which is probaby the toniest "woman's picture" ever made, is based on Stefan Zweig's "Brief Einer Unbekannten" and was written for the screen by Howard Koch. With Mady Christians. Cinematography by Franz Planer; art direction by Alexander Golitzen. (Metro Cinema; July 18.)

**My Night at Maud's** (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Film Forum; through July 12.)

**The Natural**—Robert Redford as Roy Hobbs, who feels he has it in him to be the greatest baseball player there ever was. With the forces of evil (Kim Basinger) and good (Glenn Close) contending for his soul, this inspirational fantasy asks: Will Redford hold on to his dream, will he be strong enough to triumph? Directed by Barry Levinson, the movie turns its source material—Bernard Malamud's lively, magical first novel—into primordial hokum. A few performers—Barbara Hershey, Joe Don Baker, and John Finnegan—stand apart from the sludge of moral uplift; the cast also includes Robert Duvall, Wilford Brimley, Richard Farnsworth, Robert Prosky, Darren McGavin, Michael Madsen, and George Wilkosz as the batboy. The cinematography is by Caleb Deschanel; the music is by Randy Newman; the script is by Roger Towne, with a credit also to Phil Dusenberry, who wrote an earlier version. (5/28/84) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 12. . . . ¶ Sutton, Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; through July 19. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting July 20.)

**Picnic on the Grass** (1959)—Jean Renoir, but at neither his best nor even his second best. His themes are reduced to crotchets in this story about a scientist (Paul Meurisse) who preaches artificial insemination until he catches sight of Catherine Rouvel bathing nude. Some sequences were filmed at Les Collettes, the home where Auguste Renoir spent his last years. Cinematography by Georges Leclerc; music by Joseph Kosma. In French. (Thalia; July 19.)

**Possessed** (1947)—" 'I love you' is such an inadequate way of saying I love you," the impassioned Joan Crawford murmurs to her sweetheart (Van Heflin). When Heflin, who is an engineer as well as a coldhearted lady-killer, points out, in a passage of technological ecstasy, that he finds a girder he has devised more beautiful than Miss Crawford, she whimpers, "Why don't you love me like that? I'm a lot nicer than a girder." Heflin can't see it her way, and presently, in despair, she marries Raymond Massey, a big oil man with a lively daughter (Geraldine Brooks). Watching Heflin fall in love with her stepdaughter proves too much for Crawford, who comes down with a case of schizophrenia that really rattles the walls of the Massey homestead. Then psychiatrists take her in tow. In terms of suspense, this picture, directed by Curtis Bernhardt, is often very striking, and, clearly, he and the cast are giving it all they've got. Insanity is used, in the usual forties Hol-

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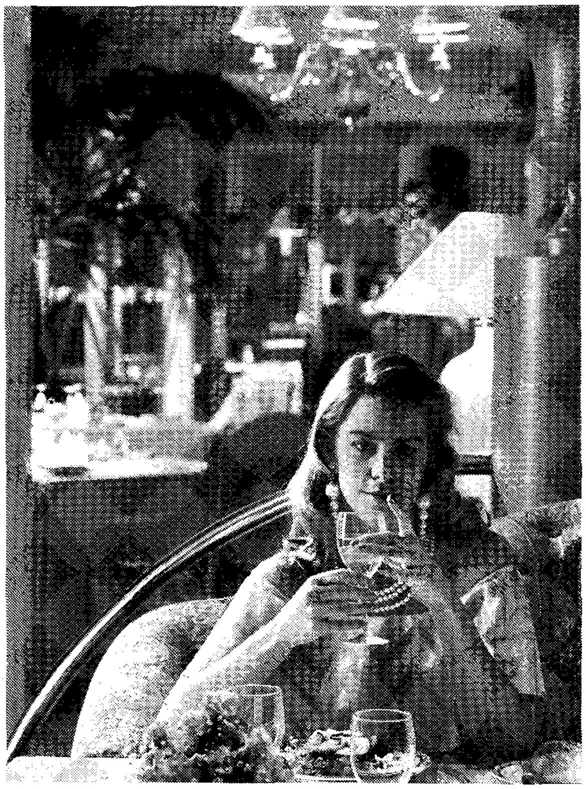

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lywood manner, to provide an excuse for high-on-the-hog melodrama; there isn't a trace of believability—that's part of what makes it enjoyable. With Stanley Ridges, Moroni Olsen, John Ridgely, and Monte Blue. Cinematography by Joseph Valentine; music by Franz Waxman; art direction by Anton Grot; editing by Rudi Fehr. The script, by Silvia Richards and Ranald MacDougall, is based on Rita Weiman's "One Man's Secret." (Regency; July 19-21.)

**Red-Headed Woman** (1932)—Jean Harlow as a girl who exploits her charms and makes the journey from the wrong side of the tracks to a rich marriage, and then to even richer liaisons. She's a throttler, a scrambler, a kicker—and the picture, written by Anita Loos (based on a novel by Katharine Brush), is tough and funny. Chester Morris is the young man, and Charles Boyer, having just arrived in the U.S., puts in a stunning appearance. Jack Conway directed. (Regency; July 19-21.)

**Risky Business**—At seventeen, the high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone in their expensive ersatz-Colonial house on the North Shore of Chicago, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating; imagining himself a rock star dancing, he's a charmingly clunky dynamo. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The movie aims to be hypnotically sexy while satirizing the materialistic values of the affluent. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (St. Marks Cinema; July 13-19.)

**Romancing the Stone**—This slapstick adventure comedy is in the commercial genre of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," but it's a simpler, more likable entertainment. Kathleen Turner plays the timid, pleasantly slobby author of best-seller romances who is thrust into the kind of perils she has dreamed up for her books. The picture has a bravura opening and a jolly kind of movement, but it becomes too slam-bang. Still, the director, Robert Zemeckis, sustains the carefree tone; and the wide-screen imagery, which is stunning at the start, is always good to look at. (Dean Cundey was the cinematographer.) As Zolo the knifer, Manuel Ojeda is a terrific swinish villain, and Alfonso Arau has an affable spaciness as a Colombian drug-trade chieftain who's hooked on the heroine's novels. It's too bad that the hero is Michael Douglas, the producer of the film, who isn't a comedian and tries too hard. His face exaggerates everything and registers nothing, and no matter how fast he moves he seems to slow down whatever is going on around him. Written by Diane Thomas. With Danny DeVito, Zack Norman, Holland Taylor, and Mary Ellen Trainor. (4/30/84) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through July 12. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; July 13-19.)

**Splash**—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through July 12.)

**Star Trek III: The Search for Spock**—With Leonard Nimoy at the helm, this is the first movie directed by a Vulcan; maybe we shouldn't be surprised that it's achingly prosaic. This one is really only for Trekkies; others are likely to find it tolerable but yawny. Its predecessor, "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan," ended with Spock's casket's being sent to a newly created planet, the paradisiacal Genesis, where, the audience could assume, he would be reborn. But this new film seems to take a churlish attitude toward its lighthearted, delicately self-mocking predecessor; almost vindictively, the new film requires that Genesis disintegrate. Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) and his venerable crew must steal the now mothballed Enterprise to rescue Spock—whatever form he's in—and take him home to Vulcan. The principal diversion comes from the Klingons, a bunch of ogres whose brains appear to be on the outside of their foreheads, and their Lord (Christopher Lloyd), who manages to be droll despite the absolute nonexistence of comedy scenes in this movie. There's also a ceremony conducted by a Vulcan priestess, played by Judith Anderson (in her eighty-seventh year); her voice is so commandingly intense it's scary, and she brings a spot of high style to this movie—her huge, pointy ears only add to her grandeur. The rest of the time there's not much to look at besides the collection of hairpieces on the crew of the Enterprise. From a script by the producer, Harve Bennett. (7/9/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Loews State. No performances on Tuesday, July 17, and Thursday, July 19.)

**A Thousand Clowns** (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards as the rebellious TV writer. In this kind of comedy, his rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV. With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, lamely. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 18.)

**The Time Machine** (1960)—Entertaining George Pal sci-fi, loosely derived from the H. G. Wells novel and set at about the time the book was written—1895. The plush Victorian furnishings in the home of the time-travelling scientist (Rod Taylor) are contrasted with the catacombs of the cannibalistic future, where Yvette Mimieux is a dainty morsel on the menu. The machine itself is a beauty, with a red velvet seat and gadgets made of ivory and rock crystal, and the time-travel effects help to make this film one of the best of its kind. However, it deteriorates into comic-strip grotesqueries when the fat, ogreish future race of Morlocks torments the effete, platinum-blond, vacant-eyed race of Eloi. With Alan Young, Sebastian Cabot, and Whit Bissell. (Regency; July 15-16.)

**Uncle Vanya** (1963)—Probably the best "Vanya" in English that we shall ever see. Directed by Stuart Burge, it is a literal preservation of Laurence Olivier's Chichester Festival production in England, with Olivier as Astrov, Michael Redgrave as Vanya, Rosemary Harris as Ilyena, Joan Plowright as Sonya, Lewis Casson as Telegin, Max Adrian as the fraudulent pamphleteer Serebryakov. The production perfectly catches the peculiar dilemma of Chekhov's great characters, which is that they are tragic heroes fated to seem comic in the eyes of the people they most worship. (Thalia; July 17.)

**Under the Volcano**—Malcolm Lowry, who wrote the novel, had a mystique about booze: he somehow got himself to believe that alcoholic self-destruction would give him access to the states of mind necessary to set words on fire. And his hero, Geoffrey Firmin, the former British Consul in Cuernavaca, is meant to be a genius with the courage to destroy himself so that he can transcend the limits of ordinary men and see things more intensely. For the movie to mean anything resembling the novel, we would have to see something of what Firmin—with his psyched-up consciousness—perceives. But all that it does is take a literal approach to the novel, as if it were no more than an account of the final binge of a drunk who becomes suicidally careless and gets himself killed. Since there's almost no attempt to find equivalents of Firmin's visions or of the excitement of Lowry's incendiary prose, the film puts a terribly heavy burden on Albert Finney, who plays Firmin. The drama has to come from his performance, in a big yet virtually unwritten role, and Finney can't help making us aware that he's giving the role more than his best shot—that he's pushing too hard (frequently in closeup), and overusing his facial muscles. Directed by John Huston, from a script by Guy Gallo, the movie has a deep-toned flossy and "artistic" clarity and a peculiarly literary tone—the dialogue doesn't sound like living people talking. With Jacqueline Bisset, Anthony Andrews (who gives an arch, acting-by-the-manual performance), James Villiers, Emilio Fernandez, Katy Jurado, and Ignacio Lopez Tarso. The cinematography is by Gabriel Figueroa; the score, by Alex North, ages the material, gives it a pompous emotionalism. (7/9/84) (Cinema I.)

**Wonder Bar** (1934)—A huge Warner Brothers musical with Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, and everybody else on the lot. Busby Berkeley did the choreography, and Harry Warren and Al Dubin wrote the songs, which include "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams?" and "Going to Heaven on a Mule." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 17.)

**You Can't Take It with You** (1938)—Jean Arthur, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, and James Stewart in a rather cumbersome adaptation of the light and fanciful Kaufman-Hart play. Directed by Frank Capra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 15.)

**Zelig** (1983)—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Olympia Quad; through July 12.)

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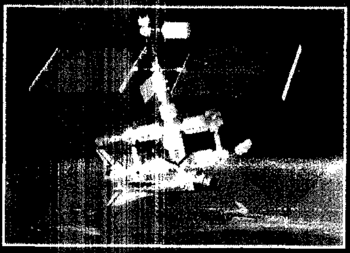

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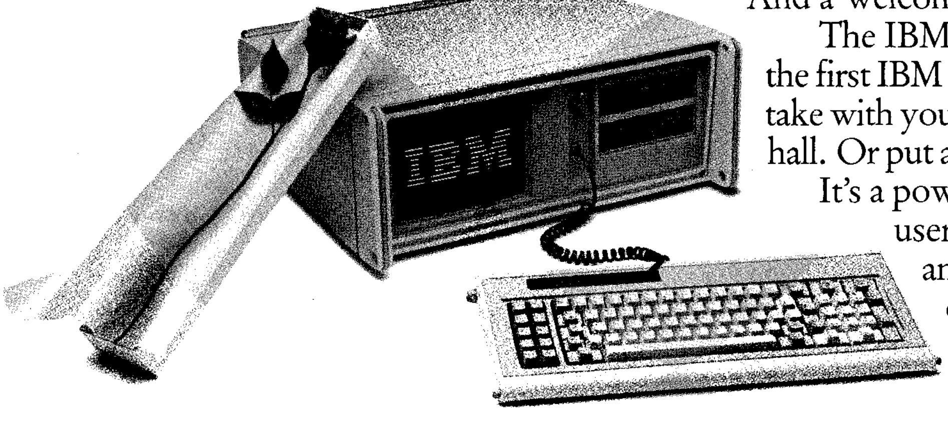

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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

IN 1836, an Act of Congress was passed requiring that a model "not more than 12″ square . . . neatly made" and a drawing be submitted along with all patent applications. The results, some of them, were on view a while back in an exhibit of nineteenth-century patent models at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum. It was as if the contents of a very old Sears catalogue had been brought into three-dimensional existence and installed on the ground floor of this mansion, whose original occupant was perhaps more dedicated than the rest of us to living a life surrounded by objects. To judge from twenty-one different types of clothespins on view, there was a Voice at large in the still new country saying, "Now get out there and make things work a bit better!" Fantastically creative maintenance men roamed the land, adjusting the physical world a notch or two to bring it more nearly into line with how they wanted it to run. Helter-skelter, objects everywhere were getting smaller, faster, easier to handle. It seems odd that, in spite of this abundant archeological evidence, Mark Twain's ingenious Connecticut Yankee was still the inventor most firmly fixed in our own mind, but we noted the following items with interest anyway: the Secret Bedstead (a good title for a mystery); the Rotating Blast-Producing Chair, for hot New York summers; an Improvement in Pigeon-Starters, yellow-eyed and spring-loaded; a dentist's Scarificator, its purpose unclear but its seriousness undeniable; an Improved Creeping-Doll, which, according to its creator, would be "natural in its movements and doubly interesting from its happy associations;" and the Life-Preserving Coffin: In Doubtful Cases of Actual Death.

A sign on the wall told us that "among the ranks of washing-machine inventors were a certain number of women;" some other domestic implements on view were also invented by women, such as Luzerne M. Bolles's Scrubbing-Brush, but unfortunately one couldn't always tell from the patent tag. One speculated, for instance, over R. Drake's Sad Iron Heater. Harriet Beecher Stowe, it should be added, pioneered the modern, space-saving household in a book she wrote with her sister Catharine, called "The American Woman's Home." Many of the popular innovations on display suggested that space was as precious then as it is now—maybe more so. Almost every piece of furniture was looked on as an experiment, capable of folding, fitting into a suitcase, raising and lowering with a windlass. The triumphant combined wardrobe, bedstead, chair, and table was the work of a Mr. Walker Getchell, of Bath, Maine.

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## *Family Reunion*

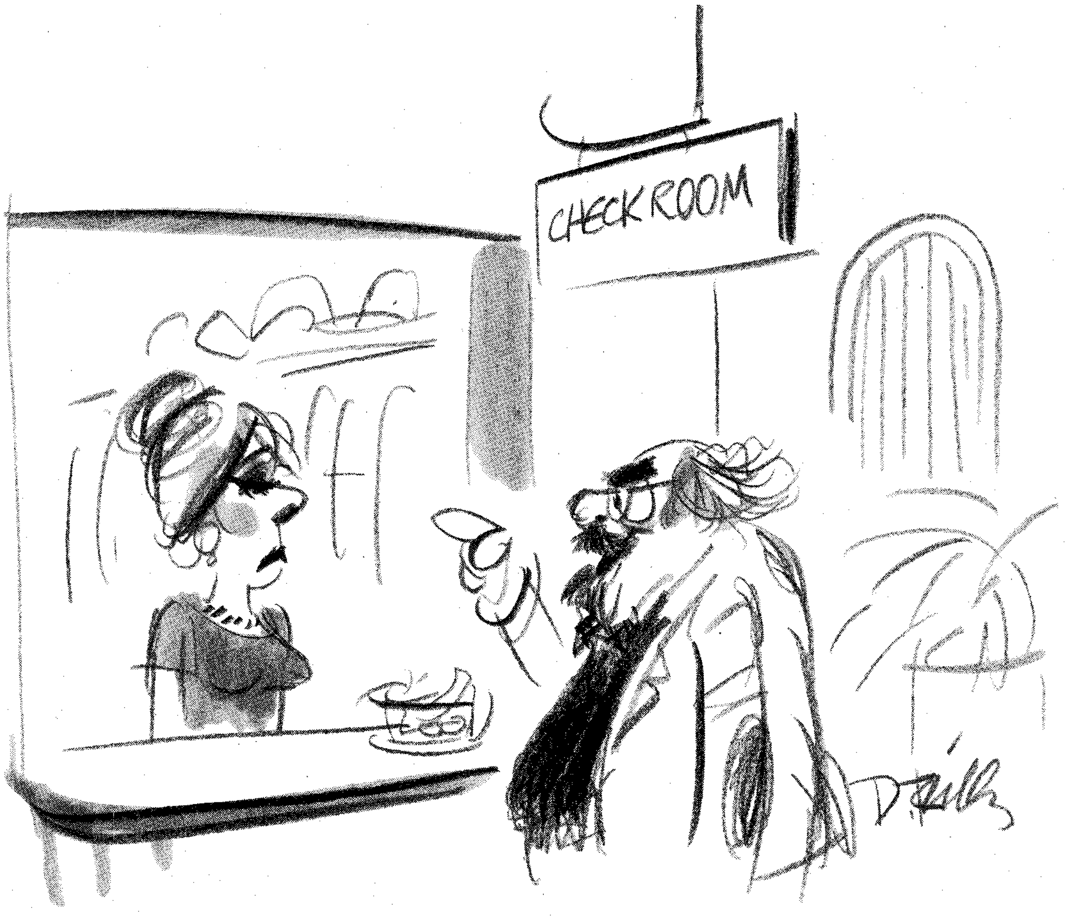
BOLOGNA, Paris, and Oxford may vie for the honor of being the birthplace of the modern university, but at least one important academic institution is, we are assured, thoroughly American in origin. An acquaintance of ours, George Vaill, of the Yale Class of 1935, is an authority on the history of the alumni reunion, and he tells us that the first such event took place in New Haven in 1824. Today's alumni should not be surprised to learn that the reunion grew out of what Mr. Vaill calls, with admirable scholarly detachment, "a fund-raising device." It seems that from the late seventeen-hundreds through the late eighteen-hundreds anyone who had earned a Yale bachelor's degree could obtain a master's without satisfying any further academic requirements. All that a graduate had to do to get his M.A., according to Mr. Vaill, was to "present himself at Commencement" three years after his graduation and "satisfy the treasurer." In the early nineteenth century, the going price was five dollars. By all accounts, 1824 was a good year for M.A.s. So many members of the Class of 1821 (thirty-five graduates out of sixty-nine) showed up, and had such a good time in New Haven, that they decided to gather at regular intervals for more good times (if not more degrees). The reunion idea quickly spread to other Yale classes; in 1830, the Class of 1790 held what Mr. Vaill is surely on safe ground in describing as "the world's first fortieth alumni reunion." Graduates of other American colleges and universities soon took up the idea. In the summer of 1842, the Society of Alumni of Harvard University held its first meeting, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. In Europe, however, alumni reunions are still few. This may have something to do with the force of tradition. At Oxford, for example, the M.A. is still a pro-forma degree. Four years after receiving a B.A., an Oxford graduate who is unable to travel to Oxford can get an M.A. in absentia by sending in a fee of five pounds.

As the alumni reunion has evolved in America, it has become an occasion for reaffirming the communal—indeed, collegial—aspect of academic life. Even at the largest academic institutions, where classes number in the thousands and no one can possibly know everyone's name, it is standard reunion rhetoric to speak of all students, faculty, and alumni as belonging to one big family. There are, of course, a few campuses where references to family go beyond mere rhetoric. One is the Rockefeller University, which occupies a strip of land along the East River between Sixty-second and Sixty-eighth Streets; it was founded in 1901 by the first John D. Rockefeller, as the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. For fifty-eight years, the Institute granted no degrees of any kind, and since it had no graduates it naturally held no reunions. Then, in 1954, it was decided to admit candidates for the advanced degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The first graduating class—it had five members—received Ph.D.s in 1959. In 1965, the name was officially changed to the Rockefeller University.

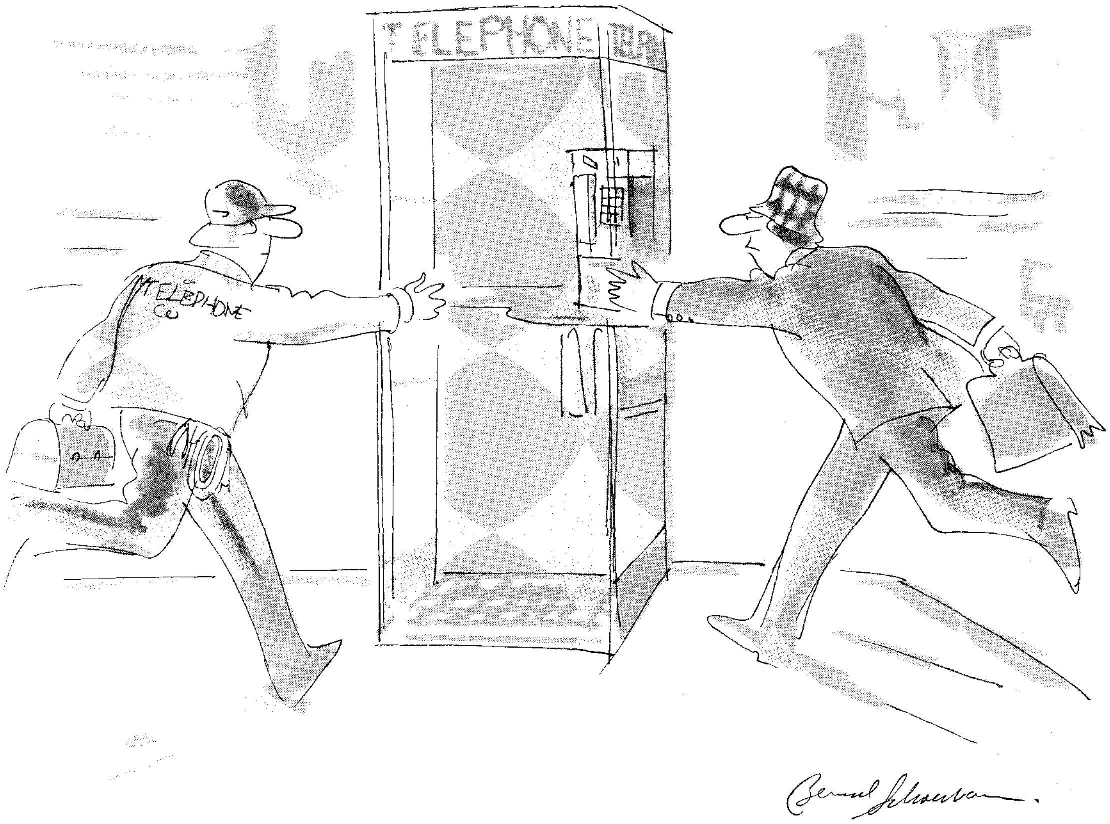
In terms of alumni, the Rockefeller may be the smallest university in the world. No graduating class has exceeded thirty, and this year's crop of Ph.D.s numbers only thirteen. But the Rockefeller tends to make up in quality what it lacks in quantity. Of four hundred and thirty people who earned Ph.D.s prior to this year's Commencement, a hundred and six are full professors on university faculties, and twenty-four of these are departmental chairmen; two—Gerald M. Edelman, Class of 1960, and David Baltimore, Class of 1964—have won Nobel Prizes. Although the alumni have scattered to thirty-six states and fifteen foreign countries, a hundred and sixty-eight returned to the campus last month, when the university held its first reunion ever, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first graduating class.

The theme of family was sounded with appropriate vigor by the first reunion speaker, David Rockefeller, who headed the board of trustees for twenty-five years (beginning in 1950, when he succeeded his father), and who is currently chairman of the executive committee. Mr. Rockefeller's address to the graduates contained almost as many references to "Grandfather" and "Father" as it did to "Nobel Laureates." Sharing the platform with him were three of eighteen Nobel Laureates who have been associated with the Rockefeller in one capacity or another since it was founded: Dr. Edelman, who is professor of developmental and molecular biology at the Rockefeller; Dr. Baltimore, who is professor of biology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and Joshua Lederberg, who has been president of the Rockefeller since 1978. All paid tribute to the intimate, informal nature of the university's graduate program, which has virtually no formal courses, encourages doctoral candidates to pursue research projects of their own choosing, and, in general, treats students as full partners in the laboratories headed by senior scientists. The man who created this unique program was Detlev W. Bronk, the son of a Baptist clergyman, and a descendant of Jonas Bronck, for whom the Bronx was named. Dr. Bronk did *not* win a Nobel Prize for his investigation of the electrical properties of nerve fibres in the nineteen-twenties, although one of his collaborators, Edgar Douglas Adrian (later Baron Adrian of Cambridge), did. But as a mover and shaker in the American scientific community Bronk was without peer. During several years of his tenure as president of the Rockefeller (from 1953 to 1968), he also served as president of the National Academy of Sciences and as chairman of the policy-setting board of the National Science Foundation. Even to his contemporaries, Bronk seemed the embodiment of the Protestant work ethic. When he was asked how he managed to get so much work done, he had two stock replies: "I only do the things I like to do" and "Mabel Hanson Bright." Mrs. Bright, a woman of legendary efficiency and charm, was Bronk's executive assistant. Although Bronk could not be present at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Rockefeller's graduate program (he died in 1975, at the age of seventy-eight), Mrs. Bright was on hand, to receive another of the degrees that the university is empowered to confer: a Doctor of Laws, *honoris causa*.

From the many stories about "Mabel" that the returning alumni told, we were able to get some idea



*"I'm the Raider Fedora on the extreme left."*



of how she and Bronk worked together. Bronk's workday typically lasted till midnight and beyond. Often, when he set out in his station wagon late Friday night to drive to a weekend house he had in Media, Pennsylvania, Mrs. Bright was sitting in the front seat next to him, a miner's lamp strapped to her forehead, taking dictation. When one of Bronk's colleagues received a letter dated "Dec. 25" and obviously typed by Mrs. Bright, he remarked to her that he "assumed it was a misprint." It wasn't. Among Mrs. Bright's duties was taking care of a pet owl, called Aristotle, who lived on a perch in Dr. Bronk's office. When she wasn't taking care of Aristotle and his owner, she was busy looking after the graduate students. If Dr. Bronk was the acknowledged "father" of the Rockefeller's graduate program, Mrs. Bright was, according to the testimony of many grateful alumni, the "den mother"—a fount of friendly advice and admonition, and the keeper of a mysterious fund out of which she advanced interest-free loans for such "emergencies" as getting married, making a payment on a used car, and buying a plane ticket home for Christmas. Mrs. Bright retired in 1977. It was rumored that she was replaced by three vice-presidents.

In his address to the students and alumni of the university, President Lederberg deplored the fragmented experience of many of today's graduate students, who earn a master's at one school and a doctorate at another before going on to postdoctoral work at still another. Such a regimen seems designed to "interrupt continuity of thought," Dr. Lederberg said. "It's as if we assumed that no one in his twenties can make an important discovery." This observation was especially noteworthy coming from a man who won a Nobel Prize at the age of thirty-three for work—in genetics—that he began before his twenty-first birthday. Dr. Lederberg said that his vision of the future of the university was entirely in keeping with the Rockefeller tradition. "A touchstone of community is the span of conversation," he explained. "Everyone on this campus has something important and provocative and intelligible to say to everyone else."

## *Tracks*

"RECORDING a stage show is essentially an *adaptive* process," said Thomas Z. Shepard, looking up at us from a multilevered RCA console, where he was working on the final mix of the new Stephen Sondheim–James Lapine musical "Sunday in the Park with George." "But I believe that a record can also be an art form that works on its own terms. In recording 'Sunday,' we've made a number of technical adjustments that will help to suggest what is visible onstage. And Steve—a brilliant man who can be surprisingly detached about his own work—has been willing to reshape some of the music and reshuffle some of the dialogue to produce a stronger, more dramatically cohesive recording. For example, the show begins with a bare white stage and a spoken introduction by Mandy Patinkin as Georges Seurat, the pointillist painter. On the record, we've rearranged things so that we begin very softly, with a single piano arpeggio, and then expand the orchestral elements—violins and synthesizer—behind Mandy's voice into a richer, fuller sound, reflecting the fact that the stage becomes brighter and greener as he speaks. We're using music as the equivalent of color and light to establish a mood for the entire recording."

Mr. Shepard, an intense, bespectacled man who is head of RCA's classical division, was auditioning a twenty-track master tape of "Sunday" that had been assembled from raw material obtained during a two-day studio recording session. He was checking musical details against a large, handwritten Sondheim score and retiming each number to verify that the entire show could be fitted onto a single long-playing record. He occupied the central seat in a small, claustrophobic editing room, which contained banks of electronic equipment along the walls, a control console and a tape-editing machine in the center, and two assistants—Paul Goodman, a handsome, gray-haired man, who is one of RCA's senior recording engineers, and Marjorie Steiner, a young, dark-haired interne, who was taking notes. Since "Sunday" is one of the most unorthodox musicals ever to have reached Broadway, we were not surprised to discover that the process of turning it into a record had proved unusually complex. The plot deals with the mysterious process of artistic creation: in Act I, the chief character is Georges Seurat, the obsessive painter; in Act II, it is his opportunistic great-grandson, a creator of laser-beam sculptures who angles for foundation grants. The Sondheim score is a dazzling mixture of music-hall songs, *Sprechstimme*, and operatic-sounding chorales, all embedded in a shimmering web of sound that contains echoes of Ravel, Debussy, Delius, Richard Strauss, and Bizet. The staging involves the re-creation of Seurat's most famous picture—"A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte"—with singing actors. Mr. Shepard told us that he had spent the better part of a week selecting material for his master tape. "We recorded in long sequences, but there was almost nothing complete that I could use," he said. "Generally, it's a question of choosing a section of a song, a phrase, or even a word that you like best from among a number of strong possibilities." As soon as Mr. Sondheim approved the master tape, Mr. Shepard went on, the twenty individual channels would be mixed into a two-track master, and that would be used to cut the commercial record. "At this point," said Mr. Shepard, "I'm waiting to hear from Steve and looking for problems—digital noise, a bad splice, wrong notes in the orchestra, a voice or an instrument that seems too distant, a pause that lasts too long. We recorded twenty individual tracks because I wanted acoustical isolation for both voices and instruments. This gives me a great deal of flexibility in the final mix—with twenty isolated sound images, I can chisel and mold the results with much greater elegance. I can make each individual track louder, softer, brighter, duller, wetter (more reverberant), or drier (a sound suggesting that there is very little air between the singer and the listener). I can also change the acoustical environment—the space in which the performers are playing. Although there is a lot of movement in the show, we recorded the singers standing still, because movement in the studio creates unwanted noise on tape. In the mix, I can move voices around to give the illusion of a staged performance."

We asked Mr. Shepard how these electronic miracles were accomplished, and he indicated a bank of potentiometers—small black up-and-down levers that controlled the volume levels on the twenty individual tracks. Above each potentiometer were two lighted buttons: a red one, which eliminated the track from the playback, and a white one, which permitted the operator to isolate the track from the rest of the music. To the left of the potentiometers were equalizer and reverb buttons and dials, which were used to color sound and to provide an illusion of space. Along the top of the console was a row of pan pots—electronic gadgets that could waft a singer or an instrument across a room acoustically. "We use the pan pots a lot in the Act II cocktail-party scene, where Mandy moves around the stage chatting with groups of art patrons," Mr. Shepard said.

We settled into a corner of the room as Mr. Shepard and Mr. Goodman reviewed Bernadette Peters—who plays Dot, Seurat's unhappy mistress—singing the title song, in her distinctive husky voice. "There are three items to look at again," Mr. Shepard said when she had finished. "We need to close up the pause between 'Hello, George' and 'There is someone in this dress.' There's a wrong note in the double bass where she sings 'But most of all, I love your painting.' I don't have another good take on that, so we'll cross-fade to the synthesizer, which is playing the same bass line. And I would like to hear Takes 133 and 136 on 'Artists are bizarre,' to see if we can find anything better than what we've got. Bernadette sounds cute there, but she doesn't enunciate the 't' in 'artists' clearly."

During a break, we asked Mr. Shepard for some thoughts on the transformation of "Sunday" into an accessible recording.

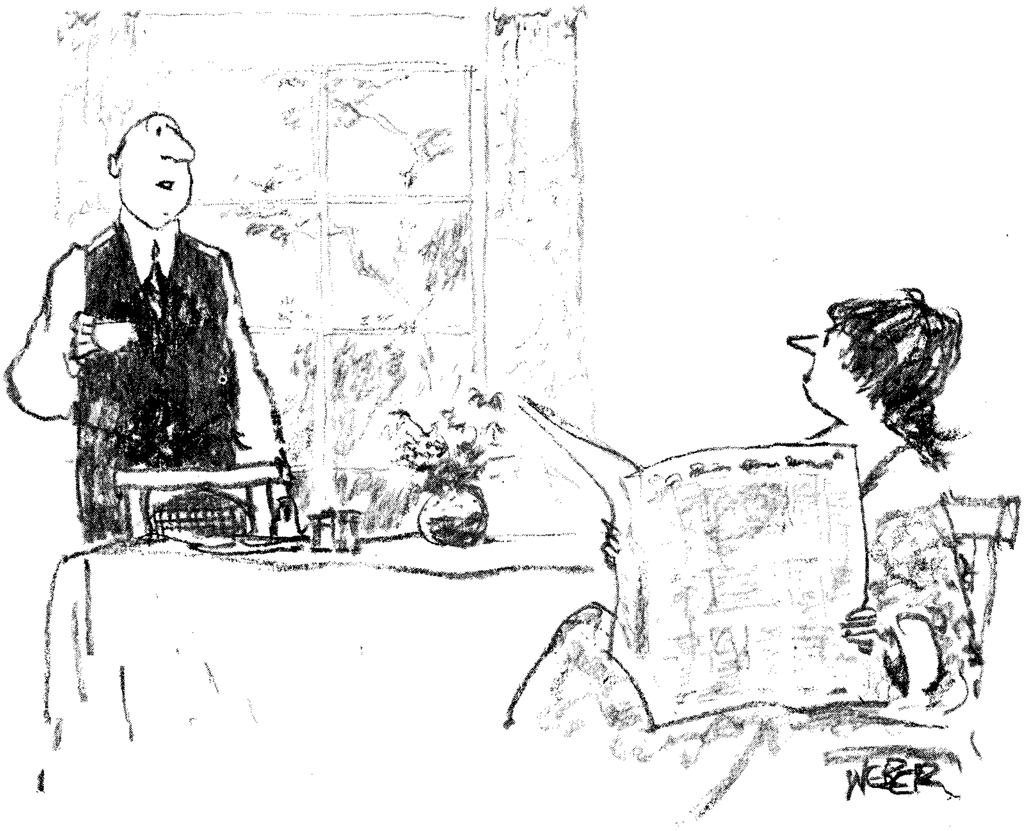
"The basic challenge is to reflect the over-all tone of the show and to give the listener a feeling of theatricality," he said. "That's why I never look at performers when I'm recording them. I want to make sure that what I hear is what I've seen onstage. If it's not, I try to talk to them—to get them to put the smile or the catch back into the voice. Once you've got the *intention* of a live performance, it's simply a matter of adjusting technically for sound, presence, and balance. In this recording I used three sizes of orchestra—the show's sixteen-member orchestra for a few selections, a slightly expanded one for most of the other numbers, and a considerably expanded one for the finale of each of the two acts. We've played the entire first act as a dramatic cantata—a continuous flow from music to dialogue to music, all of it building dramatically to the chorale that the entire cast sings as George presents its members to the audience in a live version of his painting. I felt that this moment should be set off—should sound more expansive than the music that has led up to it—so we added extra strings and put in additional reverb to project a feeling of space. You know, we go to a great deal of trouble to capture the intensity and the mood of a stage performance, and it always kills me when, after weeks of splicing hundreds of pieces of music together and mixing them into a coherent whole, somebody comes up and tells me that the finished product sounds just as if it had been recorded live, right there in the theatre."

### *Nature and All That*

SPEAKING of recording live: Dan Gibson, on the phone from Canada, seemed to us a happy man, his voice so full of chortle and burble that we found ourself listening to the sound as much as the words, which were "I wake up, say, about four-thirty in the morning, get my equipment, and head out to the ponds and bays and marshes and swamps for that initial dawn chorus. After that, the birdcalls start to single out a little, so I get those. By nine, maybe the wind's come up, and maybe someone's started running a chain saw farther down the lake, so it's time for breakfast." Wind and chain saws make Mr. Gibson's work impossible; he records the sounds of birds and streams and oceans and puts them on albums, so that people who live in apartments can close their eyes and listen. His record company, the Moss Music Group, just issued a sampler of the albums in his catalogue, —a sort of "Best of Dan Gibson," or "Greatest Hits of the Great Outdoors"—so we called him at his summer cabin, in an Ontario park.

"I got into this business as a spinoff from my career in the film industry—I did all sorts of TV shows, like 'Audubon Wildlife Theatre,' " Mr. Gibson said. "I decided, as the sun started to set on my later years, that I'd make this kind of records. I've been happily surprised that a lot of people seem to enjoy them." On his latest record, the first cut, "By Canoe to Loon Lake," is among the most popular. "Sometimes they call me the man who created the loon," he said. "I've done a lot with the loons. It's a bird that people can relate to, though they can't always identify its calls. Its territorial call is gull-like—*gleea glee*, repeated about eight times. And people send in letters saying, 'That's a gull.' Then, there's the chatter sound—the frolic sound—and the great mournful cry, of course. In a quiet night on a lake, those sounds stand out above all else. As far as my favorite sounds go, though, I suppose I love the thrush family best. They're so lyrical."

Mr. Gibson went on to say, "People have to be willing to take time to put their feet up and listen to my records. It'll open the door to all sorts of reminiscences, but you have to let it all come to you—you can't go to it. They're not such good records for a party, I guess, unless you want your party to sound as if it were happening on the edge of a beach." Crashing surf, waves sweeping across broad sand, ripples lapping the shore—all show up on Gibson's records. "Finding the right place along the shore to record, that's not so hard. You can identify it right away, just walking along. I was on Cape Breton Island, in the Canadian Maritimes. You face the side with the greatest exposure—there that's east, toward Europe, so there's certainly plenty of room for the swell to build. And then you look for the spot where the waves are reverberating off, say, a cliff, booming, filling up the air. That's where I'll make a record. I got some wonderful waves on the Pacific Coast, too—at Olympic National Park, in Washington State. It was right near Kalaloch Lodge, where they had the finest breakfast. If you ever go there, be sure to get it—Dungeness crab on poached eggs, with Hollandaise sauce. My, it was good."



*"Please don't misunderstand me. I think running a woman for Vice-President is a charming idea."*

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OUR desk top, devoid of life. A barren nightmare vision of what it will be like after . . . And then—an ecosystem. An EcoSphere. An EcoSphere full of water containing some shrimp—not the sort you dip in tangy red sauce and eat but the tiny Pacific Islands sort—and some algae, living algae, and bacteria. An EcoSphere contained in a glass ball. Thomas Grooms, executive director of the Washington-based Center for Environmental Education, which is selling such five-inch glass spheres for two hundred and fifty dollars each, explained, "Essentially, you are holding the world in your hands. The tendency is to pick it up and shake it to see what happens. You shouldn't do that. It's like causing a major earthquake."

A scientist at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory developed the spheres—a scientist under contract to NASA to investigate the possibilities of long-term space travel. You needn't do a thing for the sphere besides pay the two hundred and fifty dollars. The shrimp feed off the plants and the bacteria, and waste from the shrimp feeds the bacteria, which produce carbon dioxide and nutrients to feed the plants. It seems as if it could go on forever. The shrimp will eventually die off, because they don't reproduce in the spheres, but this could take many years, and, as Mr. Grooms points out, "you'll still have the algae." The algae will survive longer, because they are always reproducing. Just keep the external temperature between sixty and ninety degrees, and make sure the sphere gets some light each day—for photosynthesis, of course. "It's just like fish in a tank, except you don't have to feed them—or, if you don't have enough time to walk a dog, it's like having a dog," Mr. Grooms said. "At first, people are not so interested. But then they take one to their office and start looking at it, and then they get very possessive. They get, like, '*my* ecosystem,' '*my* shrimp.' "

Each EcoSphere holds between five and eight shrimp. "They're hard to count, because they move around," Mr. Grooms said. The sphere demonstrates general environmental principles, such as that there's no new water in the world, just the same old water. EcoSpheres make great gifts, unless. Unless these primordial stockpots start brewing up new life from the basic building blocks, the amino acids, which may very well be inside. Maybe the whole chain could get started—one-celled life, two-celled, toothy. One day, a monkey gets born in your sphere and then it grows so big it breaks the glass. And then you'll be out two hundred and fifty dollars and have the moral obligation to care for a monkey.

# WHAT THE TWISTER DID

THIS morning while Daryl Eckner was equalizing my sideburns with his electric clippers, I thought I saw the ring pull from a window shade hanging down from his glasses. At first, it was just dangling down in front of his face, but it started dancing around when Daryl said to me, about the big tornado that hit us a while back, "It could have been worse." Then, just like all the other weird things I'd seen since that tornado, the ring pull was gone.

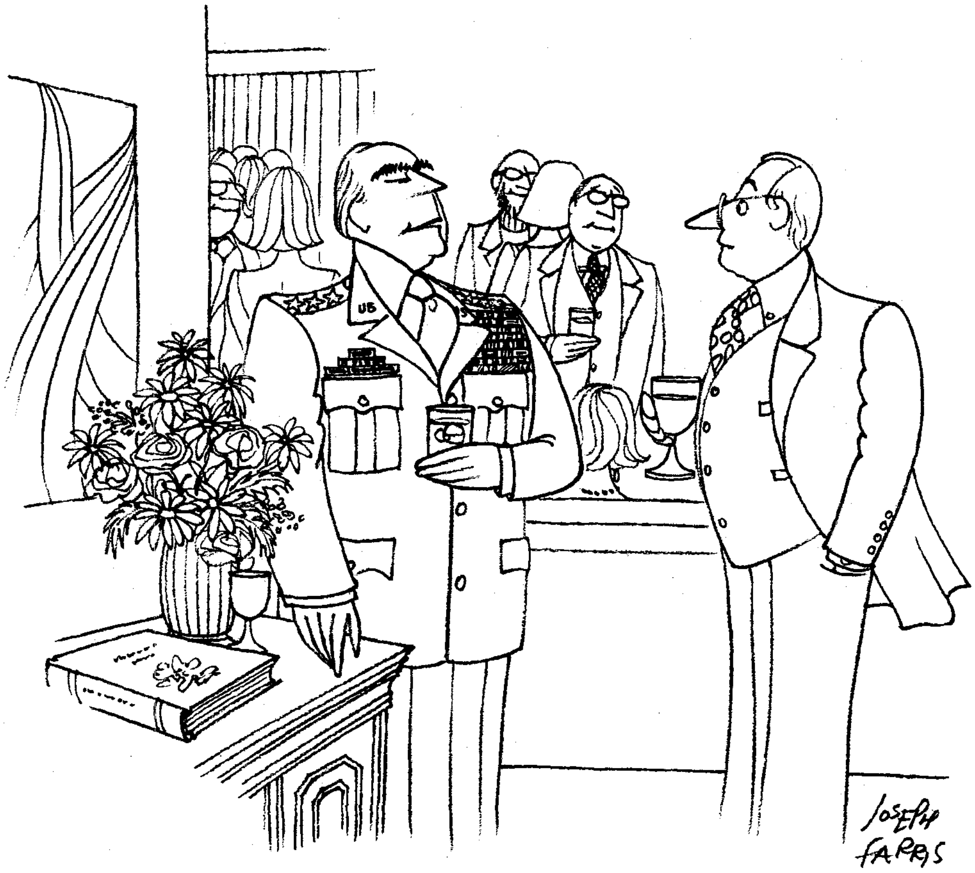
Daryl was right: it could have been a whole lot worse. Because what the big Palm Sunday twister *didn't* do, fortunately, was harm any man, woman, or child here. But that was probably only because our heroic ham-radio operators got such speedy advance warnings out around town. And the fact that we all have good, strong storm cellars didn't hurt, either. After that, we were just plain lucky, I guess, because when the big twister lifted (Dad always used to say they can take off as quickly as they land), and people came out of hiding and started looking over the damage to their homes, property, and livestock, the old-timers in town agreed that the twister had been pretty nasty.

It seemed nasty to me, too, even though it was my first experience with one. But there was something else about it. I mean, I didn't have to survey what was left of Mom's and my home and belongings or of my bicycle-repair shop in the barn for very long to understand why people always call tornadoes mischievous. Because you know what the big twister did? It yanked the little man off the top of my horseshoes trophy (seven years ago, in high school, I pitched a pretty accurate shoe) and blew him right into a small 7Up bottle. Didn't even disturb the right arm he's got cocked back. And you know where we finally found the bottle? Inside one of Mom's empty hatboxes. (Ever since Dad passed on, it seems that Mom can't collect enough empty cardboard boxes.) And that turned up in the front seat of my Jeep, which was discovered about two-thirds of a mile down the road from our place, sitting on top of the Metcalfs' silo, where the dome had been.

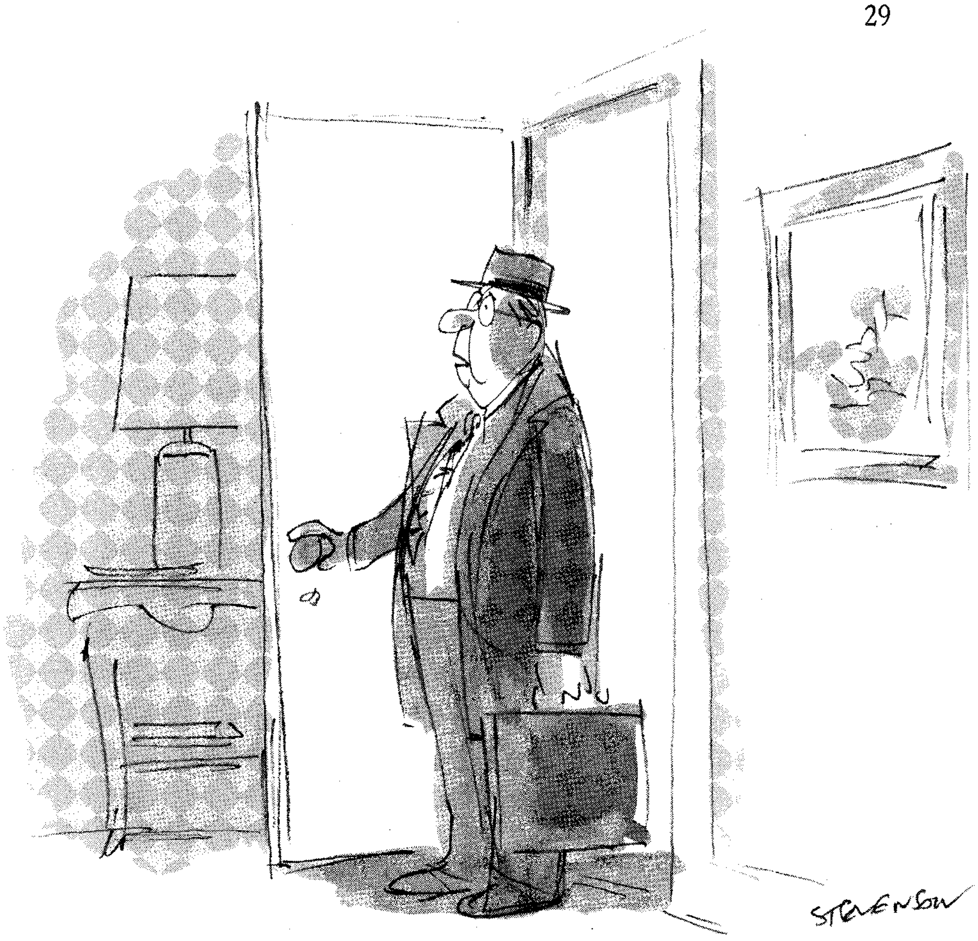
Now, if that had been the tornado's only weird trick on us, it wouldn't have seemed so remarkable. But there was a lot more. Take the big Swiss Army knife I kept in my top bureau drawer. I found it inside the grass-seed spreader, which had its T-shaped handle stuck through one of the holes of the big birdhouse, which was still sitting undisturbed on its pole in our front yard. And all the blades and tools on the knife were flipped out—same as in the poster they used to have taped up in the window at the hardware store—minus the fish-scaler/hook-disgorger, which was gone completely. The next week, when the insurance agent was going around the place with me, *that* showed up, with the starter rope from the lawnmower wrapped around it, inside the banjo Dad made for me, from a locally grown gourd, when I was born.

The twister didn't pick on just me and Mom, though. It was to blame for similar "jokes" all over town. Frank Nisswa, the half-Sioux whose farm is on the opposite side of town from us, said the tornado sucked all the water out of his well and carried his china cabinet eight hundred yards before setting it down again in his cornfield, without breaking a single cup or dish. And Frank told me that inside, sitting on top of a stack of dinner plates, he found the vise that had been clamped to his workbench. Yvette Kenner, one of those brave ham-radio operators I mentioned before, said that she and her boyfriend and her twins came out of their storm cellar expecting the very worst, but all they found was their electronic fun organ's bossa-nova beat playing and their parakeet plucked clean of feathers but otherwise O.K. And Daryl Eckner himself, barber and captain of They Might Be Gods, our State Champion tug-of-war team, has told everyone over and over how he climbed out of his cellar to find that the travelling van, with the team's name painted in fancy circus lettering on both sides, which was normally parked in his back yard, had vanished. It hasn't shown up yet. According to Daryl, a spiderweb between the legs of his barbecue—only twenty feet from where the van had been sitting—hadn't been touched. All there was, he said, was the purple foil wrapping from an Easter candy stuck in the middle.

Word of what the big twister did must have gotten out fast, because a man in a red beret—some sort of carnival big shot—showed up during our cleanup. In no time, with the help of our eager ham-radio operators, he had



*"I'm absolutely against total war, but then I'm not for total peace, either."*



*"It's me—the much-maligned Harold Critchlow."*

• •

the news out that he'd be setting up a tent where the self-service car wash used to be, and was ready to pay cash for our "tornado curiosities." Even before he got all the tent stakes in the ground he bought Chet Rittie's shotgun-with-seven-blades-of-straw-and-a-mascara-applicator-driven-into-the-stock, and Herman Malone's phone-receiver-embedded-in-the-leaf-from-a-dinner-table, and Gladys Wells' sneaker-lodged-inside-a-twenty-foot-length-of-hose.

I wonder if it was really a great idea to be pitching that easy money around a town in such disrepair, where everyone's state aid and insurance money was still two weeks away. It was tempting to me, I know, since it came right when I needed cash to get the crane to come in and take my Jeep down off the Metcalfs' silo. I didn't want to sell my horseshoe-pitcher-in-the-7Up-bottle, though. How many times is a guy—even a guy living in twister country—going to get a hold of a keepsake like that? So, several nights running, once Mom was asleep (it seems she can't sleep enough since Dad passed on), I did something I'm not proud of: I fashioned my *own* twister jokes. I figured the carnival guy wouldn't know the difference, and maybe I'd get my Jeep down.

It wasn't easy, what with half my bicycle-repair tools scattered who knows where, but after a few sleepless nights in the barn I'd assembled quite a group of "authentic" twister curiosities. There was the half-a-bowling-ball-with-the-bicycle-tire-pump-lodged-in-the-thumbhole. And the tricky ball-of-piano-wire-and-salad-forks-and-umbrella-skeleton-and-bicycle-spokes-inside-a-big-gold-fishbowl. And my favorite, which I really wished I could keep—the ice-cream-scoop-coming-out-of-bongos-with-gardening-shears-going-in. Well, the carnival man really went for them—he even whistled when he first picked up the bowling-ball thing. And I hired the crane for a hundred and seventy-five dollars *and* kept my man-in-the-bottle.

But about two months after the big twister, I put him in one of Mom's empty shoeboxes that still had the white tissue in it and buried it. I didn't need it anymore to know how weird things could be after a tornado, because even though our town was pretty much back together, I couldn't walk down Center Street without, for a moment, seeing some kind of twister-curiosity mirage, like a lampshade on a fire hydrant, or the float ball from a toilet tank drifting across a big puddle. And once I even thought I saw Mom's rocker, which we never did find, hooked upside down on the town-hall clock. I even planned how I would wait for the hand to lower to twenty after the hour and catch the thing when it slid off. But it disappeared at ten past. The worst time had to be when I was driving home in my rescued Jeep, with the annoying new whine it makes over thirty, to share some homemade soup with Mom and finish replacing the shingles. I glanced up at the top of the Metcalfs' silo, where the new dome was under way, and for just a moment I saw myself on the lookout up there in my Jeep with a portable ham radio on my knees and my half-a-pair-of-binoculars around my neck.

This condition let up all last week, but this morning, in the barber chair, there was that damn ring pull swinging from Daryl Eckner's glasses. It didn't last long, though, and next thing I knew Daryl was going on and on about the upcoming dance that's supposed to raise money for our tug-of-war team's new van. "We're all bouncing back now, huh?" Daryl said, spinning me around to look at myself in the mirror. And I saw a largemouth bass on my head—until Daryl spun me back a hundred and eighty degrees from the mirror, and I realized it was just the old prize-winner that had always been mounted on Daryl's wall. And tonight, while reorganizing the hall closet, I came across the fancy Sunday bonnet Mom used to wear to church before she started sleeping through the bells. I almost yanked the long peacock feather from under the hatband, but then I realized that that was exactly where it belonged. So while I'm hoping that the ring pull was the last of my mirages, I'm beginning to wonder now if I'll ever again see anything the way I used to.

—BILL FRANZEN

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**WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.**

[*Adv. in the Times*]

As thousands of students have already discovered, at $28 per week, Berlitz Group Instruction is an effective, low-cost alternative to learning a language.

# GETTING SERIOUS

THERE was this black girl, an ordinary black girl with black icing for hair, using his name, calling his attention from another row. He glanced over, smiled, and she smiled some in turn. There were several tiny gold rings on the fingers of her hands, a gold earring in her ear. "Let's ask Matt Wells," she had said. "He always has his work done." She was teasing; his life had gone flat and he never had his work ready anymore.

The black girl stepped into his mind, though—she was new in school, would be the daughter of someone new at the airbase—and here, a day later, lying in bed, not asleep but with his eyes closed, frustrated with all things in life, he sees that the girl was flirting with him. Had anyone ever flirted with him before? He isn't sure but thinks not. The black girl—Vanessa Robbins is the name he noted on a seating chart—did so, and now something within him can't leave it alone.

In the afternoon, standing before a wall of magazines, he sees her again. Hanging out in one of the downtown stores, with his buddy, Cormac, he looks up and there she is. There are her eyes in her black face, looking into his own. As if on the lifting of a magician's handkerchief, he is smiling back at her.

"Hi," she says. Another black girl beside her looks up.

"Hi," Matt says.

Not light-skinned, Vanessa is chocolate and smooth. Her long arms and legs, her long neck with its scant topping of glossy hair convey to him now a black swan. Looking back to his magazine and seeing nothing, he hears laughter ripple from the girls.

"Who dat?" Cormac whispers.

"Screw you," Matt says.

"She's cute," Cormac says.

"Up yours," Matt says. "She's nice," he adds, a thrill passing through him. Hearing more laughter from the girls, he says, surprised by his own daring, "Interested in the friend?"

"What?"

"You heard me."

"You're not serious," Cormac says.

"Why not?"

"They're black."

"Come on, let's. Nothing ever happens around here."

"Let's what?"

"Talk to them. That's all. Do something."

"Not me."

"Come on."

"Jesus, I'm not that hard up."

"Don't be such a drag. This town is driving me nuts."

"Not me. No way."

"Thanks," Matt says angrily. Seeing that the magazine in his hand is *Electronic Music* and realizing there is no likelihood of his ever owning anything from its pages, he returns it to the rack. Jerk, he thinks. You have no idea what a jerk I think you are.

Seeing that the girls are moving away, he says, "They're taking off."

"Look at this," Cormac says, his face still in his magazine.

"Who cares?" Matt says.

Cormac looks up. "Jesus, what's your problem?" he says.

When they have left the store, however, and are walking along the sidewalk, there are the two girls, returning toward them, and Matt sees at once that he and Cormac are being given a new chance in a continuing game. "Look, here they are," he says. Cormac doesn't respond.

Laughter is coming from the two girls as they approach. Matt laughs, too, and at a dozen feet, in someone else's voice, he says to them, "You came back."

There is some giggling and tittering, and as Matt pulls up to circle and talk, so do the girls. But Cormac keeps walking, and Matt mutters, "Come back, Cormac, you idiot."

"My friend Barbara," Vanessa is saying, although both are glancing at Cormac.

"Hi," Barbara says.

Matt, too confused to know what to say, says, "Cormac, what're you doing? C'm'ere!"

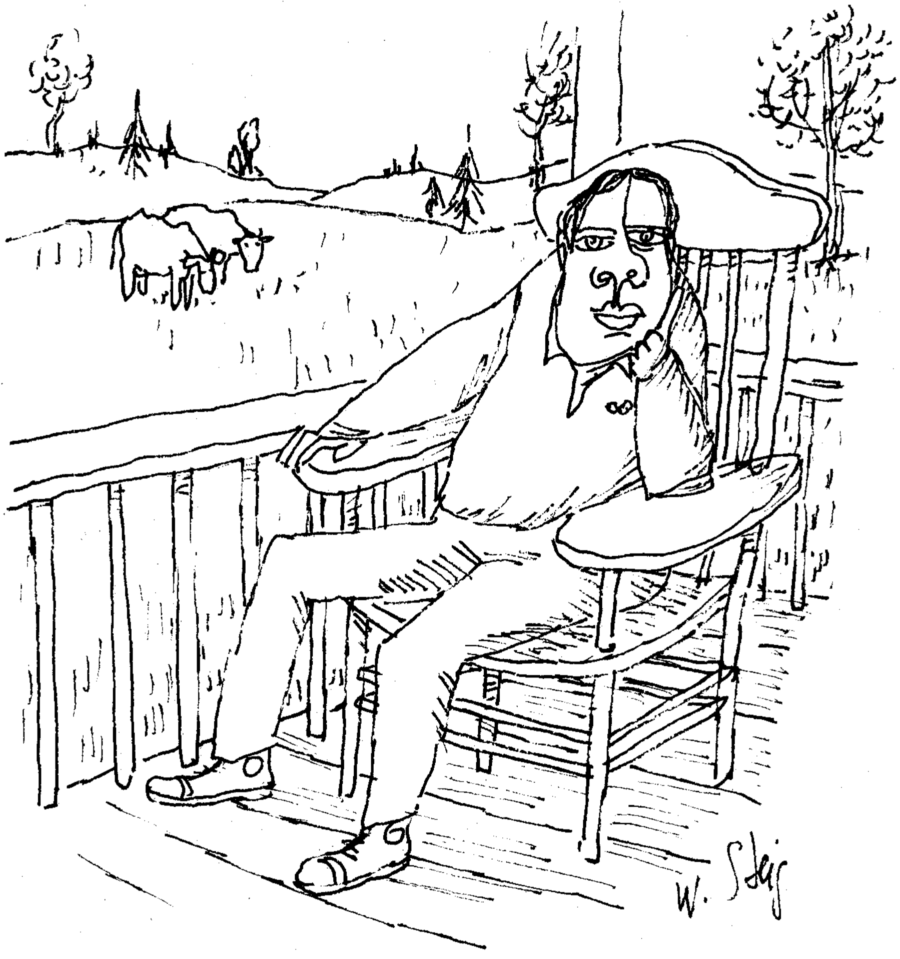
"Nah," Cormac says.

"Oops," Vanessa says.

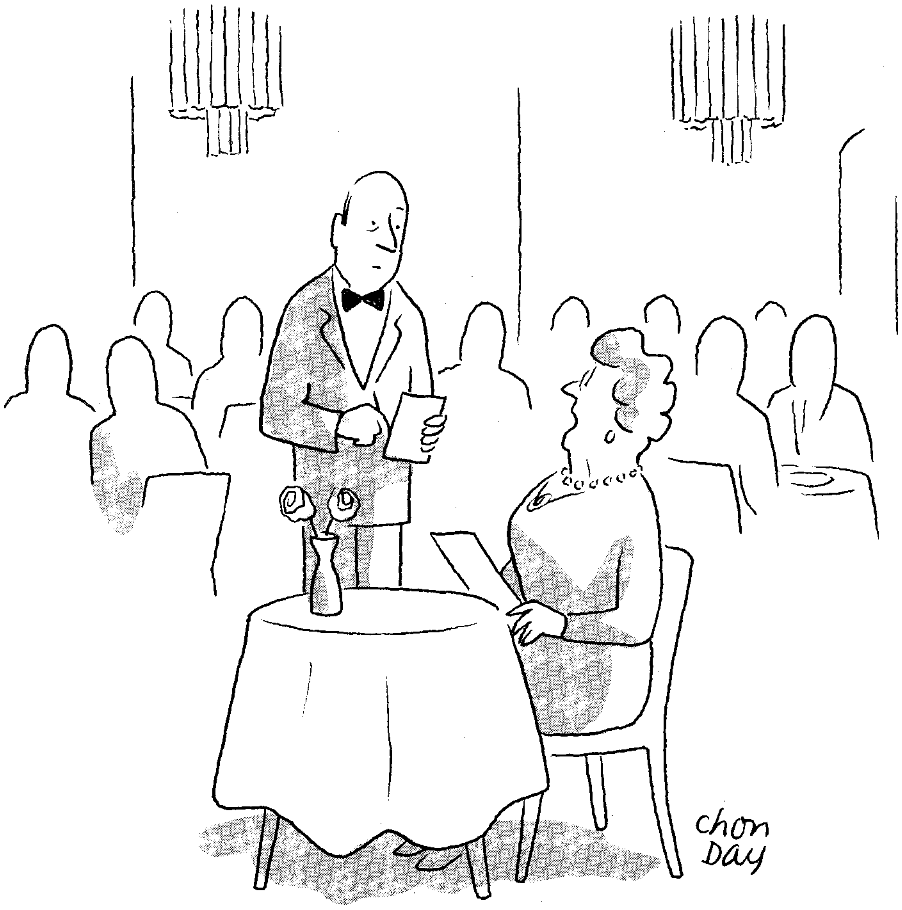
Matt glances from one to the other; there is a flash about Vanessa's fingers of her gold rings.

"Let's go," the other girl says.

The girls are walking away, just like that. Laughter breaks between the girls, and the way their shoulders



*Vacation*



*"I'll have whatever is in bountiful supply."*

move makes him wince. He turns away, too disappointed to speak.

"Look, I'm not about to hang out with jungle bunnies right in the middle of town," Cormac says.

Matt cannot speak. He walks along. He will end this friendship, he is telling himself.

"I mean it," Cormac says.

Matt is still unable to speak.

"Well, do you really—" Cormac starts to say.

"Just forget it!" Matt says.

Next to each other, the two boys continue along the sidewalk.

LATER in the afternoon they are sitting in a side-street movie theatre, their faces highlighted by the screen. Little from the movie is occurring within Matt, however. When Cormac laughs, in a moment, Matt glances at him and experiences dislike of a kind that brings him close to striking out at his friend with words, even with his fists.

He thinks of the black girl and feels some relief. Does he sort of have a crush on her? Is that what it is, even if it was only yesterday that she spoke to him for the first time? Is he hard up, the way Cormac said? There beside him is Cormac's face. It seems connected to the screen by lines of light; it smiles, its smile holds.

Matt tries the movie again, but sees nothing to which he can surrender. Shifting, he says, "I gotta get some air. See you later."

"What?" Cormac says.

Matt is getting up; nothing is going to stop him. "See you," he says.

"You're going?"

"See you in school," Matt says.

"What are you—"

Matt, on his way up the deep-red aisle, doesn't look around. Screw you forever, he says to himself.

Passing through the theatre doors, he takes in the brisk air. Half a block along, he angles across the street. In a sudden urge, he starts to run. His sneakers push off the pavement as he dashes around and between people along the sidewalk—and he turns at the next corner, taking a direction in the city it seems he has never taken before.

He sprints along the full block of the street, into the gutter to circle pedestrians, and turns still another corner, to be certain of his escape. At last he slows to a walk, to recover his breath.

He knows—believes—she lives in the direction of the Mall, although he doesn't know how he knows that. Going in that direction might get him intercepted by Cormac, though, and he doesn't turn back. He continues—Bow Street, around the harbor, is his destination—on a path to leave Cormac absolutely behind.

Would she be home by now? Well, sure, why wouldn't she? It's close to dinnertime, and she and her friend—Barbara, he reminds himself—would not hang out downtown into the evening. Still, it is the likelihood that she won't be home that makes up his mind. At the first telephone, he will call her. The decision comes in on a new thrill.

She is not in the telephone book, though, and the name that the operator offers scares him. "I have a Paul T. Robbins, Lieutenant Colonel," she says. "Woodlawn Circle."

A pilot, Matt wonders. He imagines an articulate, enormous black man dressing him down for his presumption at calling his daughter. Still he says to himself, Do it. Don't be like Cormac, do it, and he redeposits his dime.

Clearing his throat as the telephone rings, he stares at the telephone box before him. A deep male voice takes its time. "Hello."

"Vanessa there?" As if hearing his voice for the first time, he decides he is a wimp.

Silence follows, and Matt's heart is falling away. "May I ask who is calling?" the black lieutenant colonel says.

"Matt Wells?"

He knows I'm white, Matt is thinking. Now he's going to let me have it.

But the voice says, "Just a moment, please."

When the receiver is picked up, a fluid voice says, "Matt—hi."

"Hi."

"You still in town?"

"I took off from Cormac. He's such a jerk."

"Color line bother you like it does your dopey friend?"

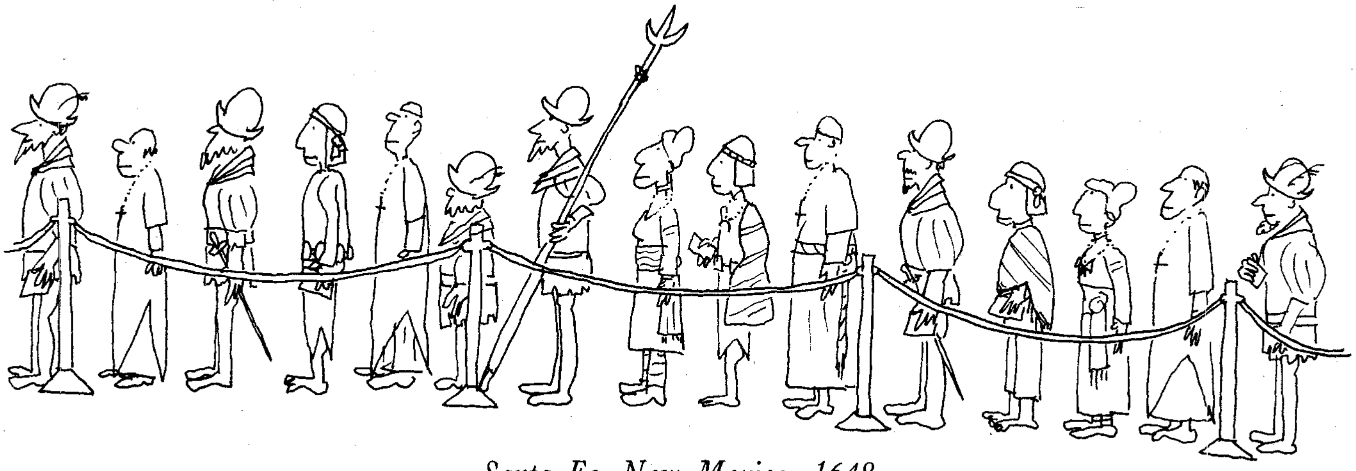
"No. No, it doesn't."

"This ain't just a guilt call?"

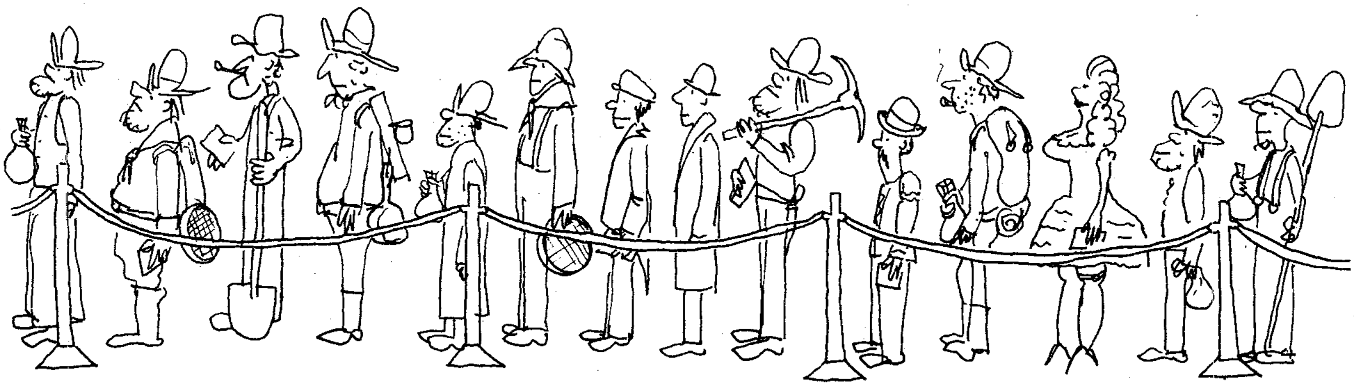
"No. You're—you're ticked off I guess, aren't you?"

"Well, yeah," she says. "Barbara's

## BANK LINES OF THE OLD WEST



*Santa Fe, New Mexico, 1648*



*Sutter's Mill, California, 1849*

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mad at me, too. I get us put down like that. Yeah, my feelings were hurt. They still are."

"I'm really sorry."

"I just thought you were cool, in school, you know. Then me and Barbara get served up a plateful of humiliation."

"I never knew he was such a jerk."

"That why you called?"

"Not just that. I—wanted to talk to you. I don't know. I wanted to say something to you."

"Like what?"

"I don't know. I forgot."

"Come on, you didn't forget."

"I wanted to say hello."

"Is that all?"

"Well—I like your rings."

"My rings."

"All that gold. You might get stolen."

"That really why you called—say you like my rings?"

"Yeah."

"Man, what about me?"

"What do you mean?"

"You don't like me? That ain't got nothing to do with why you called?"

"Sure, but I like your rings, too."

"Between my teeth and my fingers I'm a walking gold mine. You think the rest of me is worthless?"

"Sort of."

"Funny, Matt."

"I think you and me—got a lot in common, you know."

"Baby, it's 'you and I.' "

"What?" he says.

"Nothing. The grammar. I shouldn't do that."

"Well, you called me baby."

"It's just an expression. Don't get too carried away."

"I am, though," he says, his heart seeming to step into space.

Pausing, she says, "This ain't a social call then, an apology?"

"What do you mean?"

"You called to be friends?"

"Yes."

"You call back then sometime?"

"Sure. Tomorrow."

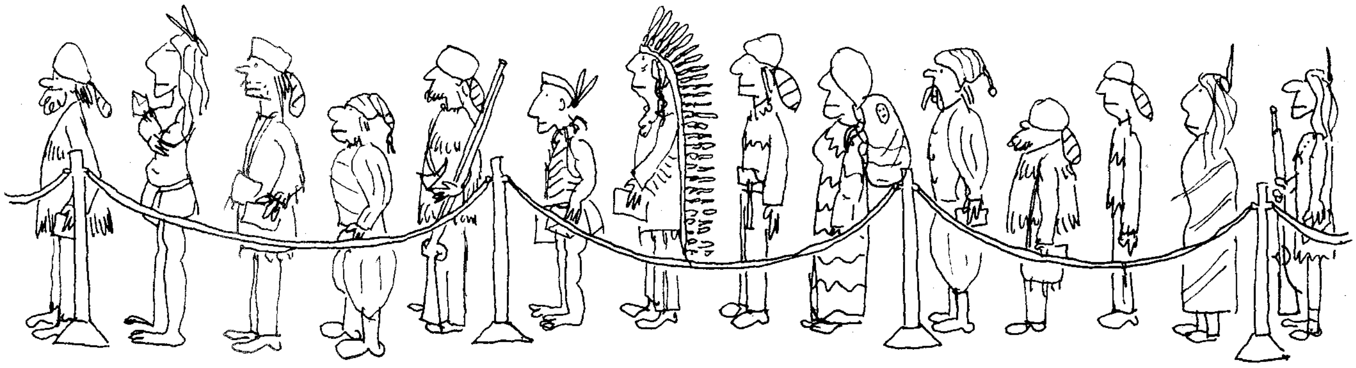
"O.K. I have to set the table now. Slaves ain't all been freed yet."

"I'll call," he says.

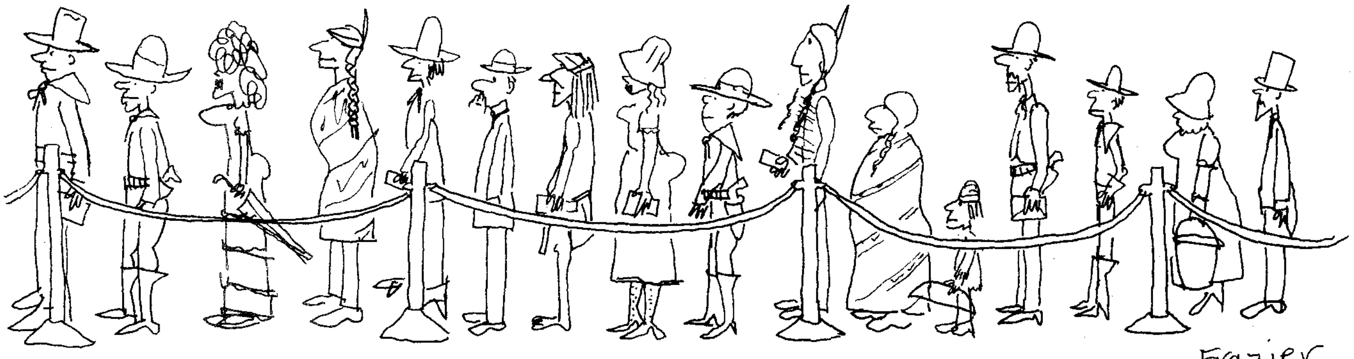
Hanging up, Matt holds still a moment, as if to get his breathing straight. God, she's neat, he says to himself.

HE hangs out, into the evening, with no desire to go home. It doesn't matter in a way, he thinks; his mother is working tonight and his brother, he is certain, is staying at a friend's. His father is working out of town again. He knows in advance he will be lonely. Or maybe it's this other feeling he has found that he has no wish to leave behind.

Leaning against a brick wall for a time, he overlooks Bow Street and Ceres Street, the sheltered lee in the harbor around which are taverns and glassed-in terrace cafés, tugboats, yachts, and out-of-towners. For the first time, he feels an allure here. Why does this feeling stay with him, he wonders. These new feelings. Wow, he thinks.



*Fort Mandan, Missouri Territory, 1813*



*Dodge City, Kansas, 1877*

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From where he stands the Interstate 95 bridge is in view, and he gazes into the air in that direction. Perhaps he has never looked into the air before. The bridge climbs into the sky like a long line drive, and in reverse focus he imagines the view from there of Portsmouth below, its clustered buildings and houses edging on the river, its lobster boats at anchor, an outboard leaving a wake of gray in the swollen green water, and at last—would he be visible?—himself standing here. No, no one could see him from the bridge, he thinks. But what an idea. Does it mean he is in love with a black girl? Boy, are you weird, he says to himself.

He strolls. Sleek cars slide by here, close to the restaurants concentrated around the harbor and the Theatre-by-the-Sea. He watches a dark, chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce drift by. Women passing here are different, too, and he strolls, eye-searching both for European cars and for the appealing droop of free-flowing breasts. In his mind this early evening, breasts uncontained look to be presenting themselves to him, ready in their faint sag to be lifted and held like kittens in his hand, to have their noses touched by his thumb.

This may be what it is, he thinks. This feeling. It's all too much, he thinks.

He continues strolling. He would like to speak of the girl if he could, for she seems to occupy all parts of his mind, but even if he were with Cormac he could not speak of her. Never now to Cormac. Maybe never to anyone.

"GOODNESS, twice in one evening," she says. "I think this is getting serious."

"You still eating?" he says. Strolling, he has forced himself to wait an hour, and his voice trembles at first.

"All done," she says.

"Could I meet you somewhere? Can you come out?"

"Tonight?"

"Yes."

"Gee, I don't know. I know I can't be out past nine. Is something wrong?"

"No."

"Where are you?"

"I'm still downtown. I just been walking around."

"I can meet you, I guess. But I have to be back by nine. I'm sort of on probation."

"Where could we meet?"

"The Mall? I could have my father drive me there. He thinks the Mall's cool."

"O.K. But where?"

"By the plants—in the center?"

"O.K. I'll be there in twenty minutes."

Leaving the translucent telephone shell, Matt is all at once surprised. What are you doing, he asks himself. What is all this?

TOO nervous to sit, he stands in the heart of the Mall, watching the flow of people entering. There are benches before him, among red bricks and indoor plants, but he feels he would look like a flake somehow if he was sitting down when she walked in. Guarded by the plants, he watches, and there she is, coming his way, moments ahead of time, for which promptness he immediately adores her. To his surprise, though, she moves a little less smartly, less boldly, than he would have expected, even as a foolish smile is breaking out on his own face. She is black, he sees and remembers—yes, she is black.

He heads around the centerpiece to meet her; she is scanning shoppers sitting there. He sees her eyes find him. "Hey," he says in a laugh and, reaching—he had no idea he would do such a thing—takes her hand for an instant in both of his.

They turn to walk along the Mall's avenue, past jewelry and chocolate-chip cookie displays. He hears her say, "You seem really different now."

"I do?"

"Like you've changed," she says.

Glancing at her face he sees that, yes, it is the girl Vanessa, with her black skin, her flash of red lips and white teeth.

"I hope nothing's wrong."

"No," he says.

"Not having second thoughts about being with a black chick?"

"Oh, no. No. Not at all. I—you?"

"Me? Heck, yes, man. Well, not second thoughts."

"Say that again."

"I'm *aware* I'm here," she says. "It's a little cool, but a little scary, too."

"We just look like friends, don't we?"

"Which is what we are—friend."

"Want to get a Coke or something?"

"I guess it's a little more than friends. That's why it feels strange."

"I like the way you—the way you say things," he says.

"Meaning what?"

"You don't fool around. I just like to talk to you."

"Yeah? How about Papa Gino's then, white boy, for a Coke?"

Turning, they go through an awkward reversal of direction and an amount of smiling. He touches her arm above the elbow, and it is nearly daring. What they are doing is no longer imaginary.

At the counter, while she sits at a table covered with red checked oilcloth beyond the partition, he orders and pays for two large Cokes. Standing among the pizza buyers, he smiles at the menu on the wall and smiles still as he carries the two paper cups to the table on a small tray. It's different, he thinks, actually being with a girl. To complicate things, she suddenly says, "Now what are you thinking about?"

He looks at her.

"Tell me," she says. "I can tell you're thinking about something."

He lies. "I was thinking about what a good idea it was to call you up," he says.

She seems not to buy it. "Really?"

"No, that's not true," he says. "What I was thinking was, looking at your hands—was that I'd like to touch them."

"Well?" she says.

He looks at her.

"Why don't you?" she says. "I could go for that."

He laughs and still doesn't dare. As if seriously, he looks into her eyes; she looks into his in the same way.

"Want to go someplace we can mess around?" she says.

He keeps looking at her and doesn't move, as blood determines on its own to occupy his face. "Where?" he says.

She takes a moment. "Our garage," she says. "My mother's Buick. She never uses it."

"Far from here?" he manages to ask.

She doesn't say. She only continues to look at him as if to say, What a silly thing to ask.

His face is flushed and he cannot hold her gaze any longer; he glances down. He strains at once to look up at her, but his neck is so stricken it doesn't want to bend.

"Are you O.K.?" she says.

"Sure."

"God, I have messed up again," she says.

"No. Oh, no," he says.

"Oh, I have," she says. "I'm sorry."

"It's not anything," he says. "I'm out of it, that's all."

"I shouldn't come on like that," she says.

"No, it isn't you, really," he is saying. "It isn't."

"Let's just back up and start over," she says.

"That's O.K.," he says.

"Tell me something else you're thinking," she says.

"Just what you said," he says.

"Listen, all I meant by that was—well, I didn't mean what you're probably thinking I meant."

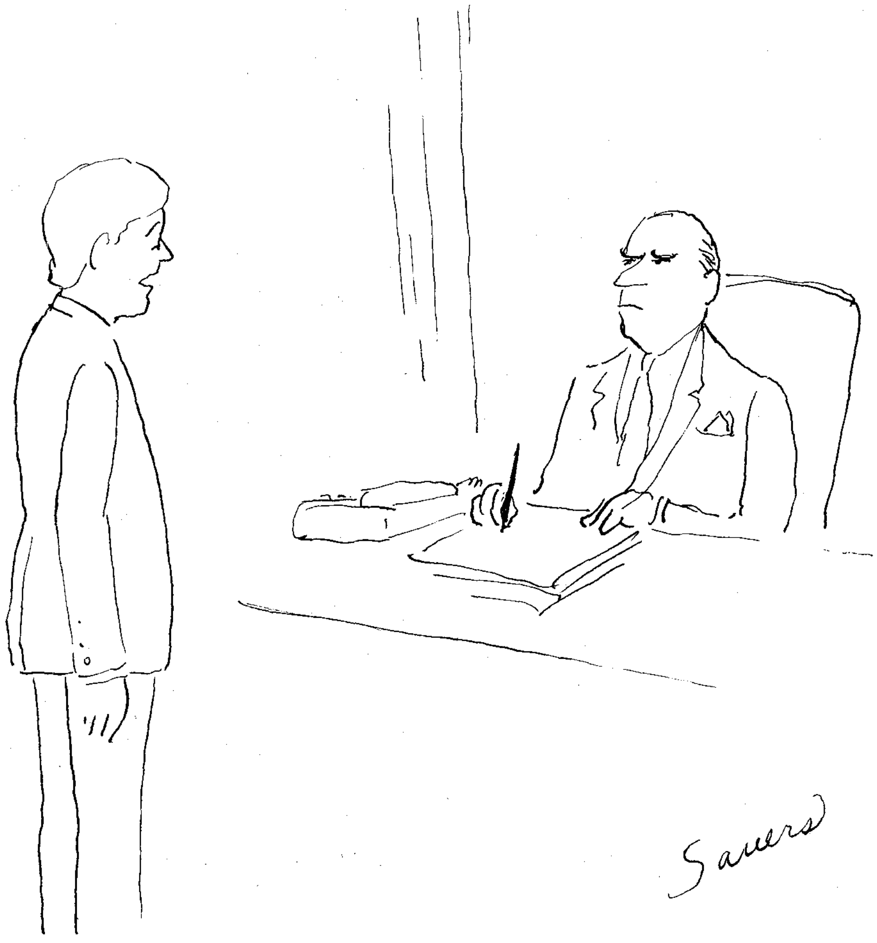
He looks at her.

"I just said that—you know, for shock value."

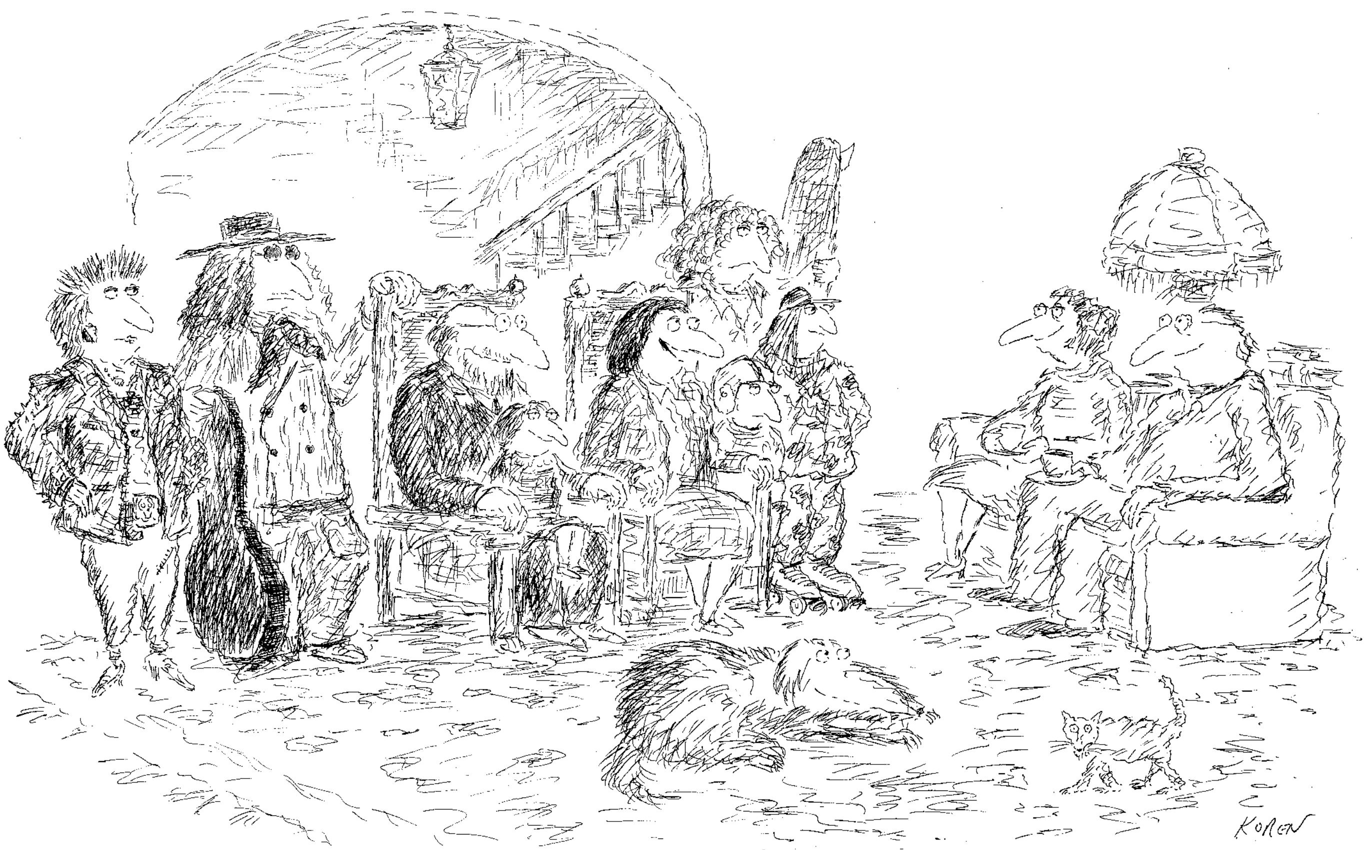
"Well, that's O.K."

"Yeah, except you looked like you found a rattlesnake in your lunch bag."

He laughs, shrugs as if to say it's true.



*"Can I go home at three today, sir? There's something good on cable."*



"*Everyone in our family has a commitment to something.*"

• •

"So," she says. "Tell me what you're thinking now."

"Same thing," he says.

She pauses. "O.K., we go then. But it ain't to do what you think."

She smiles, looking at him over the red checked oilcloth, and he suddenly leans toward her and, surprising himself as much as he might surprise her, says, "I'm just dumb about stuff."

He resumes his position, and now she is the one who appears confused. "Which means what?" she says.

"Just what it says."

"You've never kissed a girl, have you?"

Well, that's what he meant, he is thinking, and as he looks at her her larger meaning turns in his mind. "I gotta go to the bathroom," he says.

He is in the center of the Mall, walking among people he doesn't see, when he asks himself, as if realizing he has committed some kind of social error, Do you say to a girl you have to go to the bathroom?

He walks through a wide opening into a department store and finds and then enters the men's room, with its beige tile and brushed stainless steel, and, seeing himself in the mirror, he cannot deny that something about what he sees is different. As an afterthought, he tries a breath in his hand.

Heading back, he feels no less lightheaded. As if, he thinks, all his life he had been housed, held, in a—in a membrane, and here at last he is breaking through. It was a little like this when he first realized he could swim.

Around him are women's nightclothes, colors so lightly blue, so faintly pink and beige, so laced and silken that they seem to tend toward telling him something. In the looks of a saleswoman whose lips glisten red, whose eyes and eyelashes look like miniature birds in small cages, whose cheeks are dusted perversely pale, he hears another near-whisper. He goes along the corridor again and approaches the table.

"Ready to go?" he says, politely, not sitting down.

Reaching to take his hand, to steer him into sitting down again on his side of the table, she whispers, "One thing I want you to know. Don't you go thinking I meant what I didn't mean. I think it's cute you never done nothing with no girl, if that's what you meant. But don't you think I meant what I didn't, because that's not what I was trying to say."

There are her eyes, her red mouth and glossy hair. "I know you didn't mean that," he says.

IN hardly an hour, though, not in the back seat but in the front seat of the darkened Buick, in a darkened garage under a darkening sky, what was meant is no better known than it was in the first place. One knee and then another is banged on the dashboard. The floor gearshift is in the way as well, but it is too late to suggest moving to the back seat. The air in his chest feels expansive. He wonders about love.

They hold each other as yet another minute falls away. He opens his eyes then, and he says, "I just opened my eyes, but I can't see anything."

She doesn't move. A faint breath in her throat tells him that she knows what he means.

—THEODORE WEESNER

•

**A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK**

[*From Writer's Market*]

Jensen says a big part of the playwriting process is getting produced.

# THREE POEMS FROM JAPAN

## A FLIGHT FROM OSAKA

Into the translucent, smudged, omnivorous wheel
That the propeller's become
Now slides, block on block and brightly unreal,
The highflung reaches of sun-dazed Kobe,
On whose big bay

On this early-summer Sunday afternoon some
Playfully downscaled freighters
Are lugging broad, ballooning wakes in from
And out to sea . . . Quite a leisurely scene
(Or so when seen

From a few miles up), with one neat, upending touch
Of real loveliness: the way
Those wakes suggest jet streams—only so much
Slower to gather, to shatter, to wear
Themselves out where

Each least impulse is translated into a dense,
Earthbound medium. The weight,
The piled resistance of those depths, presents
Us with another, plainer image: one
Of a hard-won

And never finished struggle with a stone- and vine-
Strewn soil, a primitive plow
Scratching out, foot by foot, its thin lifeline—
Into which our buried forebears scattered seeds.
The past recedes

Much as the circling world does from the round
Windows of a plane, expanding
As it dwindles into the background, turning
Both more mysterious and more finely
Drawn, finally.

## IN MINAKO WADA'S HOUSE

In old Minako Wada's house
Everything has its place,
And mostly out of sight:
Bedding folded away
All day, brought down
From the shelf at night,

Tea things underneath
Low tea table and tablecloth—
And sliding screen doors,
Landscape-painted, that hide
Her clothes inside a wash
Of mountains. Here the floors

Are a clean-fitting mosaic,
Mats of a texture like
A broom's; and in a niche
In the tearoom wall
Is a shrine to all of her
Ancestors before which

She sets each day
A doll-sized cup of tea,
A doll-sized bowl of rice.
She keeps a glass jar
Of crickets that are fed fish
Shavings, an eggplant slice,

And whose hushed chorus,
Like the drowsy toss
Of a baby's rattle, moves in
On so tranquil a song
It's soon no longer heard.
The walls are thin

In Minako Wada's little house,
Open to every lifting voice
On the street—by day, the cries
Of the children, at night
Those excited, sweet,
Reiterated goodbyes

Of men full of beer who now
Must hurry home. Just to
Wake in the night inside this nest,
Late, the street asleep (day done,
Day not yet begun), is what
Perhaps she loves best.

## SEASIDE GREETINGS

### (Oki Islands, Japan Sea)

Together waking to the smell
of new mats beneath us, we find our clothes,
quickly dress, and in slippers shuffle
down the dark hall

to the entryway, where we trade
slippers for shoes, slide the front
door free, and steal outside
without a sound.

Our fishing village has not woken
much before us; day is in the splendid,
splashy process of breaking
over an open

sea and over flooded rice fields
become lavender mirrors, snugly
secured by little green studs.
We have big pads

of paper bundled under our arms—off
to sketch Yoroi Iwa,
Armor Rock, the crest of a bluff
which, just as if

something with endless time to kill
on this outpost island had been
engineering an epochal
if rather small

joke, not only looks like armor but in
its boxy, braided lines is closer
to the Japanese style than
the European.

Of course given the scale Nature has
to work with, all of these uncanny,
and often funny, resemblances
(the ancient trees

wrung like buxom women, whales
in the clouds, bights like laughing
horses' heads, potatoes bearing profiles
of generals

dead now for centuries) are
statistical certainties, nothing
more, and yet they do appease our
appetite for

play at the stone heart of things—
a loose, elusive spirit not
about to shimmer its mica wings
in our smudged drawings.

Under a midday sun we climb
a treeless, grasshopper-ridden hill
whose summit drops headlong as doom
to the torn rim

of the sea a hundred yards or so
below. Hawks ride in the updrafts
and test us with unnervingly
low, virtuoso

swoops and passes, so near we can discern
how the jumpy eyes pivot in their heads.
Their motions have no waste—glide and turn
as though they're borne

upon a refined physics,
an applied mathematics streamlining
toward the pure. We watch their slow arcs
and plunging strikes,

cheered to see them flutter
up with empty claws; while nothing we've
ever seen goes about the search for
a meal with more

inspiriting grace, our sympathies
are with the homely, camouflage-
seeking mouse, rather than with these
ferocious beauties.

. . . Dusk is something taking place
at unreachable distances,
moving off at one remove from us,
who raptly focus,

with the fixity of the deservedly
ravenous, on the feast being set
before us: rice, squash, spinach in soy
and sesame,

sweet ribbons of squid strewn
with pinhead-sized pink fish eggs, pickles,
a sea bream sliced for sashimi and then
fitted back in

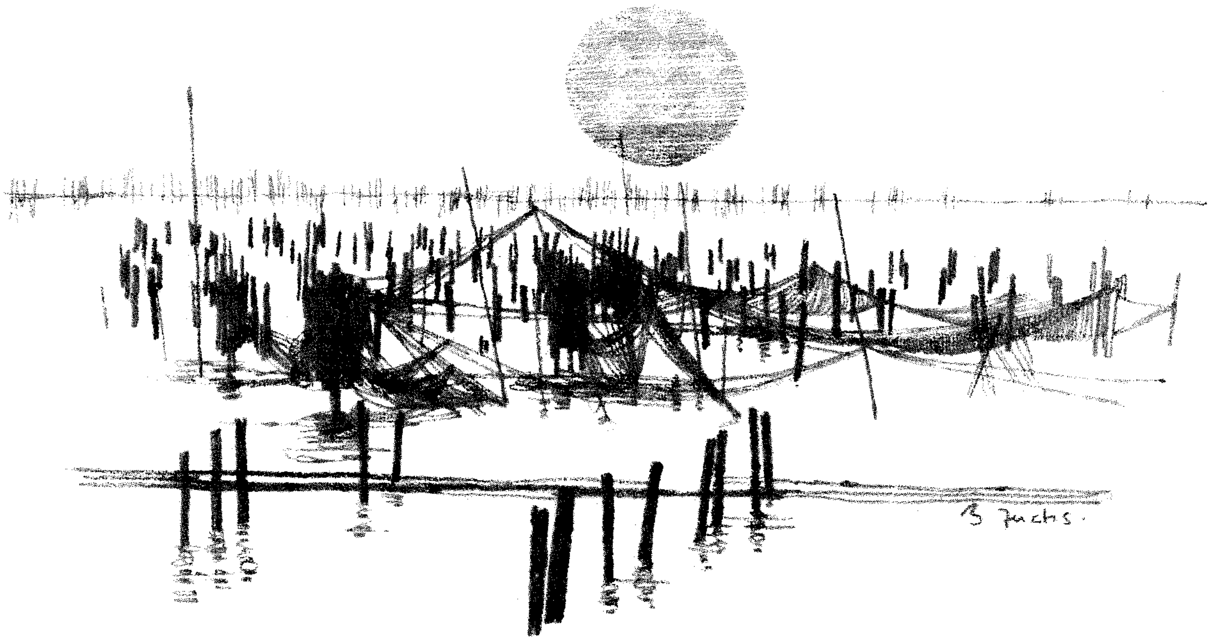
around the bones to restore
its swimming shape, a clear soup, bamboo
shoots, lotus root, and two half-litre
bottles of beer.

Loaned kimono-like robes hold in
the heat from our baths as we eat,
and as we retire to an embracing,
sudden exhaustion

larger than we are. Within
each other's arms we lie, neatly, indeed
almost palindromically, placed—settling
*in in an inn . . .*

The phrase, nearly perfect, is perfect for
tomorrow's postcards, those shiny sea views
for our friends that might begin, "Dear——,
It's lovely here."

—BRAD LEITHAUSER



# U.S. CHRONICLES

## MYSTERY MONEY

IT came to light because of a bad left turn. This was in Waco, Texas, on a cold night at the end of January in 1977. At about ten-thirty, a new blue Thunderbird—so new that it still had a temporary paper license plate taped on the back window—stopped at a red light on Valley Mills Drive, a wide double lane dominated by strip shopping centers and car dealerships and franchise restaurants. The overhead traffic light turned green, and the Thunderbird turned left onto Bosque Boulevard, the driver apparently not having noticed that a separate light across the intersection governed left turns. That light was red. A police cruiser happened to be coming down Valley Mills Drive from the opposite direction, and its driver, a young Waco policeman named Edwin Byford, saw the bad left turn. Byford signalled the Thunderbird to the curb. There were two teen-age boys inside. The driver, who gave his name as Dean Moore, did not have a driver's license. He was vague about where he lived. Byford radioed for a backup, on the assumption that he was going to take the boys into custody. Within a few minutes, there were four policemen at the scene, and both of the boys were in handcuffs. The police thought that the Thunderbird might have been stolen. According to the temporary license, it had been bought that very day in Dallas, ninety miles to the north. The name listed on the license as the buyer did not match the name on either boy's identification. An identification card shown by the boy in the passenger's seat said that his name was Percy Garcia and that he lived in Alice—a South Texas county seat that is four hundred miles from Dallas. The boys were taken to Police Headquarters. The Thunderbird was searched. There remains some dispute about whether it was searched right there on Bosque Boulevard or back at Waco Police Headquarters. There is no dispute about what was discovered in two suitcases in the trunk. The suitcases held four hundred and eighty-two thousand six hundred and sixty-two dollars in cash.

The boys said they had found it. For a time, they didn't really offer any further explanation of how they happened to come into possession of almost half a million dollars. Then, for a time, the boy who had been driving—a fifteen-year-old whose real name turned out to be James Dean Bridges—offered too many explanations. Dean (as he was called) started by saying that he and Percy were Mafia runners from Chicago heading for a marijuana pickup in Mexico. The Waco policemen who were questioning Dean and Percy were not well-travelled men, but they thought it was safe to assume that people hired as runners by the Chicago Mafia are not ordinarily teen-agers with strong Texas accents. The police were also unimpressed by Dean's story that he and Percy had found the money in an old man's back yard in Chicago. Even Dean didn't sound as if he believed the one about having robbed a train in Georgia. Finally, Dean said that his father was involved in drug-dealing and had buried the money on his ranch, outside Alice. The police found that one rather believable.

Dean's story about his father, being only one more unproved story, was not made public. The early news accounts described the cash in a phrase that stuck with it in the years that followed—Mystery Money. There was some speculation in the press about where the money might have come from, but from the start what appealed to the press and to the public was the wondrous tale of two breezy Texas boys who happened to run across half a million dollars in cash. The essential elements of that tale were not in dispute: the boys had unearthed a red ice chest full of money on Dean's father's ranch, they had made their way to Dallas by bus, they had handed out several thousand dollars to people who had rendered them a service or told them a particularly compelling hard-luck story, they had managed to buy a new Thunderbird, and they were on their way to even more fantastic adventures when reality intruded in the

*"David is a very intense person."*

person of Officer Edwin Byford. The early headlines used phrases like "MYSTERY MONEY BOYS" and "RICH KIDS" and "ROBIN HOODLIKE EXPLOITS" and "CASH CAPER."

*"I wouldn't call our first meeting love at first sight, but you were in the right place at the right time."*

"We started billing it as an adventure from the beginning," Charles Barrera, an amiable young lawyer from Alice, who represented Percy Garcia, said recently. "From the beginning, people were saying it was a Huck Finn–Tom Sawyer type of adventure." Most lawyers in South Texas county seats do not talk about billing except in the sense that bookkeepers might talk about it, but then most lawyers in South Texas county seats have never negotiated movie deals. Within a few days of the bad left turn in Waco, Chuck Barrera and George Shaffer, a Corpus Christi lawyer, who represented Dean, found themselves talking about options and points and control of the T-shirt rights. In Barrera's mind, how the adventure would play as a movie was intertwined with how it would play in court. He and Shaffer were contending that if nobody came forward to claim the money it belonged to Dean Bridges and Percy Garcia—a contention that was bound to be tested before a jury. What the boys had going for them, Barrera figured, was their appeal as teen-agers on a lark—zany, perhaps a bit irresponsible, but basically as charming as Huck and Tom. Within a few weeks of the arrest in Waco, Barrera was working closely in Alice with the buyer of the movie option, a man from California named Antonio Santillan, in the hope that the movie would be out before the boys had to argue their case in court. "I wanted the full impact felt by the American public," he says. "I wanted a swelling of sympathy for these boys." Barrera believed that there was a natural sympathy not simply for the boys but also for the case they were arguing. Their claim to the money was based partly on an appealing folk notion that also happens to be a rule of common law— finders keepers.

One argument against the finders-keepers claim was apparent from that first round of questioning at the Waco police station: Can someone be said to have found something if he already knew it was there? In the questioning in Waco and in later testimony, Dean offered several stories to explain what had inspired him to begin digging precisely where he dug—in a quail pen not far from the ranch house. He said that he had once seen a shadowy figure burying something there. He said that he had once helped his father dig up money from the quail pen during a flood, helped dry it out by spreading it all over the kitchen, and then helped rebury it in the ice chest. He said that some chickens he kept in the quail pen had exposed the top of the ice chest while scratching in the earth one day. Dean's lawyer, George Shaffer, saw such discrepancies as perfectly understandable once the Huck Finn model was accepted. His exchange with a Waco police officer named D. L. Chambers during the taking of Chambers' deposition reflected the difference between what the boys' attorneys saw as the sort of adventure Mark Twain might have written and what the authorities insisted on treating as grim, unappealing reality.

"When young men such as this are on a frolic, they don't usually tell the exact straight of a tale that they're telling, do they?" asked Shaffer, who tends to talk in a down-home, storytelling way.

"I always did," Officer Chambers replied.

EVENTUALLY, everyone was satisfied that the boys were telling more or less the straight of the tale about the day they unearthed the money. It had started with a long-distance call from Dean to Percy, a good friend from Alice High School. Dean and his father had gone to the quarter-horse races in another part of the state, there had been an argument over Dean's smoking, and his father had slapped him. Dean wanted to come home. He needed someone to pick him up at the bus station in Corpus Christi, forty-five miles east of Alice. Percy recruited John Rose, a classmate who had access to a pickup truck. From the bus station, the boys drove to the ranch, and the three of them dug up the ice chest. After Dean got some clothes and a 9-mm. pistol from inside the house and Percy stopped for a couple of suitcases, they were ready to take off. John

*"A word to the wise, fella. No one around here calls this the 'slurbs.'"*

• •

Rose had decided not to go along, but he agreed to drive Dean and Percy to the bus station. Dean gave him four thousand dollars for his trouble. "He seemed satisfied," Dean said later. "I wasn't stingy with it."

Percy and Dean took the overnight Trailways to Dallas. They checked into the Baker Hotel—a large old downtown hotel that had declined somewhat since the days when it could be compared with the Adolphus, a Dallas institution just across the street. After a short rest, they headed for Sears. Bluejeans were on sale, and they bought six pairs. They also bought a Polaroid camera and a cassette recorder. Then they started to wrestle with the problem of how two teen-agers without a driver's license between them were going to buy a car.

That problem was solved during a stop at the Wild West Saloon, a bar on the edge of downtown Dallas. Although its name and its elaborate neon sign may have made the Wild West sound like one of those theme bars designed for tourists and college kids, it was in fact a dark and unadorned place with a cement floor and a crowd of afternoon drinkers nobody could mistake for fraternity boys. A few of them told Dean and Percy hard-luck stories. "They said they're just broke," Dean recalled later. "They're drinking all their money. Their wives are mad at them. All that stuff." Dean and Percy handed out a thousand or so. One of the people in the bar was a young black man named Gilbert Bailey. He spoke in an accent that the boys had never heard from any black man in South Texas, and they remember him as Brazilian, but he might have been from some place like Jamaica or Barbados. Bailey was asked if he would be willing to buy Dean and Percy a car. Apparently, he thought at first that they were joking. Then Percy displayed a wad of cash he had in his boot. Then Dean displayed the 9-mm. pistol. Then the three of them went off to Gus Shaffar Ford.

Dean and Percy decided on a metallic-blue Thunderbird that was on the showroom floor. It did not quite match their standards of flash, but it seemed to be about the best that Gus Shaffar Ford had to offer. Bailey was given the money, and the boys waited just outside the showroom. Bailey came out now and then for consultations or for more cash—including a couple of thousand for him to keep. It took less than half an hour for Bailey to close the deal and drive the Thunderbird out of the showroom. Just outside, Percy and Dean hopped in. In the years since, some people have expressed amazement that a young man with a foreign accent, in constant consultation with two teen-agers who were loitering just outside, could peel off hundred-dollar bills for a new Thunderbird and drive it away without any questions being asked. Dean, for one, saw nothing remarkable about it. "If you got money, they don't ask nothing," he said recently. "They just give you the receipt."

During another stop at Sears, the boys ditched Bailey and headed for I-35. "We were just going up North," Dean said not long ago. "I had never been up there." The specific destination that Dean had in mind was Chicago. "That's as far north as you could go," he explained later. "There were a lot of places I planned on stopping at in between." The I-35 inter-

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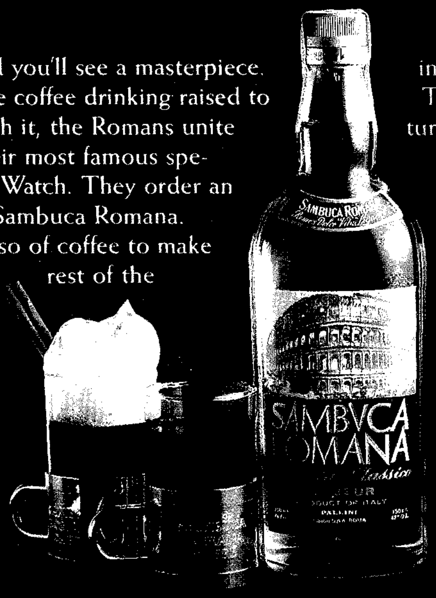
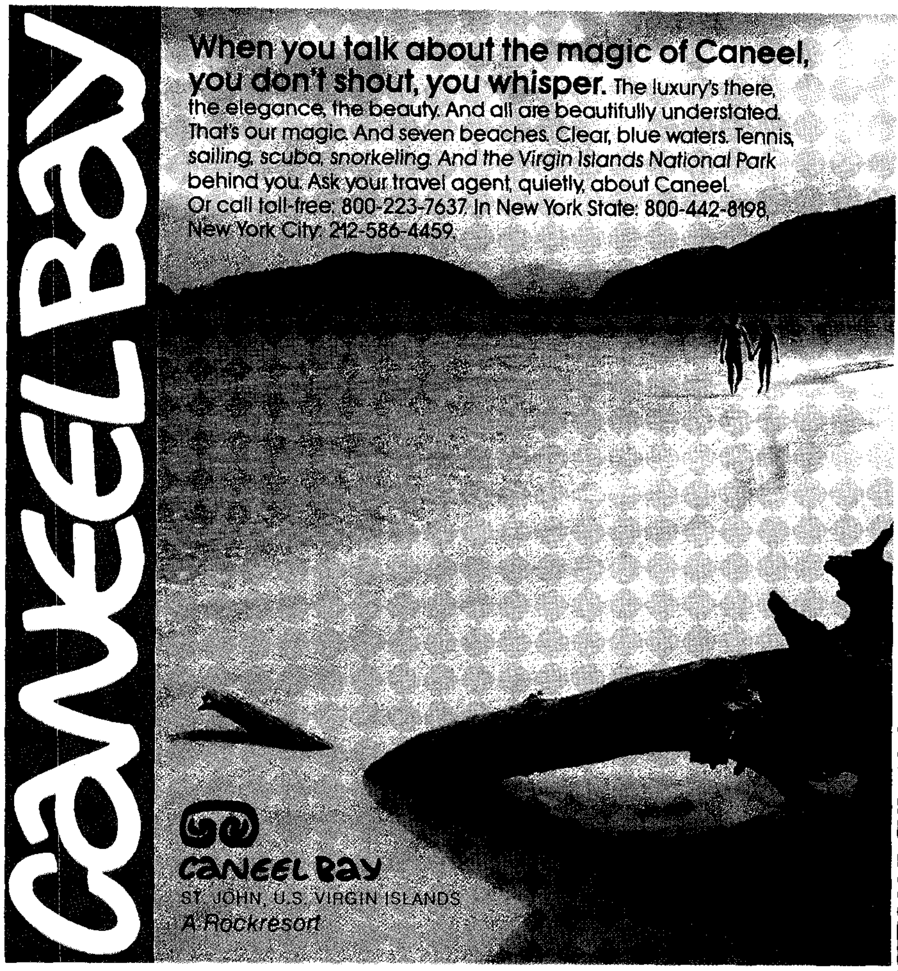


# In Rome, a ceiling is more than a ceiling, and a cup of coffee is more than a cup of coffee.

change was confusing—what Dean has described as "a spaghetti bowl." Dean headed the Thunderbird in the wrong direction—not north toward Chicago and its Mafia runners but south toward Waco, a city known in Texas for Baylor University and for a strict interpretation of how Southern Baptists are supposed to behave in order to stay right with their God. Dean says that they got faulty directions. One lawyer who has worked on the Mystery Money case and treasures it partly for its entertainment value likes to think that the Thunderbird's route was set by a higher authority. "Can't you just see it?" he said recently. "Retribution! I like to think that God just took that car and turned it right around. Right around toward—of all places—Waco."

IN Alice, about the only thing anyone found mysterious about the Mystery Money was whose drug haul it was. Alice, the seat of Jim Wells County, is a city of twenty thousand people on the sparsely populated plains of South Texas. Except for a couple of large, modern bank headquarters, its commercial district consists of a quiet downtown of one-story buildings and a long, franchise-clogged double lane heading east toward Corpus. From the air, it must look like a sleepy beast with a neon tail. Alice was named after the daughter of a founder of the King Ranch, which is nearby, but since the thirties its economy has centered on oil and gas rather than cattle. Its chief annual event is not a rodeo but the Southwest Energy Exposition. Alice has sometimes been known as the Hub City of South Texas. It lies squarely on Highway 281, where traffic comes straight north from the Mexican border, an hour and a half away, and either continues toward San Antonio or branches off to Corpus Christi. By the time Dean and Percy were stopped for the bad left turn in Waco, some people in Texas had started referring to Highway 281 as Marijuana Alley. Alice never acquired the sort of reputation that clings to some of the Rio Grande Valley border towns, where manifestations of unexplained wealth became practically a tourist attraction several years ago. Still, a resident who has kept his eyes open can point out an impressive house or two that is, as they say in South Texas, "made out of drugs." Even a resident who hadn't been paying much attention wouldn't have had much doubt about what sort of business pro-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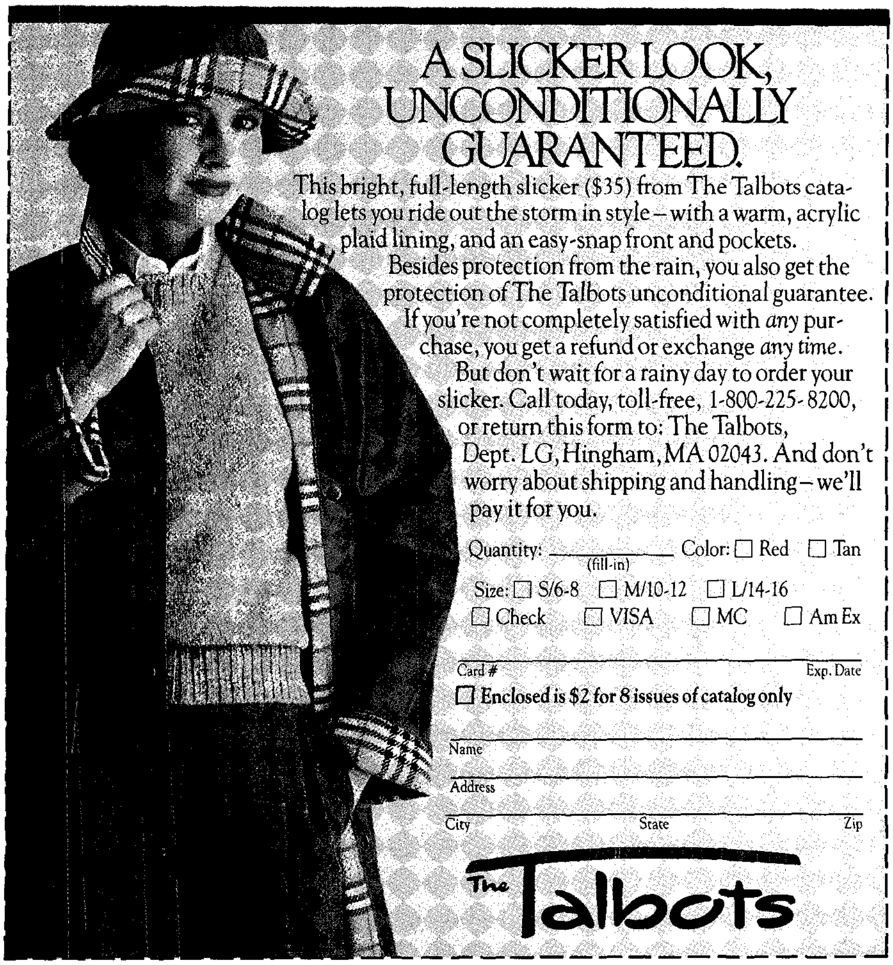
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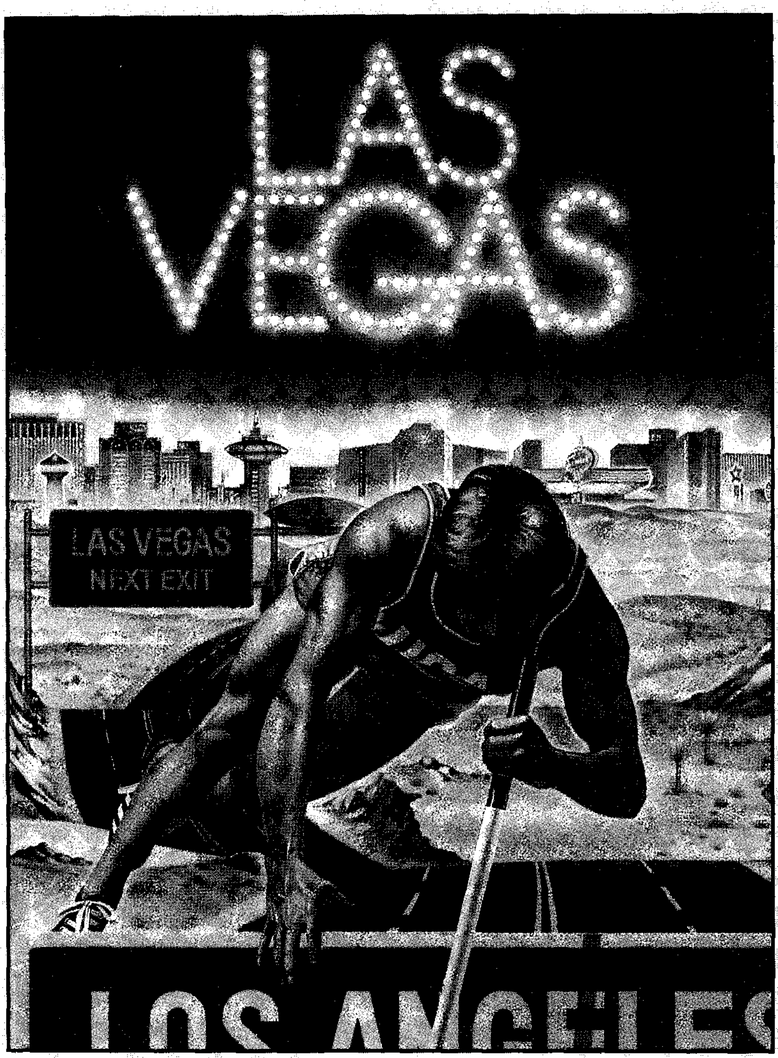
duced an ice chest full of cash buried on a rather remote ranch a few miles from Highway 281.

Alice is not the easiest place to sell the romance of a teen-age frolic. In South Texas, a lot of people seem to assume a base and probably corrupt motive for almost any human act, and history has tended to bear them out. Jim Wells County, in fact, has a secure place in the sort of political lore that makes South Texas long on cynics. In the primary election of 1948—or, to put it more precisely, somewhat after everyone else assumed that the election of 1948 was over—Jim Wells County produced the famous Box 13, which contained just enough votes to elect Lyndon Johnson a United States senator, and to earn him the name Landslide Lyndon. Only ten miles west of Alice is San Diego, the seat of Duval County—once the headquarters of a political boss known as the Duke of Duval, whose exploits included a bitter struggle to add Jim Wells County to his duchy. The Duke's machine is no longer intact—the Duke, George Parr, shot himself in 1975—but people in Alice still sometimes refer to San Diego as being "behind the mesquite curtain." The whole area has a reputation for producing politicians whose rascality and ferocity could drive a Chicago alderman into the arms of the reformers. South Texas is the sort of place where a lawman who didn't arrest a lot of drug dealers might be assumed to be on the take and where a lawman who was particularly zealous about drug arrests might be assumed to be demonstrating how worthwhile it would be to put him there. When a woman who has lived in Alice for some years was asked recently why the sheriff who was in office at the time of the Mystery Money made so many arrests of people carting drugs through Jim Wells County on Highway 281, she said, without hesitation, "He wanted their cars." It is true that the sheriff and a former district attorney and several others were indicted for giving the confiscated cars to friends and political supporters. The charges were dropped when the sheriff announced his resignation for reasons of health, though, and it was widely noted in Jim Wells County that the former district attorney involved had once helped indict the county judge. One citizen summed up the entire incident for a visiting reporter from the Dallas *Times Herald* as "just politics."

The Garcias were well known in



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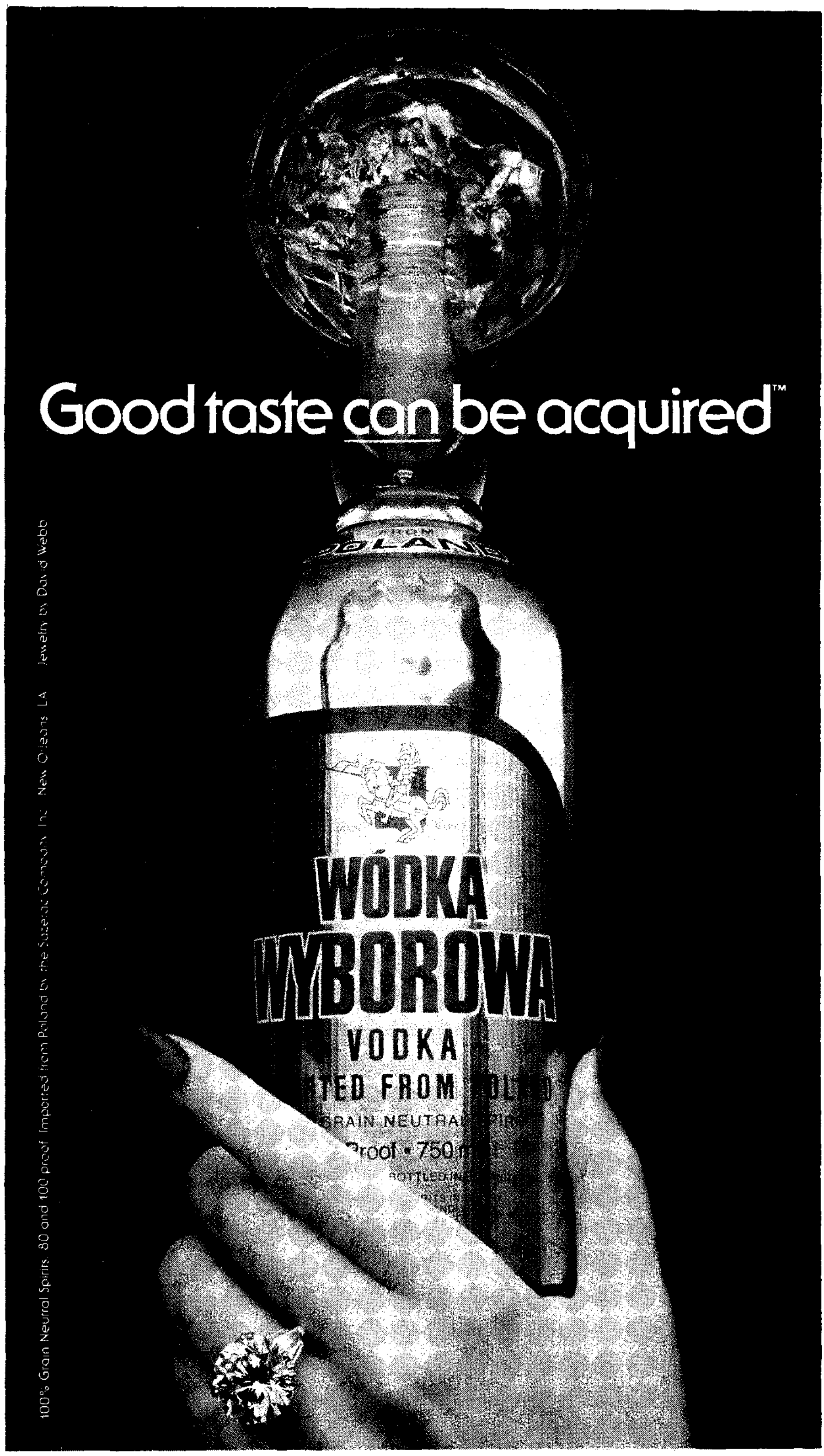
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Alice. Percy's father had retired as a postman and got work as a security guard. One of Percy's uncles was a justice of the peace. Although the Waco police described Percy as "Hispanic male," the description must have been inspired more by his name than by his appearance. He has green eyes and brown hair—his mother is only half Mexican-American—and he understands Spanish a lot better than he speaks it. In 1977, Percy Garcia was a fairly cheerful sixteen-year-old—a husky boy whose main interest in school was the prospect of making the baseball team—but nobody in Alice ever mistook him for Huck Finn. As Barrera sometimes puts it, "the boys were not model students." In school, Percy had disciplinary problems. When the Waco police noticed a bulge in Percy's clothing during questioning, they discovered that he had stuffed into his pants a plastic bag that contained not only seven thousand dollars but an ounce and a half of marijuana.

"Why did you have the marijuana?" George Shaffer later asked Percy in court.

"Just a habit, I guess," Percy said.

Dean was not as well known around town. He had been raised in Corpus Christi, by his mother and stepfather. He carried his stepfather's surname, through adoption. When he was thirteen, though, he had decided that he wanted to live with his natural father, James Hiroms, who was a sheet-metal worker by trade. A year or so later, he and his father moved to the ranch near Alice. Hiroms kept some cattle and had a feed store in Corpus and owned some quarter horses. In South Texas, a sheet-metal worker with enough capital to buy a store or a ranch or some quarter horses may raise some suspicion about the true source of his income. Those who were suspicious of James Hiroms felt their suspicions confirmed when he made no claim for the money found on his ranch and went to jail briefly rather than answer a grand jury's questions about it.

THE City of Waco found that having nearly five hundred thousand dollars in cash was a burden. The money had to be kept somewhere. It had to be guarded. It represented a potential liability if it got lost or if the city was sued for giving it to the wrong parties. A lot of parties were asking for it. Dean and Percy, of course, said that it belonged to them.

*"Something about this clear, clean Swiss air makes one want to boogie, doesn't it?"*

• •

The State of Texas said that it would claim the cash under the laws of escheat, by which property or money that has no legal owner reverts to the state after seven years. McLennan County, of which Waco is the seat, put in a claim under a Texas provision that awards counties any unclaimed property seized by a state or county police officer—a provision that lawyers familiar with the case tended to think of as considerably less compelling than the one relied on by the state. Early in the interrogation of Dean and Percy at the Waco police station, the police questioners had been joined by two men from the Internal Revenue Service, and within a few days the I.R.S. had notified both Waco and the boys that the federal government considered itself entitled to a large chunk of the cash.

The City of Waco did not claim the money—a decision that still puzzles some of the lawyers connected with the case. "We could not figure out anything that would give us a right to it," the city attorney said recently. In an effort to free itself from the problems and expense involved in holding the stakes, the city interpleaded the Mystery Money into state court—a legal procedure by which a party can simply hand money over to a court and ask the judge to assume the responsibility of deciding who should have it. The presence of the I.R.S. caused the ase to be removed to federal court, nd lawyers began the depositions and motions and discoveries leading up to a trial. A lot of people who had read bout the Mystery Money didn't think trial was necessary. Felipe Reyna, who, as McLennan County district torney, made the decision to claim he money for the county, has said that is decision was unpopular not only ecause some people considered the ounty's legal argument farfetched but lso because "everybody thought the money should go to these two children."

That was precisely the sort of hinking that Chuck Barrera hoped to ncourage—with the help of Antonio Santillan, who had flown from California to South Texas as soon as the movie deal was made. In Alice, Santillan struck everyone as a perfect Hollywood type—curly hair, designer jeans, and big plans. He spent hours at the Sheraton Marina, in Corpus Christi, with Dean and Percy, taping their recollections. He scouted locations in Alice. He held a news conference at the Sheraton, announcing that the film, which he intended to call "Finders, Weepers," would be a modern Huckleberry Finn story—although, he reminded the press, "this is another century and the values are different." The Alice *Echo's* coverage of the news conference ran under the banner headline "HUB CITY HOLLYWOOD."

One place that did not make Santillan welcome in his search for locations was Alice High School. Both Dean and Percy had been suspended for truancy, and the authorities were not looking forward to their return. There had been no serious criminal charges brought against the boys in connection with the Mystery Money. Percy later pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor for the marijuana. Dean was acquitted on the charge of carrying a pistol: in Texas, a bona-fide traveller is permitted to carry a weapon—even a bona-fide traveller who happens to be travelling in the wrong direction. Still, Alice High School had a marijuana problem at the time, and nobody thought that it would be helped by folk heroes who had become famous through suspicious money. As it turned out, there was no need to worry about Dean; he didn't return to Alice. He went straight from Waco to his mother's house—his experience of living with his natural father at an end. Percy was in and out of school for a few weeks after he got back from Waco. The school authorities, who had found him enough of a problem before he started having his picture in the paper, described him to Barrera at one point as "a major disruptive element." Eventually, he went to live with an uncle in California, where he attended school for a few months and then dropped out for good. Dean also had trouble becoming a student again. He tried three or four schools around Corpus; he says the principals tended to complain that his notoriety was a disturbance. "Finally," he said recently, “I just gave up and went to the oil fields.” Percy did the same. By the time the trial finally came up, in United States District Court, in Waco—in March of 1981, four years after the bad left turn on Valley Mills Drive—both Dean and Percy were working as roughnecks on rigs drilling for oil and gas in South Texas.

By then, it had been clear for some time that the movie was not going to be released before the trial. A screenplay had been written, and a copy of it had been sent to Alice. Despite Santillan’s announcement that the movie would be called “Finders, Weepers,” the screenplay told a tale with a happy ending: the boys get the money, Dean decides to go to college, Percy accepts an offer from the New York Yankees for a tryout, and they drive away from the bank in a Rolls-Royce. After a while, though, Santillan was being heard from less and less; eventually, Barrera couldn’t find him at all. There had been another development that made Dean and Percy look a bit less like Mark Twain characters, even under the Santillan definition that allowed for different values in different centuries. A year or so after the Mystery Money turned up in Waco, Dean’s father, James Hiroms, had been arrested for possession of marijuana with intent to distribute. In November of 1978, he had pleaded guilty and had been sentenced to five years in the federal penitentiary. There was no evidence that the Mystery Money was involved, but no one had much doubt any longer about what kind of money it was. Even after the Hiroms arrest, lawyers for the boys were optimistic. Still, Shaffer and Barrera explored the possibility of making some sort of out-of-court settlement that would divide the money among the boys and the state and, of course, the I.R.S. The state was not interested.

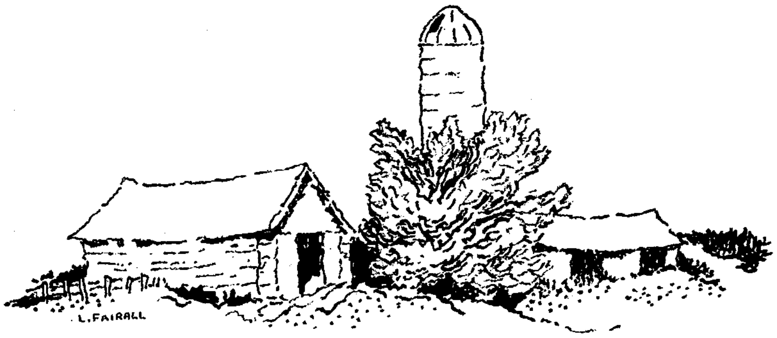
David Bragg and Roy Smithers got involved with the Mystery Money through what lawyers in the white-collar-crime division of the Texas attorney general’s office referred to as the I.C.B.—the Interesting Case Bureau. Bragg, a former Peace Corps volunteer, and Smithers, a former F.B.I. agent, were part of a group of high-spirited young attorneys who had gone to work in Austin for a reformist attorney general named John Hill. They tended to vary the routine of the caseload now and then with a case that involved, say, Gypsy scams or a perpetual-motion machine. “We got involved in a lot of wild stuff in the I.C.B.,” Bragg said recently. “And this case fit squarely within the bureau.”

Bragg and Smithers figured that they had two tasks. They had to establish that Dean and Percy knew whose money it was—the legal principle being, roughly, that if you find a ten-dollar bill on the ground it’s finders keepers but if you saw it drop out of somebody’s pocket other rules apply. They also had to rub some of the Huck Finn mystique off Dean Bridges and Percy Garcia. Bragg and Smithers shared Barrera’s belief that the impression the jurors had of the boys would go a long way toward deciding the verdict. When they thought of the prospective juror they would absolutely have to challenge, they were thinking of the prospective juror Barrera envisioned as ideal—a middle-aged woman who seemed motherly. Bragg and Smithers knew how far behind they were in the public-relations battle when they drove into Waco for the trial. “We stopped at a filling station,” Bragg has said. “And this man said, ‘What in the hell are you doing trying to take the money away from these poor boys?’ We were even greater ogres than the I.R.S.”

When the trial began, before United States District Judge Fred Shannon, fifteen lawyers were listed as appearing for one side or another. Before anything else could be decided, there was considerable colloquy about where all of them would sit. It ended with Shaffer and Barrera and their associates as counsel for the boys being joined at one table by a rather reluctant ally—the attorney for the Internal Revenue Service. The I.R.S. man was still making his discomfort known when he delivered his closing remarks to the jury (“The United States is not a party to this action because we believe that Dean Bridges and Percy Garcia are the most deserving children in the world”), but there was no way to get around the fact that the I.R.S. could get a share of the money only if it went to taxpayers, and the only potential taxpayers in sight were Dean Bridges and Percy Garcia. David Bragg, who sees courtroom strategy as partly a matter of trying to capture the moral high ground, was delighted by the seating arrangement. “There was a great advantage in having the I.R.S. sitting with them,” he has said. “Wherever the I.R.S. is present, you get this overwhelming sense of greed.”

George Shaffer, a portly man with the courtroom style of an old-fashioned Texas stem-winder, was confident from the start that the boys would get the money. Even before the argument about seating had ended, he summed up his case: “The money belongs to us unless and until the State can show that it does not belong to us. I think that is foregone.” The way the state hoped to show this was to demonstrate that the money was not found but stolen: it is a rule of law that title cannot be acquired by theft. Judge Shannon ruled that the search-and-seizure question—the question o whether the police had turned up th money in an illegal search and therefore had to return it to the boys even i it was indeed stolen money—would b argued after the jury had been dis missed. What the jury would be aske to decide was whether Dean Bridge *had taken the money even though h* knew or believed that its owner coul be found. “The essential question, the Judge told the jury, “is wheth or not it was found innocently ( whether or not the money was stolen

The case against Dean and Perc was argued mainly by David Bragg—with Roy Smithers vetting the perfor mance and the McLennan Count lawyers coming in with a few ques tions of their own before each witnes left the stand. “Ou testimony will sho that Dean Bridges believes that money to b drug money,” Bragg told the jurors. Dean had dug up the money to get back at his father, Bragg said; the trip north was no teenage frolic but Dean’s attempt to put as many miles as possible



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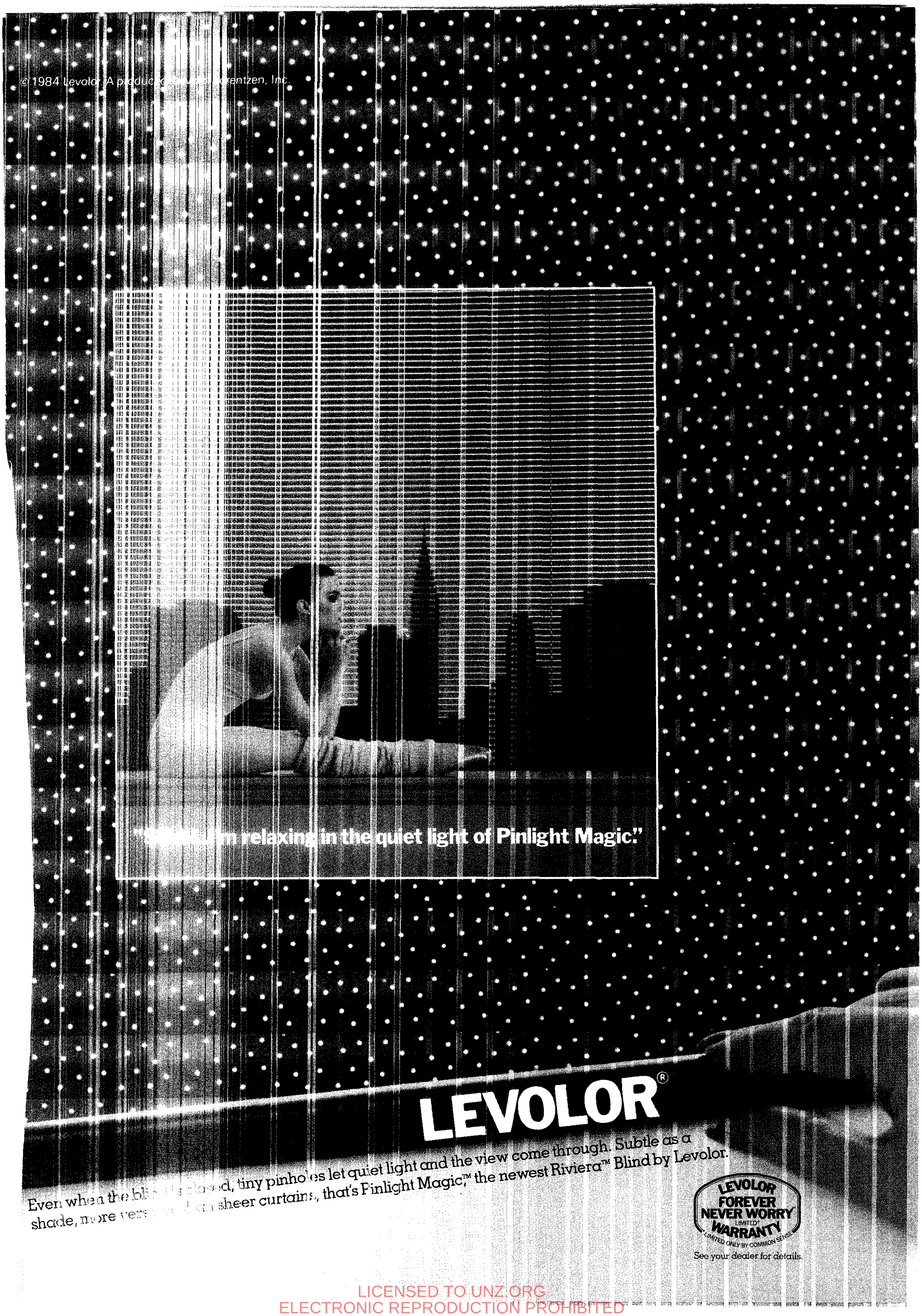

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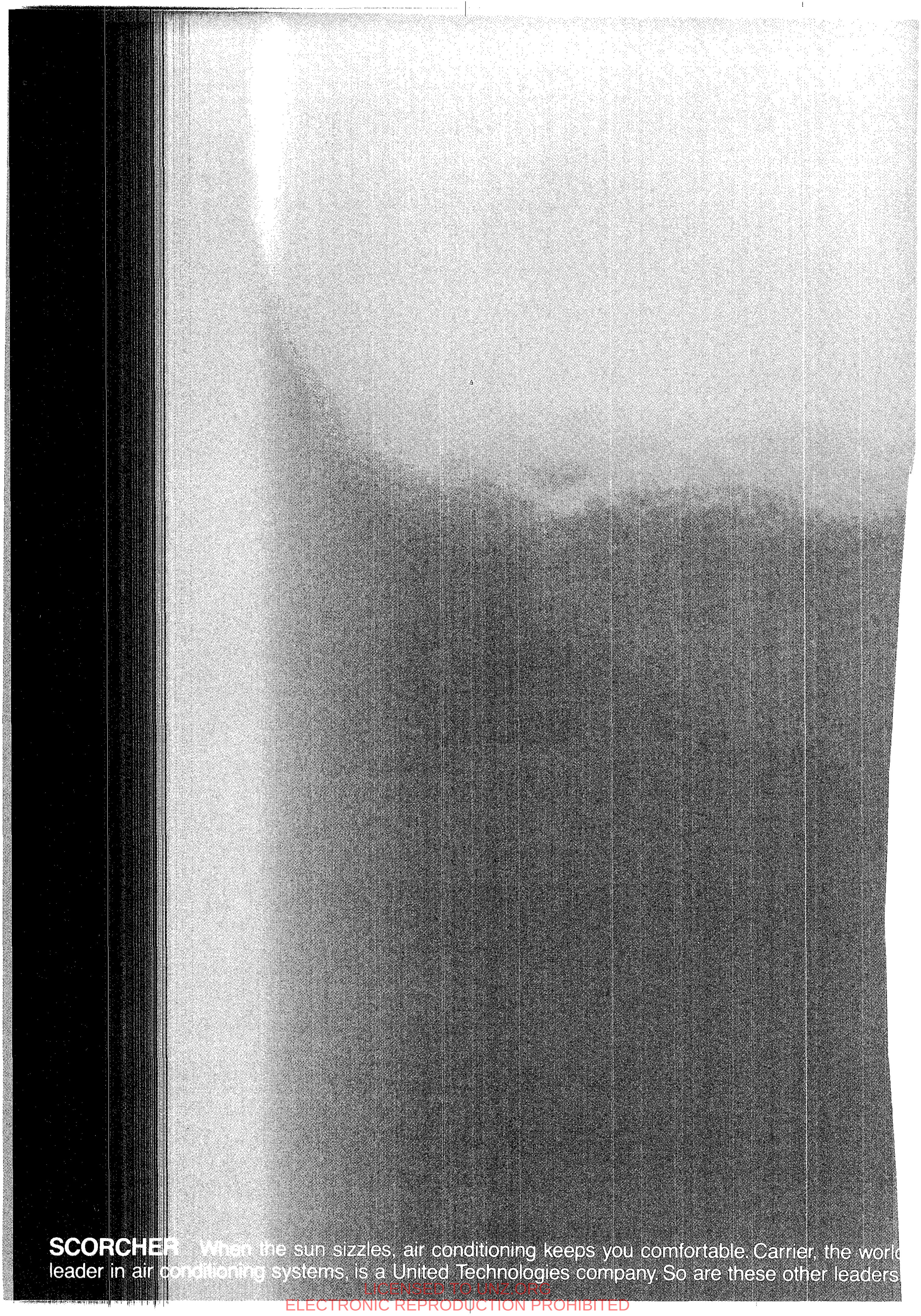

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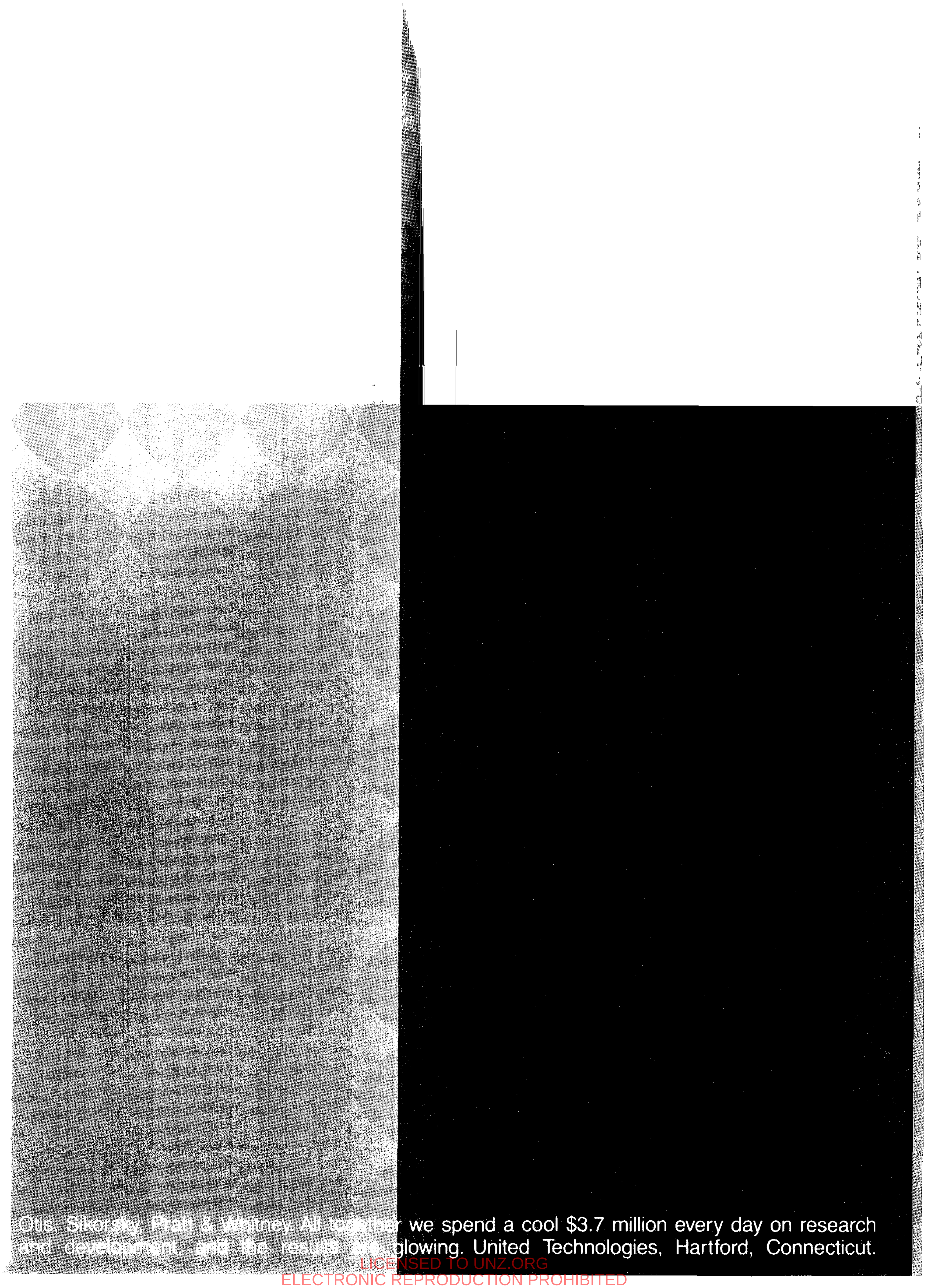

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between himself and Alice before the hole in the quail pen was discovered.

If the money was stolen, the attorneys for the boys argued in reply, why hadn't the authorities indicted anyone for stealing it? If it was stolen, whom was it stolen from? Nobody had come forward to claim the money, the lawyers said, and nobody had reported it missing. The boys had found it. Finders keepers.

There was no escaping the fact that Dean's statements about the origin of the cash had been, as his lawyers put it, inconsistent. (The Corpus Christi *Caller* headlined one day of its trial coverage "YOUTH GIVES FOURTH VERSION OF HOW HE FOUND MYSTERY CASH.") According to the lawyers, such inconsistency was understandable in a frightened fifteen-year-old boy who had been questioned relentlessly by police and federal agents. The statement of Dean's that seemed most damaging to his case, though, had been made several months after his interrogation at Waco Police Headquarters—voluntarily and upon advice of counsel. It was a document called a petition for redetermination of deficiency, filed with the United States Tax Court. In that document, which was introduced into evidence by the state, Dean and a certified public accountant representing him attested that the money had been stolen. Why had Dean been advised to make such a statement? The answer seemed to astound even the Judge: to get a tax break. An accountant had advised Shaffer that stolen money would be taxed at a lower rate than found money, since it was earned rather than unearned income. At the time the document was filed, Shaffer had been certain that there would be no criminal indictment for theft, since an indictment would have required a victim. He had assumed that a tax document would not be brought into evidence. He had been confident that Dean and Percy were going to keep the money. Why not keep sixty thousand dollars more of it by declaring it as earned income?

The concept had Judge Shannon shaking his head in wonderment. "Am I to understand," he said, "that a fellow who steals money pays less tax on that than a guy who finds the money? You get a tax break for stealing instead of finding? Is that the deal? Is that what the law of this country says?"

"The cases have said if a person is in the business of being a thief that is earned income," the attorney for the I.R.S. replied.

Despite Dean's inconsistencies, he struck Bragg as an effective witness—an obviously unschooled but obviously shrewd young cutup who came across as a rather charming underdog. After the first day of Dean's testimony, in fact, Bragg was pessimistic about being able to change the jury's natural inclination to favor a couple of teen-age boys over the faceless forces of government. Then Dean made an error. He denied that he had ever been arrested on a drug charge in Duval County. Bragg sent a state plane to pick up the record of a marijuana arrest, had the court reporter type up Dean's testimony overnight, and confronted Dean with the disparity in court. At one point, the Judge had to give Dean a warning on the penalties for perjury. Dean changed his testimony. For Bragg, the incident helped crystallize the morality play he was trying to stage. "We tried to show through police testimony and the other people we called to testify that those people we normally associate with right and good are all on this side of the case and those we associate with bad are on the other side," he has said. "Once he got on the stand and lied, all these little things fell into place." Dean would presumably disagree with Bragg's characterization of his testimony: when he was asked by Bragg if he had lied in the document sent to the Tax Court, Dean said, "I didn't tell no lie. . . . I just didn't tell the truth."

By then, even Shaffer must have been feeling less confident. His summation to the jury, though, was restrained only in the way that connoisseurs of flowery Texas courtroom performances might define restraint: "He didn't mention the Alamo but once." Shaffer told the jurors that they were the buffer between the power of the government and a simple citizen. "Your destiny, whether it was predetermined millions of years ago or yesterday, your destiny is to sit in this case and be the buffer, the force beyond which the State or the power must go before these two young men, particularly Dean Bridges, may be called, ridiculed, and stated to be a common thief," Shaffer said. "Now, you don't really realize the power of the State until you are up against a large tree or until you are in a rowboat in the middle of the gulf or the bay at

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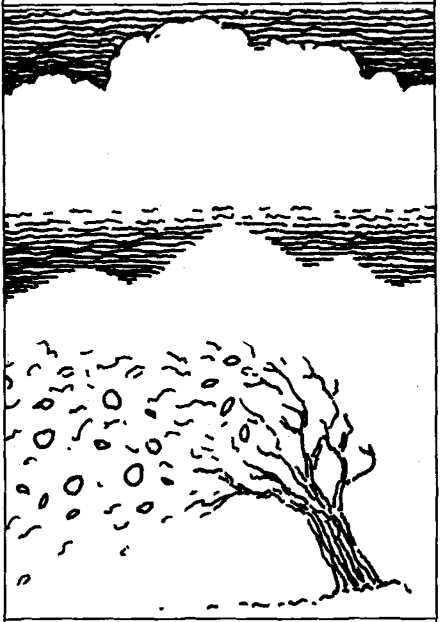

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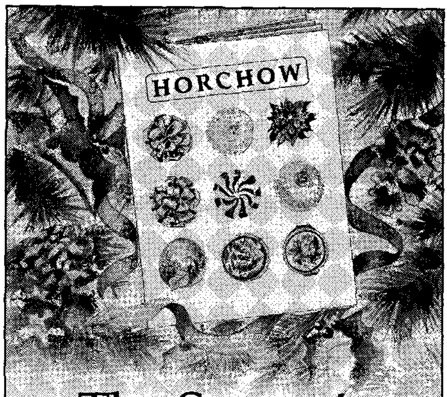

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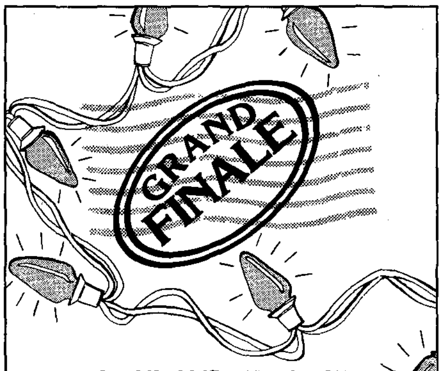

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That's what happened. The jury took an hour and twenty minutes to return with the finding that the Mystery Money had been stolen. The next day, after hearing more testimony, Judge Shannon ruled that the money could not be returned to the boys on the ground that it had been illegally seized. He asked for briefs on whether the cash should go to the state or to McLennan County or be split between them. Lawyers for Dean and Percy said they would appeal. Barrera had admired Bragg's courtroom performance, but he thought the authorities had flimflammed the boys out of the money by reaching what amounted to a criminal verdict through a civil case—without having to meet a criminal-case burden of proof or abide by criminal-case rules of evidence. The way George Shaffer put it some time later was this: "They were willing to brand these boys as thieves in order to get their unclean clutches on the money."

A COUPLE of weeks after the trial, a small caravan proceeded down I-35 from Waco to Austin. A delegation from McLennan County was going to the capital to talk to state authorities about dividing up the Mystery Money. Briefs would have to be submitted to the court, of course, but the understanding of the lawyers in the case was that the state and the county could work out some sort of settlement and present it in a legal form that would withstand an appeal. The county judge—an administrative as well as a judicial official in Texas—was in the McLennan County delegation, and so were a couple of county commissioners. Two or three people from the McLennan County district attorney's office were along. The meeting was in a large conference room on the seventh floor of the attorney general's office. By then, the attorney general was Mark White, a Baylor graduate, who was already seen as

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a candidate for governor. White and a couple of his deputies were present. So were David Bragg and Roy Smithers. Bragg and Smithers knew there was going to be trouble, they recalled recently, when the county people began by saying, "Mark, we certainly appreciate the help you gave us in this case." Bragg and Smithers had been under the impression that they had won the case, and won it for the state. It soon became apparent, though, that the money was going to the county.

Bragg and Smithers interpreted the decision as a sort of political pork barrel. The phrases that stick in their minds when they think back on what the McLennan County people said have to do with how badly the folks in McLennan County needed a new jail and how much the folks in McLennan County would like to see Mark White elected governor. The man who was then the county judge interprets the meeting differently. If money is acquired through the criminal-justice system, he says, it seems perfectly reasonable to use it to support the criminal-justice system, and most of the burden of doing that falls on the county—including, as it happened, the necessity around that time of building a new jail to meet a new set of standards imposed by the state. According to a spokesman for Mark White, the decision that McLennan County should get the money was based on such considerations as the fact that the arrest had been made by local rather than state law officers and the expectation that the county could begin making use of the money without waiting the seven-year period required by the escheat law. Whatever the motive for White's decision, it was a matter of policy rather than of law. Bragg and Smithers did not feel they could write briefs that did not strongly support the argument they had already presented in court, and they asked to be removed from the case. Somebody else was assigned to write the briefs. A year later, in early 1982, Judge Shannon awarded all the money to McLennan County.

THE lawyers for Dean and Percy thought that their best chance for a reversal by the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals was on the issue of search and seizure. The Fifth Circuit ruled that the constitutional guarantees against illegal search and seizure were meant to prevent tainted evidence from being used to convict a defendant in a criminal case, and were not rele-

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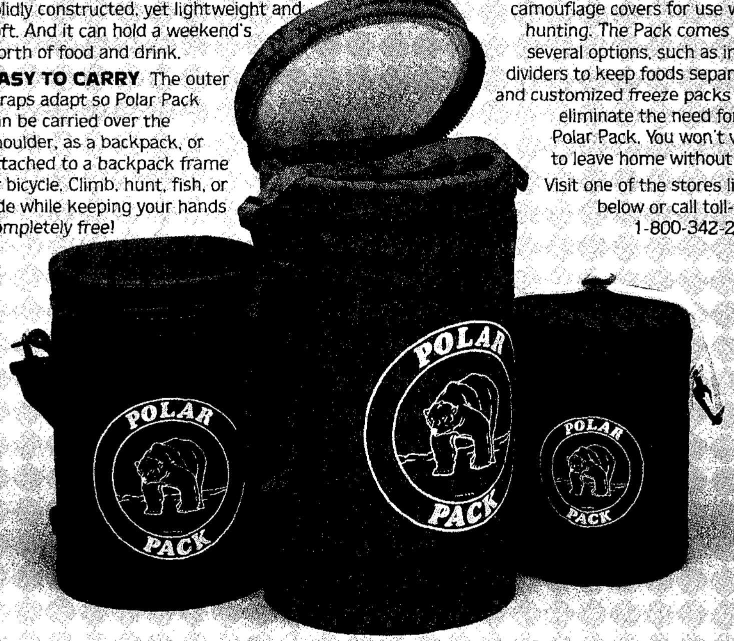

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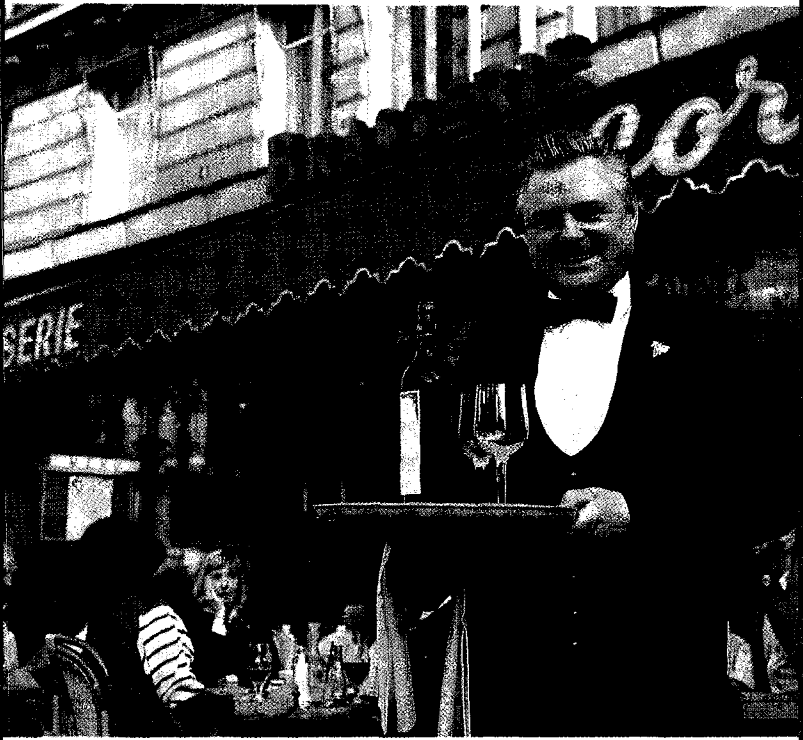

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vant in a civil case. The Fifth Circuit's decision was appealed to the Supreme Court, but in February of 1984 the Supreme Court announced that it would not hear the case. Seven years after it began, the legal struggle for the Mystery Money was over. After collecting interest in Waco banks for seven years, the money amounted to eight hundred and sixty-five thousand four hundred and sixty dollars.

Percy Garcia's mother was quoted in the newspaper as saying that she had been praying that Percy wouldn't be getting any of it, because "he is too young and I was afraid that he was going to mess up his life." She said, "If the county needs it more than Percy does, they can have it." ("I saw her praying in the courtroom," Chuck Barrera said when he heard about that comment, "but I thought she was praying for us to win.")

George Shaffer was not feeling as magnanimous as Mrs. Garcia. "I am going to try to find out how McLennan County could steal all that money," he told a reporter, "because in my judgment that is what they did."

Oddly, a lot of people in McLennan County seemed to agree. Given their reputation for straitlaced Baptist morality, residents of Waco might have been expected to approve a decision that a couple of boys who had trouble telling the same story twice could not keep a treasure they had not earned. Given the normal complaints about the taxpayer's burden, McLennan County taxpayers might have been expected to rejoice at the news that an extra nine hundred thousand dollars had been thrown into the county's kitty. But every time the case was prominently mentioned in the Waco *Tribune-Herald* half a dozen citizens sent in angry letters accusing the county of having stolen the money from the boys. Nobody has ever written a letter to the editor on the other side. Instead of being thanked for having captured the money for the county on a long shot, county officials have been accused of bullying and "the most hideous attitude of petty jealousy." After the Supreme Court decision, a *Tribune-Herald* editorial that supported the county's actions as perfectly proper acknowledged that "the critics who have called county officials thieves over the past six years won't stop just because the highest court in the land decided that the money was indeed ill-gotten." The editorialist was correct. In Waco, most people still seem to think that if anyone connected with the Mystery Money did any stealing it was their own county government. As it turned out, Chuck Barrera's strategy of establishing the boys in the public mind as Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer worked even without the movie—failing to impress only the jurors who heard the evidence in court.

Mark White is now the governor of Texas. David Bragg and Roy Smithers are partners in a private law firm in Austin; on the wall of Bragg's office is a framed newspaper clipping with the headline "HUCK FINN TALE ENDS FOR TEENS." George Shaffer still practices law in Corpus Christi, and Chuck Barrera still practices law in Alice. When Barrera was asked not long ago what he got out of the case, he said, "The ice chest." Somehow, it ended up on his porch. Thinking back on the case, Barrera says that it turned on the arrest of Hiroms ("It was dirty money then, and they couldn't let the boys have it; they just had to figure out a legal reason") and the introduction of Dean's statement to the I.R.S. about having stolen the money—a statement Barrera had not known about until shortly before the trial. "It turned out to be real good tax planning," one of Barrera's law partners said recently. "They didn't have to pay a nickel in taxes."

Nobody in Alice writes angry letters to the newspaper complaining that the boys should have been allowed to keep the money. People in Alice are more inclined to say something like "These boys were not the sweet little boys next door." The surprising fact that McLennan County ended up with the money did cause a few people to wonder why Jim Wells County didn't make a claim. The South Texas approach to judging motives being what it is, that sort of speculation turns inevitably to trying to figure out who had the most to gain if the county stayed out of the case. Actually, lawyers familiar with the legal struggle over the Mystery Money don't think that a serious argument could have been made for Jim Wells County. Someone in Alice who is told this may shift to speculating about who owns those banks in Waco that were allowed to hold all that money for all those years.

There is still a chance for Hub City Hollywood. Just after the Supreme Court decision, Barrera got another call from the Coast. The MGM/UA

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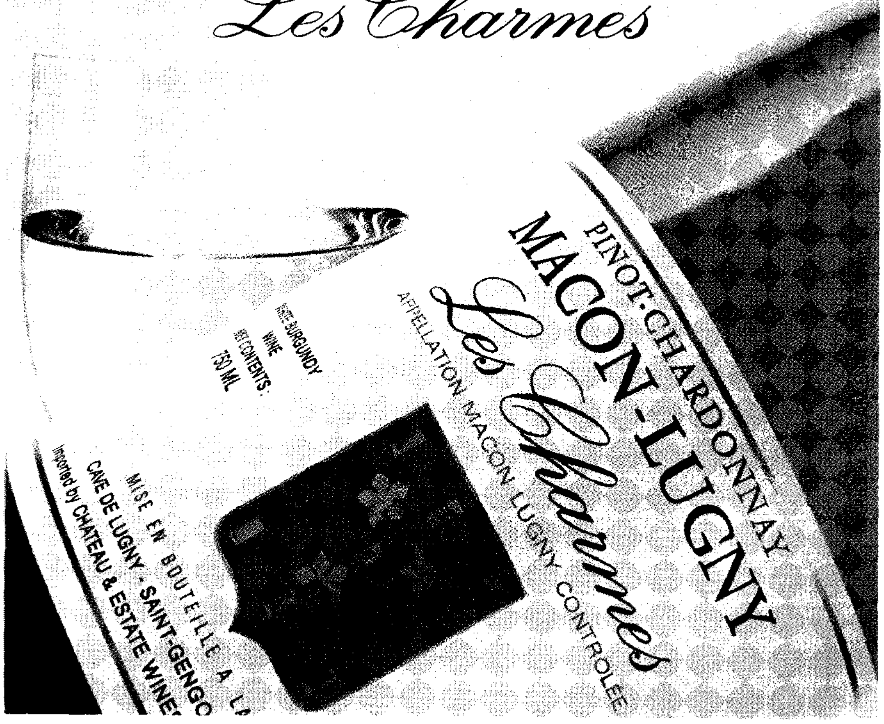

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Entertainment Company expressed interest in the movie rights to the boys' stories. Since Santillan's option had expired, the rights were available. If the movie is shot, the boys stand to make about twenty-five thousand dollars each. As of now, counting the Santillan option money and the MGM/UA option money, each has made only a few thousand dollars more than Dean gave his friend John Rose that evening for a ride to the bus station. Rose was not required to hand over four thousand dollars to McLennan County, but the county was awarded just about everything else. "I didn't know they'd leave me with nothing," Dean said recently. "Not even the clothes, not even the car." The Thunderbird has been driven from government storage in San Antonio to Waco, where the county will sell it at auction. The boys are supposed to get their Sears bluejeans back, but Percy, who has put on some weight since he was a sixteen-year-old baseball player, says that they wouldn't fit anyway.

Dean and Percy are, of course, no longer boys. Both of them do a man's work on the oil rigs. Both of them are fathers. Both of them live in the sort of tiny rental bungalows that have Masonite panelling on the walls, and toys on the floor, and a television set turned on as long as anybody is awake. Dean has a mustache now; Percy has a beard. Right up to the end, they were confident that they would get at least part of the money. Even now, when people in the oil field ask them if they're going to get it they are not quite willing to say, "No, never." They talk sometimes of some other lawsuit, or maybe some other lawyers. Still, they have begun to talk about the money in the past tense. Percy says he regrets not having noticed a flashy Hilton nearby before he and Dean checked into the slightly frayed Baker. "I ain't never going to have that kind of money again," Dean said recently. "I'd be doing good just to buy me a house. It ain't going to be early retirement for me." Dean says that when he drove that blue Thunderbird onto the interstate he figured he would just travel all his life. "I didn't think I could spend it all," he says. "I didn't get to spend hardly any of it."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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### BROTHERHOOD OF MAN DEPT.

[*Headline in the Chatham* (*N.Y.*) *Courier*]

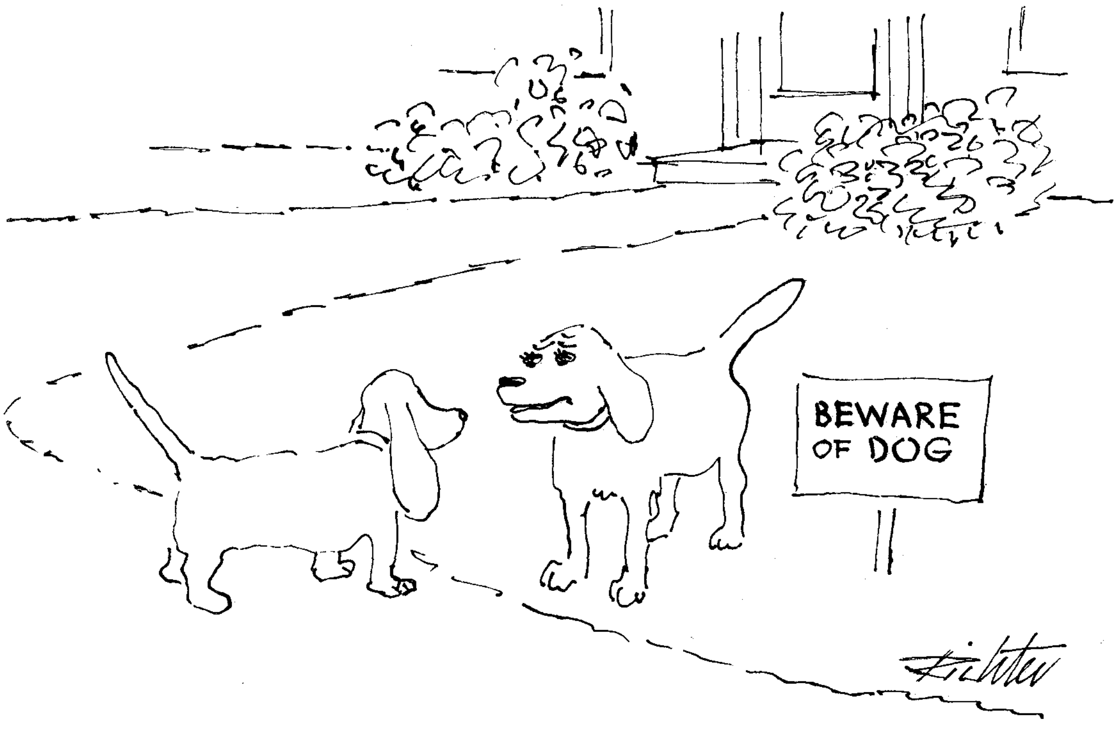
TOWN EXCLUDED CORDIALITY
AT FIRST FRIENDSHIP DAY

# THE SPORTING SCENE

## THE OPEN'S FOURTH VISIT TO WINGED FOOT

WHEN the United States Golf Association was founded, at a meeting in New York City late in December of 1894, four of the five clubs that sent delegates were situated rather close together along the Atlantic Coast. From north to south, they were The Country Club, in Brookline, Massachusetts; the Newport Golf Club, in Rhode Island; the St. Andrew's Golf Club, in Yonkers, New York; and the Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, in Southampton, New York. St. Andrew's, the first permanent golf club established in this country, dated back only to 1888. It had taken awhile for the old Scottish game to take root here. The fifth club represented at the meeting was the Chicago Golf Club. It was the home club of Charles Blair Macdonald, a physically imposing, endlessly ambitious, and chronically outspoken man, who was the raison d'être for this convocation. During the late summer and autumn of 1894, Macdonald, who regarded himself as far and away the best amateur golfer in the country, had been defeated in two tournaments that were supposed to determine our national champion. In the first tournament, a thirty-six-hole stroke-play event at the Newport Golf Club, he was leading the field until he topped a shot that finished at the base of one of the stone walls that stretched across several holes of the course. Macdonald refused to recognize the winner, W. G. Lawrence, as the champion, since, as he pointed out, it was traditional to conduct amateur championships not at stroke play, in which the winner is the player with the lowest total of strokes, but at match play, an elimination format in which the victor is the man who wins more holes than his opponent in the final round. Thereupon, the St. Andrew's Golf Club had set up a match-play tournament, which Macdonald lost in the final, mainly because he had spent the night before partying in New York with Stanford White. Once again, Macdonald refused to recognize his conqueror—Laurence Stoddart this time—as the national champion, on the ground that Stoddart had merely won a tournament put on by one club and not by a national association. The stubborn way that Macdonald carried on made it imperative to establish an official governing body of American golf.

It was easy to understand why Macdonald looked upon himself as the only man with the proper credentials to be our amateur champion. A member of a well-to-do Chicago family, he had learned to play golf in 1872, when, as a boy of sixteen, he was sent to the University of St. Andrews, in St. Andrews, Scotland, the home of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. His grandfather, a resident of the town, arranged for him to have a locker in the golf shop run by Old Tom Morris, a four-time winner of the British Open, the custodian of the renowned Old Course, and indisputably the personification of the cheerful sporting spirit that St. Andrews was famous for. Macdonald, who became an able young golfer, returned home to a golfless Chicago after finishing college and entering business, but he continued to play the game whenever his business trips took him to Great Britain. When golf finally reached our shores, it was Macdonald who, in 1893, built the first eighteen-hole course—at Belmont, outside Chicago—while the parvenus on the Eastern Seaboard were still dawdling away on six-hole, nine-hole, and twelve-hole layouts. There is no question that Macdonald would have enjoyed that December meeting more if the delegates had picked him, rather than Theodore Havemeyer, of the Newport club, to be the U.S.G.A.'s first president, but, as it happened, Macdonald did not fare too badly. In 1895, he won the first official United States Amateur championship. He also made sure that the four times the Amateur was held outside the northeastern corner of the country during its first dozen years it was played in the Chicago area—once at the Onwentsia Club, once at the Glen View Club, and twice at the Chicago Golf Club. By 1900, when Harry Vardon, the peerless British professional, carried off the United States Open championship at the Chicago Golf Club, that tournament, which the U.S.G.A. had set up in 1895, the same year the first Amateur was played, had come to be considered a more important event than the Amateur, and not just an annual reunion of



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transplanted Scottish and English professionals who had found the United States a veritable El Dorado. And, as with the Amateur, Macdonald also made sure that the five times the U.S. Open was played outside the Northeast during its first seventeen years it was played in the Chicago area—once at Onwentsia, once at Glen View, and three times at the Chicago Golf Club.

Macdonald's most notable achievements, however, were as a golf-course architect. Most American courses at this time were poor creatures, hardly more than meadows and hills punctuated, in no particularly strategic way, with tees, greens, and hazards. Such courses could not begin to compare with the best in Britain. Starting in 1907, Macdonald spent four years creating the first great American golf course—the National Golf Links of America, beside Sebonac Bay, near Southampton, Long Island. Many of Macdonald's holes at the National were adaptations of some of the most admired holes in Scotland and England. The others were impressive holes he had designed himself. Most players thought that his originals were better than his copies. Macdonald had found his métier. He went on to build a succession of fascinating layouts, among them the Ray Tompkins Memorial Course for the Yale Golf Club; Lido, in Lido Beach, Long Island; and Mid-Ocean, in Bermuda.

While it was understandable that in the beginning golf flourished chiefly at the clubs that sprouted in the environs of the big Eastern cities and at the summer resorts favored by the social set, the U.S.G.A. from the start intended that the national championships be held throughout the country. The association expected that golf would grow rapidly, and as soon as it was convinced that a new course in the hinterland had the requisite qualities to test the Amateur or Open fields it arranged for a national championship to be staged there. For example, the 1907 Amateur was held at the Euclid Club, in Cleveland; the 1912 Open at the Country Club of Buffalo; the 1915 Amateur at the Country Club of Detroit; and the 1916 Open at the Minikahda Club, in Minneapolis—the first time a national championship had been held west of the Mississippi.

In the tremendous sports boom that followed the First World War, people from all walks of life, excited by the triumphs at home and abroad of Walter Hagen and Bobby Jones, gravitated to golf. Thousands of golf courses were built to accommodate the millions who wanted to play the game. Many of the new courses were superior to the old ones. Their holes were better designed, and they had the necessary yardage to keep up with the rising standard of play in the postwar period, when livelier balls, improvements in technique, and advances in clubmaking resulted in longer hitting. During the nineteen-twenties, interestingly, the Open was played only at clubs that had never before put on the championship. Four of these clubs—the Inverness Club, in Toledo; the Oakland Hills Country Club, near Detroit; the Oakmont Country Club, near Pittsburgh; and the Winged Foot Golf Club, in Westchester—went on to become part of the fairly regular rota of courses over which the Open has been held down through the years. In time, the U.S.G.A.'s national championships were taken to clubs in all regions of the country, in order to give the local golfers an opportunity to see the celebrated stars. In 1938, the Open was played at the Cherry Hills Country Club, on the edge of Denver; in 1941, it was staged for the first time in the Southwest, at the Colonial Club, in Fort Worth; and in 1948 it finally arrived at the shores of the Pacific—almost literally—when it took place at the Riviera Country Club, in Los Angeles. (Since the championship is traditionally held in mid-June, when the weather in the South can be dangerously hot and the grass on the courses there is often in its poorest condition, the Open has seldom ventured into the southeastern corner of the country. One exception occurred in 1976, when it was played at the new facilities of the Atlanta Athletic Club, in Duluth, Georgia.) The desideratum in scheduling the Open is obviously to keep a watchful eye on new courses that are apparently of championship quality but to depend basically on courses that have proved to be reliable championship tests. A good example of the latter is Winged Foot, which held the Open in 1929, 1959, and 1974, and was the scene of this year's championship, which Fuzzy Zoeller won in a playoff with Greg Norman, of Australia.

WINGED FOOT is one of the many courses that came into being during the nationwide infatuation with golf shortly after the First World War. It was founded in 1921 by a group of men who were members of the New York Athletic Club and wanted to build a golf course in the country, not too far from Manhattan, where they could gather to play the game and enjoy one another's company in a pleasant, unhurried, sylvan setting. They were very fortunate in acquiring a plot of practically untouched land, in Mamaroneck, that had once been the hunting grounds of the Mohican Indians. Rich in natural undulations and filled with striking trees, the property was large enough to support two first-class eighteen-hole golf courses. Work on constructing them began in the summer of 1922, and in June, 1923, Winged Foot was formally opened. Transforming the rocky wilderness into tees, fairways, and greens in so short a time had required a force of over two hundred workmen, sixty teams of horses, and nineteen tractors. Seventy-eight hundred trees under six inches in diameter were cut down, and seventy-two hundred tons of rock were excavated. The clubhouse, designed by Clifford C. Wendehack, was built from the rocks accumulated during the building of the two courses. For the most part, the rocks were of Fordham gneiss, which is predominantly gray, with salmon-pink or white tones. Blocks of pinkish Pound Ridge gneiss were also used, along with blocks of Manhattan schist, which is gray dotted with specks of mica. Wendehack's clubhouse was a smashing success. He described its style as "English Scholastic," but most members today refer to it as "some variety of Tudor." It is one of the handsomest clubhouses in the world. The two courses are also a treat for the eye, largely because of the lovely stands of trees that line the fairways and set off the greens. Just prior to the recent Open, a book by Douglas LaRue Smith entitled "Winged Foot Story: The Golf, the People, the Friendly Trees" was published. Without a doubt, the high point of the book is the section on the trees. Winged Foot has over fifty varieties. They include many that are common to the region, such as white pine, red maple, pin oak, American larch, sweetgum, shagbark hickory, American elm, sugar maple, gray birch, and black ash; there are also a good number of imports, among them Kwanzan cherry, Russian olive, English oak, Japanese cutleaf maple, Osage orange, Stewartia, dawn redwood, and European beech. Two trees in particular are breathtaking: the huge American elm that spreads over the right edge of the tenth green on the East Course, and the magnificent tulip tree that rises directly behind the green on the tenth hole of the West Course.

Winged Foot was extremely wise in selecting its golf-course architect. The club chose Albert W. (Tillie) Tillinghast, a wellborn, somewhat eccentric Philadelphian, who played the game very well, liked to write about it, and ended his days—after he had become satiated with golf—running a posh antique shop in Beverly Hills. Tillinghast was the architect of such other highly respected courses as the Baltusrol Golf Club (both the upper and lower layouts), in Springfield, New Jersey; the San Francisco Golf Club; the Brook Hollow Golf Club, in Dallas; the Five Farms course of the Baltimore Country Club; the Ridgewood Country Club, in northeastern New Jersey; and the Quaker Ridge Golf Club, which is next door to Winged Foot. On the eve of the 1929 Open at Winged Foot, Tillinghast recalled, "It was my good fortune to be retained to select a site and design the thirty-six holes, generally directing the construction. I well recall the only order I received from those gentlemen. It was brief and easily understood: 'Give us a man-sized course.' " He was patently referring to the West Course, which today measures more than 6,900 difficult yards from the back tees. This is the course over which the Open is played, and it was also used for the Amateur in 1940 and for the 1949 Walker Cup match. It should be noted, however, that many golfers prefer the East Course, which isn't as long or as unforgiving but is a very fine course indeed. The United States Women's Open championship has been held there twice, in 1957 and 1972, and the course proved to be an excellent venue for the first United States Senior Open championship, in 1980.

It is hard to think of another golf club that is as deeply revered by its own members. Winged Foot has long been exceptional, too, in the great number of low-handicap and scratch golfers who have been members. John G. Anderson, who was one of the leaders of the club in its early years, had been runner-up in the 1913 and 1915 Amateur championships. Dick Chapman was a member of Winged Foot (and several other clubs) when he won the Amateur there in 1940. Dick Mayer, the 1957 Open champion, played his golf at Winged Foot before he turned professional. Tommy Armour, who was not an overwhelming amateur golfer but made himself into a professional of the first rank, became a member of the club in his later years and held forth during the nineteen-fifties and nineteen-sixties in the club's attractive grillroom for hours on end. During Armour's absences, the members gathered around Fred Corcoran, for many years the tournament director of the Professional Golfers' Association and the World Cup, and the manager of such great athletes as Sam Snead, Stan Musial, Babe Zaharias, and Ted Williams. The club has had some illustrious professionals. Craig Wood, after an anguishing stretch in which he lost the final of the 1934 P.G.A. championship and the playoffs for the 1933 British Open, the 1935 Masters, and the 1939 U.S. Open, at length broke through and took both the Masters and our Open in 1941. Claude Harmon, Wood's successor at Winged Foot, won the Masters in 1948. During his long tenure at Winged Foot, Harmon surrounded himself with talented young assistants who went on to make their mark in tournament golf, among them Jack Burke, Jr., Dave Marr, Mike Souchak, Shelley Mayfield, Al Mengert, and Rod Funseth. The club's present professional, Tom Nieporte, was also a successful golfer on the P.G.A. tour, his last important victory coming in the 1967 Bob Hope Desert Classic.

ON the three occasions before this year's Open that the tournament was played at Winged Foot, no one in the field succeeded in bringing in a seventy-two-hole total under par. In 1929, the year of the club's début as a championship site, the course was 6,781 yards long, and par was 72. Bobby Jones and Al Espinosa, who were tied for first at the end of the four rounds, had totals of 294—six strokes

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over par. There were no two ways about it: Tillinghast had set out to design an arduous test of golfing skill, and he had succeeded. The greens on most of the holes at Winged Foot are pear-shaped; the openings are very narrow, and the greens widen out at the back. Furthermore, every green is guarded tightly, on both the right and the left sides, by long, deep bunkers. On many holes, the green and its bodyguard of bunkers are raised well above the level of the fairway. The inevitable result is that the course will yield only to long, straight driving and exceedingly accurate iron play, and there is always the threat that an error will cost a player two or three strokes. In the 1929 Open, Jones went out in front in the first round with a 69. When the fourth, and final, round began, he had a four-shot lead over Espinosa, his only real challenger. After playing even-par golf over the first seven holes, Jones ran into trouble on the eighth, a long and punitive par 4, when he put his approach shot in the left greenside bunker. His third, a poorly played explosion shot, bounded into the bunker on the other side of the green. He then blasted the ball over the green again, back into the left bunker. Jones took a 7 on the hole, but there was no need for alarm. He quickly settled down, and looked to be a certain winner when, with only four holes left to play, all he had to do was match par the rest of the way to beat Espinosa—who had completed his round—by a comfortable three strokes. (Espinosa, by the way, had taken an 8 on the par-5 twelfth. His reaction was interesting. He felt he was then hopelessly out of the running, and, hitting totally relaxed shots, played the last six holes in twenty-two strokes.) Jones could not have played the par-4 fifteenth much worse than he did. Short of the green in two, he was much too firm with his little pitch, and the ball hopped over the back of the green and finished behind a small knoll. He fluffed his fourth shot right into the knoll, and ended by taking his second 7 of the round. Now he had to play the last three holes in par to tie Espinosa. On the par-5 sixteenth, he was in an excellent position to pick up a birdie, but he took three putts from twenty feet. He got his par 4 on the seventeenth. Now he needed a par 4 on the eighteenth, which required a drive and a middle-iron approach to a plateau green. He pulled his second shot into the light rough to the left of the green. His chances of making that all-important par did not look good after a weak chip left him with a ticklish left-to-right sidehill putt about twelve feet long. He holed it. The next day, in the thirty-six-hole playoff, Jones was in top form all the way. He shot a 72 and a 69, and beat Espinosa by twenty-three strokes.

I was not on hand for that Open, but I was present on the October day in 1954 when Winged Foot celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of Jones' 1929 victory. Jones himself was part of the gallery that watched a nine-hole exhibition match in which Craig Wood and Tommy Armour played Gene Sarazen and Johnny Farrell. Immediately upon the conclusion of the match, with the eighteenth green encircled by spectators, Jones pointed out to the club superintendent the spot where the pin had been set on the final round in 1929. After a fresh hole had been cut there, Jones indicated the place from which he had made his twelve-foot putt. Armour stepped forward and tried to hole the slippery sidehiller. He allowed for too much break. Wood went next. His attempt slipped off to the right, as did Sarazen's. Farrell's putt had the right speed but just missed the left lip of the cup. Claude Harmon, using "Calamity Jane," Jones' old putter, also missed. Sarazen, Wood, Armour, and Farrell missed again. Then Findlay Douglas, the 1898 U.S. Amateur champion, took a crack at the putt, and he missed it, as did Joseph C. Dey, Jr., the executive director of the U.S.G.A., and Homer Johnson, the president of Winged Foot. By this time, all of us knew that the putt Jones had holed to tie Espinosa was a lot tougher than we had imagined.

FOR the 1959 Open, only a few changes were made at Winged Foot. The course measured 6,873 yards for the championship—ninety-two yards longer than in 1929—but this time it played to a par of 70: two short par 5s, the ninth and the sixteenth, had been converted into lengthy par 4s. Billy Casper opened with a 71, moved into the lead with a 68 on the second round, and stayed in front the rest of the way. His winning total, 282 (71-68-69-74), was a stroke lower than Bob Rosburg's. Casper, then twenty-seven, was in his fifth season on the professional circuit, and his annual prize money had increased with each succeeding year. A heavy-set Californian, who at the time of the Open weighed about two hundred and fifteen pounds, he hit his shots with a good deal of hand action, and he was an extraordinary putter. At Winged Foot, Casper's game from tee to green was not at its best. He drove satisfactorily, but his iron play was erratic. His putting unquestionably won him the championship. He one-putted a total of thirty-one greens during the seventy-two holes—a tremendous display when one considers how difficult the weaving greens at Winged Foot are to handle, particularly under the pressure of the Open. Casper has an interesting putting technique. He takes the putter back a bit inside the line, closing the blade slightly. On his forward stroke, he opens the blade, and it is square to his target as he raps it through the ball.

The format of the Open at this time was eighteen holes the first day, eighteen the second day, and then, after the thirty-six-hole cut, two rounds on the final day, Saturday. In 1959, however, a heavy rain fell on Friday evening, and when thunderstorms erupted early Saturday morning play had to be suspended for two hours. Because of this delay, the U.S.G.A.'s Championship Committee decided that there was time for only one round on Saturday, and the fourth round was pushed forward to Sunday. As it turned out, the most dramatic cast of characters imaginable assembled for the final round. Casper stood

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at 208. The closest man, at 211, was Ben Hogan, then almost forty-seven. That other legend, Sam Snead—he had just turned forty-seven—was at 212, along with Rosburg and Arnold Palmer. In the opening round, Hogan had played a 32 on the first nine which could easily have been a couple of shots lower, since he had missed a couple of very makable putts. On the morning of the last day, everyone was wondering whether Hogan and Snead (who had shot a 67 on Saturday) would have the stamina to stay in contention, especially in the face of the continuing bad weather. Under gray skies, a raw north wind was blowing dead against the players on the first four holes. Hogan and his playing partner, Claude Harmon, were the first of the contenders to go out, starting shortly after two o'clock. The players ahead of them had not been able to cope at all with the heavy, gusting wind, and had sprayed slices, hooks, pop-ups, and banana balls all over the opening holes. When it was his turn to tee off on the first, a 442-yard par 4, Hogan, long accepted as the finest technician since Harry Vardon, set himself up at the ball with his usual deliberation and, executing the movements of his swing as smoothly as if he were playing on a tranquil evening in Samoa, split the fairway with a low drive that bored through the wind. He put his second shot, a 4-wood, nicely onto the green, twenty feet from the pin. He was down in two putts for his par. On the second, a 415-yard par 4, he again split the fairway off the tee, and then played a low left-to-right fairway-wood twenty feet past the pin. Two putts for his par. The third at Winged Foot is a 217-yard par 3 that is snugly bunkered. Hogan ripped a 4-wood through the narrow opening, and the ball finished some thirty-five feet from the pin. However, he three-putted the green. At about the time Hogan and Harmon teed off on the fourth, a 435-yard par 4, the wind was beginning to abate. Again Hogan was straight down the middle of the fairway with his tee shot, but he then hit his first imperfect shot of the round: he pulled his second, a fairway-wood, a couple of yards to the left of the green. It took him three to get down. By this time, the storm had blown itself out, and the scoring of the field in general benefitted greatly. There were a few exceptions. Snead, who had taken a double bogey on the third, never got going, and finished with a 75. Hogan had a 76. After the fourth hole, the spark went out of his shotmaking, and he missed his usual quota of short putts. But in retrospect I think that many of us hadn't previously appreciated the full extent of Hogan's skill until we saw him whistle those six classic woods into the teeth of the howling wind.

Back to Casper. He had ended his third round with four consecutive one-putt greens, holing from ten feet, eight feet, eleven feet, and four feet, in that order. He started his last round just where he had left off. He saved his pars on the first four holes by getting down in one putt, following a four-footer on the first with an eight-footer, a nine-footer, and a seven-footer. He then sank an uphill putt of eighteen feet to birdie the fifth. Midway through the round, his whole game started to wobble. He even took three putts on the tenth—his only three-putt green of the championship. However, he stayed calm throughout this bad stretch, and his self-possession as much as his putter saw him through.

EVER since the West Course was unveiled, there have been substantial differences of opinion about its merits, but never more so than in 1974, when the Open was played over it for the third time. Once again, the winning total was over par, and this time there were some extravagantly high scores. For the 1974 championship, the course played 6,961 yards—only eighty-eight yards longer than in 1959—so one couldn't blame the added length for the fact that Hale Irwin, the winner, did not break par on any round and equalled it only on his second. Nor could one blame George Fazio, the golf-course architect who had been in charge of revising the course for the championship. Fazio, an excellent golfer who had three times finished among the top five players in the Open, hadn't altered the course drastically. He had added twenty yards to the fourth, fourteenth, and eighteenth holes by building new back tees. He had put in two new bunkers and remodelled five others to toughen the approach to certain greens. He had planted several clumps of trees to the right of the green on the par-5 twelfth, and had framed several other holes by inserting some young trees deep in the rough. And he had made the notorious 190-yard tenth into a respectable citizen by rebuilding the green. The old tenth green had had such a severe back-to-front cant

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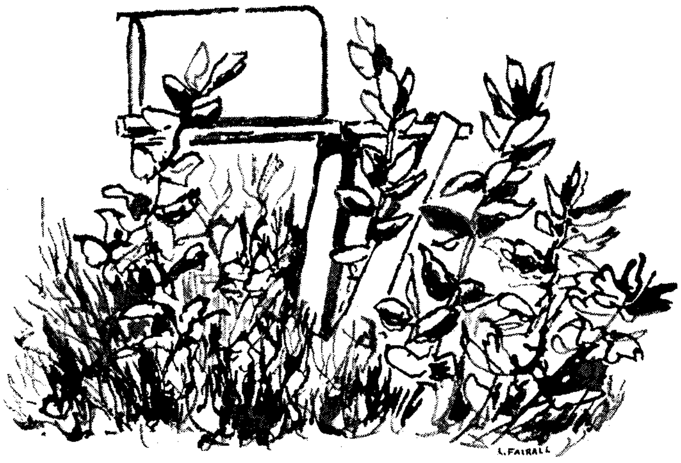
that it was virtually impossible to keep the ball from rolling off the putting surface if the pin was set toward the front and the golfer was putting from the back or the middle. There were, to be sure, some Winged Foot members who were sorry to see the old green go. Golf brings out the ruthlessness in man. A good percentage of the members of every club that holds the Open are crushed if there are a considerable number of rounds well below par. They want their course to show the world what a splendid creation it is by harshly rebuffing the game's greatest players. Let these members attend a tournament at a club other than their own, and their point of view undergoes a radical change. If par is taking a beating there, they try to pacify the outraged members by reminding them that it is the mark of a first-class course to elicit inspired shotmaking and to reward it with scores deep in the sixties.

On the first day of the 1974 Open, no one in the field broke par, which was 70. Only one man, Gary Player, matched it. At the close of the day, I had a chat with an old golf hand who seldom fails to attend the Open. In his opinion, the U.S.G.A. had gone too far in preparing Winged Foot for the championship. Narrowing the fairways to thirty-five yards was all right, he said, but the rough was much too high and snarled for such a long and burly course. The real mistake, he went on, was in making the surfaces of the greens so hard that even well-struck shots, loaded with backspin, bounced yards past where they had landed. For that matter, the greens putted too fast—much faster than they had when Casper won the Open. On top of this, many of the pins had been placed in absurd positions, considering the speed and contours of the greens. A little later that evening, I ran into another old Open regular. He thought that the high scores demonstrated that the pros had been spoiled by the short, feeble courses they played on the tour. "The only irons they can hit well are the pitching clubs," he elucidated. "They've forgotten how to hit the long irons, and every knowledgeable golfer knows that the key to scoring on Winged Foot is to be able to play soft 2-irons and 3-irons to those severely bunkered greens."

On Friday, the day of the second round, the scoring was better. Four players broke par, and another four equalled it. At the halfway mark, four men were tied for the lead at 143: Player, Irwin (who had a 70), Arnold Palmer (who also had a 70), and Raymond Floyd (who had a 71). That evening, I talked with one of the players who had failed to make the thirty-six-hole cut. "Everyone knows that the East Course here at Winged Foot is a much better test of golf than the West Course," he said. "I don't know why they don't hold the Open on the East. The trouble with the West Course is that it's got the wrong kind of difficulty. You have to play all those high-parabola soft long irons to those raised greens, and it isn't easy to get the ball up in the air off the greasy grass in those fairways."

The leader after the third round was Tom Watson, a twenty-four-year-old Stanford graduate who had yet to register his first victory on the tour. A long hitter and a sound putter, he had added a handsomely played 69 to earlier rounds of 73 and 71. His total of 213 gave him a one-stroke lead over Hale Irwin, who during seven years on the tour had won only two tournaments—the 1971 and 1973 Sea Pines Heritage Classics, on Hilton Head Island. Arnold Palmer, then forty-four, was just three strokes off the pace, and he was understandably the sentimental favorite. Palmer's game had declined noticeably since his reign in the early nineteen-sixties, but there was something about playing in the Open that invigorated him, and he had made strong showings in the championship in the seventies.

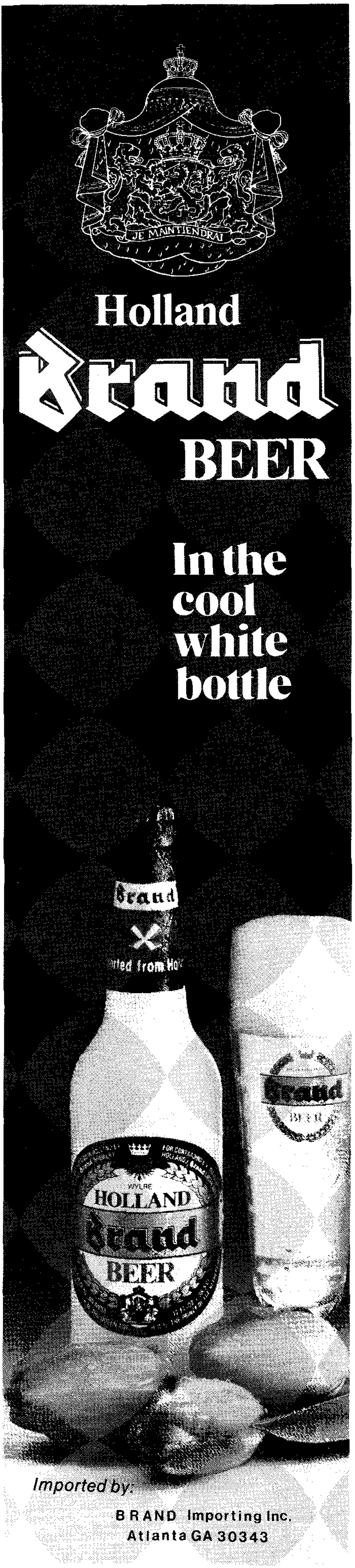
Watson and Irwin were paired in the last twosome on the final round. Watson began with three pars, but he bogeyed three of the next five holes, and this visibly shook his confidence. On the ninth, which had again been converted into a long par 4 for the Open, he made his par, but Irwin sank a birdie putt of some forty feet on that very fast green and moved into the lead. The new leader stayed out in front the rest of the way, not so much because of the quality of his own golf —his last nine holes were a gallimaufry of two birdies, four bogeys, and three pars—as because, with one exception, no player in contention could make any headway against the course. That exception was not Palmer—he had found the going hard—but Forrest Fezler, a slender young Californian with a blond mustache, who was in his third year on the tour and had yet to win a tournament. Fezler had started the last round six strokes off the pace, but after reaching the turn in even par he stood only four strokes behind Irwin, the new leader. Hitting fine, forceful shots, he reeled off five pars and a birdie on the first six holes of the second nine, and this narrowed the gap between him and Irwin to one stroke. The last three holes of the West Course are known as the Three Witches. They are long and dangerous par 4s. Fezler saved his par on the sixteenth by making a twenty-foot putt, and on the seventeenth he got down in two from a greenside bunker for his 4. Unfortunately, all this courageous play went for naught when, after driving into the rough, he bogeyed the eighteenth. That took a great deal of pressure off Irwin, who was playing three twosomes behind Fezler. Irwin could now play the last two holes in nine strokes and still win. On the seventeenth, he made his par by sliding in a nine-foot sidehill putt. He then played the eighteenth as well as it could be played. The green on this hole rises a steep twelve feet above the fairway. On the day of the last round, the pin, for some strange reason, was positioned only twenty feet back from the front fringe. There was no way a golfer could carry a wood or a long iron onto the green and stop it anywhere near the cup. After a good drive, Irwin settled on a 2-iron for his second. He played an excellent shot. The ball, dead on line, landed on the front edge of the green, but it did not stop rolling until it was twenty feet past the pin. Irwin got down in two comfortable putts for a 73 and a total of 287, two strokes lower than Fez-



ler's. Many golf authorities are of the opinion that the only postwar Open course that presented as stiff a challenge as Winged Foot did in 1974 was Oakland Hills in 1951, when, coincidentally, Ben Hogan's winning total was 287 and his margin over the runner-up, Clayton Heafner, was two strokes.

FOR the 1984 Open, Winged Foot measured 6,930 yards—thirty-one yards shorter than it did in the 1974 Open. This had little or no bearing on the far different look the course had this year, nor did the treatment of the fairways, which were from thirty to thirty-five yards wide. The rough, which had been a tangled terror in 1974, was neither as tall nor as thick: the six feet of intermediate rough that bordered the fairways was a consistent two inches high; the primary rough was thinned out a bit and cut to four inches before the start of the championship, and there were comparatively few patches where the rough was so heavily matted that a decent recovery was not possible. The surface of the greens was not too resilient, and well-played shots sat down nicely. While the greens putted fairly fast, they were nowhere near as skiddy as they had been for the 1974 championship. All in all, the field was presented with a sound, well-prepared Open course. The credit for this is due to four men in particular: Sherwood Moore and Robert Alonzi, the club superintendents; P. J. Boatwright, the U.S.G.A.'s veteran director of rules and competitions; and, especially, James R. Hand, the current president of the U.S.G.A. A soft-spoken, pleasant man with a strong sense of responsibility, Hand, for twenty-seven years a member of Winged Foot, had been deeply rankled by the way the course was set up for the 1974 Open. He had felt that it presented the world's best golfers with a test that was grossly unfair, and he was determined to rectify this. Hand has been in golf practically all his life. His father was a station agent for the Long Island Rail Road, and the family home, in Cutchogue, Long Island, stood close by the eighteenth green of the North Fork Country Club. Hand caddied and played at North Fork, and when he was still in his teens he was a scratch golfer. After serving in the Army Medical Administrative Corps during the Second World War—he ran a supply depot near Stratford-upon-Avon—Hand went into banking in New York City. He made his home in Westchester, and played his golf at the Sleepy Hollow Country Club, in Scarborough. In 1957, three years after he had become affiliated with the National Bank of Westchester, he joined a second local club, Winged Foot. He continued to play most of his golf at Sleepy Hollow, where he put in four terms as president and won the club championship four times. At sixty-seven, Hand still plays to a five handicap. He has been with the U.S.G.A. since 1975, when Philip Strubing, the head of the nominating committee, asked him if he was available to serve on the association's executive committee.

The U.S.G.A. has long believed that it is proper to require an aspirant to the Open title to be able to drive the ball straight and hit the fairways. Hand and Boatwright, I would guess, hoped that a golfer who drove well and generally produced first-class shots would be able to break par, 70, on the less punishing Winged Foot they had created. However, there is no controlling the weather—or, it follows, the scoring conditions—in a golf tournament. On Thursday, the day of the opening round, it seemed to me that the course might have played a little less exacting than it was meant to play. Heavy rainstorms earlier in the week had softened the greens, and as a result the talented golfer could shoot confidently for the flag on his approach, knowing that the ball would sit down rather quickly. He also knew that the greens would not putt as fast as they would have if there had been no cloudbursts. In any event, the field took advantage of these excellent conditions for scoring. Four men brought in 68s—Jim Thorpe; Mike Donald; Hubert Green, who won the Open in 1977, at the Southern Hills Country Club, in Tulsa; and Hale Irwin, who won the Open at Winged Foot in 1974 and won it a second time at the Inverness Club, in Toledo, in 1979. In appearance, Irwin has changed hardly at all over the past decade. He is still the same slim six-footer whose glasses and serious mien give him the look of a young deacon more than of a former football star, which he was at the University of Colorado. (He played defensive safety and was twice selected for the All Big-Eight team.) Seven golfers shot 69, including Jay Sigel, the current United States Amateur champion, and another seven shot 70. It should be emphasized that the eighteen players who equalled or broke par played extremely accurate



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golf. Winged Foot, its trees looming larger than ever, still exacts heavy penalties if a golfer strays from the straight and narrow route to the green and has to play under, through, or around them. More often than not, a daring gamble to retrieve one's par by finding an opening between trees or between branches of a tree fails to come off, and the result is a double bogey or an even higher score. In this general connection, it seemed to many of us that Winged Foot had been unwise in allowing many young spruces and other evergreens to be planted fairly close to the fairways. Most of the time, a ball that finishes under an evergreen cannot be played, because the branches begin to fan out so low to the ground. With most deciduous trees, this is not the case.

On Friday, the day of the second round, the weather was perfect. It was clear and cool with an odd tang of autumn in the air. The tournament began to take shape as early as this round. Irwin went into the undisputed lead with a second 68 for a halfway total of 136, a shot lower than Fuzzy Zoeller (71–66), and two shots lower than Greg Norman (70–68). (Frank Urban Zoeller, an Indianian who won the 1979 Masters, is called Fuzzy because of his initials, and Norman, a strongly built Australian, has come to be referred to as the Great White Shark—the color of his hair is Jean Harlow platinum, and he is not averse to shooting at sharks if they attack fish he has caught.) Irwin's second 68, which he brought in early in the afternoon, bolstered a feeling that most of us had tentatively formed—that in 1984, for the first time, the winner of an Open held at Winged Foot was likely to bring in a four-round total that was under par. Irwin had finished his second round with a sensational burst of birdie 3s on the sixteenth (452 yards), the seventeenth (444 yards), and the eighteenth (448 yards). Helped by a following wind out of the north, he got home with a 6-iron on the sixteenth and seventeenth and with a 5-iron on the eighteenth. They were sparkling shots, which left him birdie putts of eight, fifteen, and six feet respectively. Zoeller and Norman both played superb second rounds, in which neither had a single bogey. Two of the most powerful hitters in the game, they were walloping the ball tremendous distances. For example, on the 456-yard ninth hole, which played downwind, Zoeller used a 9-iron for his approach, and Norman, whose drive was later measured and found to be three hundred and twenty-nine yards long, went with a pitching wedge. Norman, who is twenty-nine, is playing the full American tour for the first time this year. He has a pretty solid game. Over the last half dozen years, he has won twenty-nine tournaments in Australia, Europe, and the Far East, and early this June, two weeks before the U.S. Open, he captured his first American tournament, the Kemper Open, at the Congressional Country Club, in Bethesda, Maryland. He and his wife are building a house at the Bay Hill course, near Orlando, so one can assume that he will be playing most of his golf in this country in the years ahead.

Sixty-three golfers made the thirty-six-hole cut, which came at 147; the survivors were the low-sixties scorers and those tied with them. Their number included such established players as Tom Watson, Severiano Ballesteros, Hal Sutton, Dr. Gil Morgan, Gary Player, Lee Trevino, and Jack Nicklaus. Midway through the third round, on Saturday, Nicklaus, who was seeking his twentieth victory in a major tournament, was not too far off the pace. On the last two days of stroke-play events, I have the ingrained habit of seeking out a leader board about once an hour and jotting down how the contenders stand at that moment. At four-thirty on the day of the third round, for example, Nicklaus, after thirteen holes, was even par for the day and two over par for the tournament. Nicklaus is known for his ability in gruelling events to somehow reach back and regather his energy and his will to win on the last two rounds when the pressure of the tournament is wearing down less doughty competitors, but it was clear that he would have to mount a rally before too long to get back into the battle at Winged Foot. At two over par for the tournament, he was six strokes behind Irwin and Zoeller, who, playing in the last twosome, were four under par for the tournament after nine holes. Then there was Norman. He was one under par for the day and three under for the tournament after ten holes. Only one other man was in contention. This was Jim Thorpe, who was even par for the day and one under for the tournament after ten holes. When I checked a leader board an hour or so later, after watching Nicklaus patiently think out and execute the careful shots that Winged Foot demanded—the greens were putting appreciably faster than they had on Thursday—he still stood at even par for the day, and had not been able to close the gap between himself and the leaders. Indeed, for a brief moment, Zoeller moved to six under for the tournament when he chipped in for a birdie from the fringe of the green on the fourteenth. At the end of a day of unrelenting hard work, Nicklaus, after a fine 70, still had a chance, but a very slim one. His total of 212 put him three strokes behind Thorpe, who had also brought in a 70; five strokes behind Norman; six behind Zoeller; and seven behind Irwin. Irwin had picked up two shots on Zoeller on the last two holes. A light south wind off Long Island Sound was blowing against them on those holes, and this may have had something to do with Zoeller's hurrying his swing and hooking his approach shots into trouble on these holes. Irwin played both holes very well, hitting the greens with soft-falling 3-irons. He seemed weary after the round, though. "Playing with Fuzzy is not your normal stroll in the park," he explained in his session with the press. This was putting it mildly. With the exception of Trevino, no golfer on the tour is as tirelessly talkative as Zoeller. A likable fellow with a

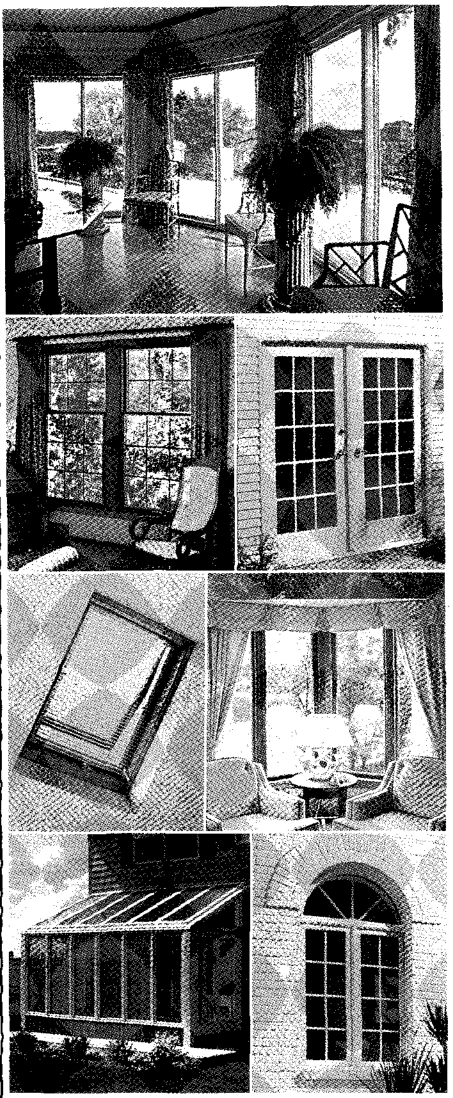
thesaurus of one-liners and a gift for spontaneous badinage, he loves communicating with the members of his gallery, and, in return, receives great support from them.

IT is the practice in the Open for the leader and the closest contender to be paired on the final round, so that meant that Irwin and Zoeller would be playing together again in the last twosome. One expected Fuzzy to be much more restrained on this round, which he was. The year he won the Masters, Zoeller, a perceptive man, realized that banter was out of place on the fourth round and in the sudden-death playoff as well. Recognizing the importance of the fourth round of the Open, he was prepared to play a quiet round of golf and, indeed, he confined himself to the low whistling that has become habitual with him. The round had hardly begun when it was evident that something was wrong with Irwin. He had lost the rhythm that usually unites the elements of his swing and sets up his elegant, smooth hitting action. On the first nine, hardly recognizable as the same player who had broken 70 at Winged Foot on three straight days, he had four bogeys and one double bogey. Zoeller, on the other hand, was at the top of his game. After a bogey on the second, where he pulled his drive into the trees, he ripped off consecutive birdies on the third, the fourth, the fifth, and the sixth, to take command of the tournament. When he added three pars to reach the turn in 32, the only man he still had to worry about was Norman. Paired with Thorpe, just ahead of Zoeller and Irwin, Norman had birdied the fifth and the seventh by sinking twenty-foot putts, and he made the turn in 34. Four under par for the tournament, he trailed Zoeller by only three strokes as he started the last nine. With eight holes to play, he was only two strokes behind: he had made his par on the short tenth, and Zoeller had bogeyed it. With four holes to play, Norman had narrowed Zoeller's lead to one shot. A birdie on the fourteenth, where Norman holed another twenty-footer, had cancelled out his bogey on the long twelfth, and then Zoeller had bogeyed the fourteenth after driving into the trees on the left. Norman made his par on the fifteenth, and so did Zoeller, so he still held a one-stroke lead as they turned for home. The outcome of their duel would be settled on how they played the Three Witches—the three long par 4s that run north to south, back to the clubhouse. The wind off the Sound was slightly against them.

On the sixteenth, Norman drove well but pulled his 4-iron approach into a mound of clumpy rough just beyond the deep bunker to the left of the green. He faced an extremely hard recovery shot and would do well to get out of the hole with a 5. Bowed over in an awkward stance, his feet well above the ball, he somehow managed to make clean contact with the ball and to loft it onto the back fringe of the green. It bobbled onto the downslanting green and trickled to within seven feet of the cup. He holed the putt for a 4. Zoeller, who was standing some two hundred yards back on the sixteenth fairway, close to where his drive had finished, had watched Norman's astounding escape. He then played a rather remarkable shot himself—a 3-iron that he hooked around some small trees and onto the green. He was down in two putts for his 4.

On the seventeenth, Norman's tempo on his tee shot was a little quick, and he pushed his drive into a cluster of trees far to the right of the fairway. After mulling over several different routes to the fairway from his difficult lie, he felt that there was nothing he could do but punch the ball almost laterally back onto the fairway, which he did. He then played a towering 6-iron that covered the flag all the way and drew up ten feet short of it. When he proceeded to hole his putt, he had again turned what had looked like a 6 or a 5 into a 4. Zoeller had watched the putt disappear into the cup as he stood beside his ball in the fairway after one of his typical tee shots, a high, long drive hit with right-to-left draw. He took a 5-iron for his approach. If he had intended to draw the ball in to the pin from right to left, the draw didn't come off. The ball headed straight for the long, deep bunker to the right of the green, and it ended up there, some thirty-five feet from the pin. He was confronted with playing an exceedingly delicate shot—a high, rather soft wedge that would carry all but the last foot or so of the mounded rough before the green and then hop onto the putting surface and run some fifteen feet to the pin. Zoeller played a first-rate sand shot that rolled to a halt six feet short of and below the hole. However, he missed the putt. A 5, and not a 4. He and Norman were now tied for the lead.

While Zoeller had been occupied with his own troubles on the seven-



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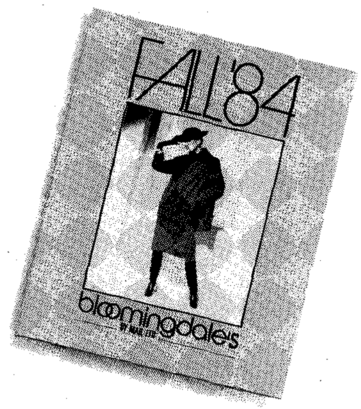

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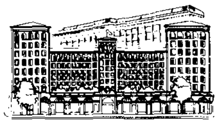

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teenth, Norman had created some fresh ones for himself on the eighteenth. After a long, straight drive, he blocked out his 6-iron approach so far to the right that it came down in the grandstand that had been erected to the right of the green. The officials at the green pointed out to Norman the nearest point of relief, where he could drop without penalty. It was an area in front of the grandstand, at the foot of the abrupt slope to the elevated green. Norman extended his arm, dropped the ball, and watched it settle in the high grass. Everything considered, he then played a fairly good shot with his pitching wedge. He got the ball up fast, but it rolled past the pin, which was set in the middle of the green, and came to rest on the fringe at the back left-hand corner of the green. He took his time reading his long putt—it was about forty feet—to ascertain how much left-to-right break he should allow for. As he later explained, while he was studying the line to the cup he saw a small brown spot in the green which he felt in his bones was dead on the right line to take. Zoeller, held up by his own problems on the seventeenth, had not witnessed any of Norman's play on the eighteenth. On that hole, Zoeller hit the fairway with a nice drive, and as he advanced toward his ball he picked up Norman working zealously on his putt. Norman, of course, lay three, but Zoeller thought that it was Norman's approach that had expired on the back-left fringe, and that he was going for his birdie. Norman was finally ready to putt. He stroked the ball smoothly. It rolled over the small brown spot, swerved about four or five feet to the right, and rolled smack against the flagstick and into the hole. The thousands gathered around the green went wild. Norman hugged his caddie. And, down the fairway, Zoeller, who thought that Norman had topped off his series of fantastic shots by holing not for a par but for a birdie, grabbed a towel from his caddie and, with a big grin, began whipping the towel back and forth as a sign of surrender. It was a wonderfully sporting gesture, and Norman acknowledged it by raising his arms high and then waving them back and forth. After Zoeller learned that Norman's marvellous putt had been for a par, he quietly collected his concentration and hit a soft 6-iron roughly hole-high twenty-two feet to the right of the pin. When he looked over the line of his putt and saw how acutely it broke from right to left, he decided that it would be too perilous to try to hole it. He would take his chances on a playoff. He played a shrewd defensive putt that slipped about three and a half feet below the cup, and, without taking much time over it, he made the uphill three-and-a-half-footer for his par. Then, in another spontaneous moment of good sportsmanship—and they grow rarer and rarer in sports—Zoeller and Norman, two men who like and respect each other, threw their arms around each other and exchanged congratulations. In becoming the first players ever to break par in an Open championship held at Winged Foot, they had played superlative golf. Here are their scores for the four rounds:

Norman: 70-68-69-69—276
Zoeller: 71-66-69-70—276

THE playoff on Monday was an anticlimax, as most playoffs are. In effect, after the second hole the outcome was never in doubt. Zoeller took a three-stroke lead on that hole—a 411-yard par 4 that bends to the right, where a majestic elm stands close to the entrance to the green. Norman, swinging at a quicker tempo than on the day before, and also taking his club back in a more upright arc, hit the first of a number of poor drives on the second, finding the rough on the right. He played out sideways onto the fairway and then pitched about eighteen feet past the pin. As for Zoeller, he followed a long, straight drive with a 9-iron approach sixty-eight feet beyond the pin. Whenever such a precise distance appears in a golf report, you can be fairly sure that a player holed a very long putt and that an official subsequently decided to measure its length. This was the case here. After overhitting his second shot, Zoeller was simply trying to get his long and sinuous putt close enough so that he could make the next one, but just as his approach putt appeared to be stopping some seven feet from the pin it started to slip slowly to the right and toward the cup, and it continued to turn over, ever so slowly, and finally fell into the cup. Norman then went a shade too boldly for his eighteen-footer, and he ended up also missing the five-footer he had coming back. He went on to three-putt the third and the fifth. All in all, he had one of those days that anyone who plays golf understands only too well. Whatever your degree of proficiency, some days you can hit the ball so sweetly that you wish a large audience of friends were on hand to see just how gifted a shotmaker you are. Then, the next day, for no reason you can understand and then correct, you look as if you'd never played the game before. Throughout the playoff, Norman never appeared to be as comfortable over the ball or to hit his shots as confidently as he had in the previous four days.

On the other hand, Zoeller was in terrific form in the playoff. He missed only one fairway off the tee, and had no three-putt greens. A nice-looking, somewhat chunkily built man of thirty-two, who attended the University of Houston on a golf scholarship before turning pro, Zoeller is a streak player. To a large degree, it all depends on whether or not his back is bothering him. He injured it in a basketball game in high school, and ever since has suffered some periods of considerable pain. There have been other periods when his back has felt fine. These days, he carries an electric machine with him, and he uses it to relax the muscles of his lower back before and after a round. The one idiosyncrasy in his technique is that he bends over and holds his hands very low above the ball when he is setting up to play a shot, but he has smoothly integrated shoulder and hip turns and tremendous hand action as he rips through the ball. Interestingly, in his seven previous starts in the Open, his best finish was fifteenth, in 1982. However, at Winged Foot he played five cracking good rounds. En route to the 67 that gave him an eight-stroke margin over Norman in the playoff, Zoeller hit the ball beautifully, especially on the last nine holes, and his performance made me wonder if he had not played every bit as brilliantly as Jones had in the memorable Open playoff at Winged Foot fifty-five years ago. —HERBERT WARREN WIND

◆

### THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Daily Telegraph*]

An application by Mrs Anna Sewell for custody of the ginger tomcat she says is hers and named Marmaduke Gingerbits is to be heard by Redbridge magistrates, Essex, on March 20.

Mrs Sewell's application yesterday under the Police Property Act followed a Snaresbrook Crown Court verdict on Wednesday which cleared jobless Monty Cohen of stealing the cat, which he says is his and is called Sonny. He was convicted of assaulting Mrs Sewell's husband Pc John Sewell in a row over the cat.

The Metropolitan Police will pay the costs of keeping the cat, which has been at a vet's since September.

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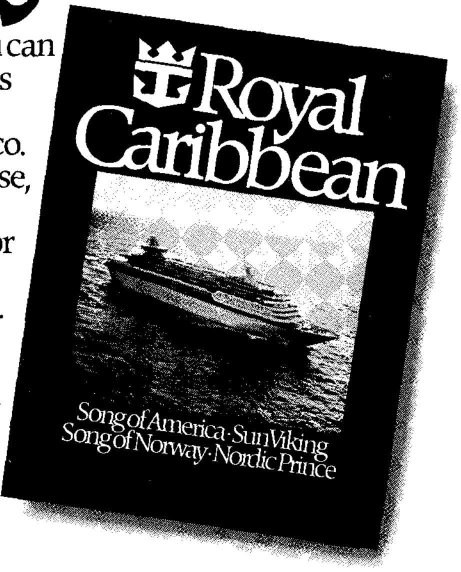

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# AROUND CITY HALL

## FIRST, THE GOOD NEWS

IT'S no front-page story that well-laid plans of government leaders don't always work out in accordance with the grandiloquent promises of their opening commercials. In political worlds dominated by thrusting microphones, importuning television crews ("Hold it, Mayor, you may be ready, but we aren't!"), and the flocks of reporters, electronic and otherwise, that surge around heads of government any time they take a few steps in the open ("I call it 'the glom,' " a member of the White House staff said recently), claims of achievement by one administration or another and intimations of achievements to come are so widely publicized that it seems surprising that politicians are not more often taken to task when it sometimes develops—weeks or months later—that the results are not quite as predicted or that situations are far more complex than they were originally advertised to be on the evening news. Perhaps such corrective responses would occur more frequently if press conferences by administration figures featuring their own straight-A report cards didn't come so thick and fast. Even the once relatively uncrowded daily agenda of President Reagan (who has accused media representatives of preferring to print only bad news, which he is surely not going to go out of his way to supply them with) is now marked by the stepped-up rodomontade on his Administration's achievements suitable to an incumbent in an election year. At City Hall, where the election-year atmosphere already crackles though the next municipal election isn't until November of 1985, Mayor Edward Koch in a single day may schedule five or six formal briefings at which he enlightens the press about separate encouraging developments in his administration. Amid the profusion of good-news announcements, here and elsewhere, even the most civic-minded observers may not use their energies to keep track of how things eventually turn out. Moreover, putting these announcements in perspective requires the kind of attentiveness to detail that they are unlikely to receive from most citizens—who, after all, have problems of their own. A few weeks ago, for example, the Mayor, eager to share the word about happy developments on the local crime front, joined officials from his Office of Midtown Enforcement at a press conference at which a report was proudly presented revealing that the number of pornographic movie theatres in the Times Square neighborhood had been cut from twenty-nine in 1978 to nineteen in 1983, and that there were only half as many massage parlors that year as there had been a year earlier. ("RUB OUT MASSAGE PARLORS" was the *Daily News* headline.) On close inspection, however, the report's figures also revealed—there was no attempt at an official explanation—that although robbery was down slightly in the area for the last year, serious assaults had gone up, rapes had almost doubled, and murders had exactly doubled during the same period. Earlier in the year, the Mayor had announced at a press conference that in 1983 the city's crime rate had been nine and a half per cent lower than in the previous year. In figuring out what crime rates mean, it is necessary to know that in such statistics a crime is a crime: the lifting of a wallet gets the same numerical value as a homicide. Though the nine-and-a-half-per-cent reduction was impressive, there was a good deal less to brag about if one considered only crimes against the person—robbery, aggravated assault, rape, and murder. Robbery was down nearly twelve and a half per cent, but assault and rape were up, and although there was a nearly three-per-cent decrease in murders, the total in the city for last year was sixteen hundred and twenty-two, or about four a day. There would not have been much political fun in holding a press conference to announce that the city was now a safer place if you were an inanimate object.

*"Hi, I'm Monica Lamont. Let's delve."*

Sometimes one government's good-news announcements come at such a clip that the heads of other governments can't keep track of them. Late in May, the Mayor held a press conference to introduce the members of a panel that would help him set up a jobs program that would arrange for a thousand eighteen-year-olds from the city to perform various services, such as escorting the elderly and helping community groups, and otherwise "learn altruism," as Koch put it. Seven million dollars for the program was included in the city's new budget, but it was expected to rely heavily on assistance from charitable organizations and private business. The chairman of the panel, Bishop Joseph M. Sullivan, of the Brooklyn diocese, was on hand. Three days later, Governor Mario Cuomo held a press conference at his office in the World Trade Center, only a few blocks south of City Hall but clearly out of touch with events there, at which he introduced the

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members of a panel that would make recommendations for his New York Voluntary Service Corps, a program for the state's teen-agers, who would escort the elderly, help community groups, and so on. To the suggestion that he might be copying the Mayor, the Governor said he hadn't heard about Koch's project, and pointed out that he had proposed his commission in his State of the State Message, in January. The co-chairmen of his panel were Rachel Robinson—the widow of Jackie Robinson—and Bishop Sullivan. The Bishop had not told the Governor that he had already signed on with the Mayor for a similar undertaking, though it was evident that the two enterprises were likely to appeal for help to the same philanthropic and business leaders. "I'm just trying to do some good," the Bishop said. Cuomo insisted that there need not be any conflict between the two groups "if we are intelligent." Both the Mayor and the Governor have portrayed themselves as eager to avoid any appearance of conflict between them, although antagonisms are inevitably close to the surface in the case of two men who have run against each other in two bitter campaigns: for mayor, in 1977 (a contest won by Koch), and for governor, in 1982. After the press conference, Cuomo said of Bishop Sullivan, "After all, he's my bishop"—Cuomo's home borough of Queens being part of the Brooklyn diocese. However, Koch's political memoir, "Mayor," includes an encomium from Sullivan delivered at the time the author was debating whether to exchange his mayoral role for the governorship, which was then assumed to be his for the taking. "As I have said on many occasions," Koch quotes Bishop Sullivan as telling him, "if someday Ed Koch got up in the morning and said he no longer wanted to do the job, it would be all over for New York City. The spirit would end, and we could not recover from that." When Cuomo was reminded of this passage, he said in a thoughtful voice, "Maybe he's *not* my bishop."

A problem with highly advertised good-news projects is that the responsibilities of city government are so large and diverse that even as one department's progress toward solving a critical local problem is being properly applauded by most New Yorkers who hear about it, the cause for celebration may have turned into a terrible headache for other city agencies and into disaster for some local residents. Last January, when the Mayor, Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward, and other representatives of the criminal-justice system convened at the Pitt Street police station, on the lower East Side, to announce an all-out war against the neighborhood's brazen free market in drugs, Ward said that the purpose of the program, whose formal name is Operation Pressure Point, was to "take the streets back for the good people." On the lower East Side and in other city neighborhoods where the open sale of drugs is a particular problem, it is not only the streets—and, for that matter, the sidewalks—that may be blocked by drug dealers and their clientele, who often include out-of-neighborhood pedestrians and out-of-state drivers. Many of the dealers also conduct their business from first-floor apartments in residential buildings, their menacing presence causing the hallways in such buildings to be nearly impassable and life nearly impossible for the tenants, who may be addicted only to trying to pay the rent and to making it through the day. Although most residents of Loisaida, the rather poetic elision favored by its large Latino population, undoubtedly welcomed the prospect that Operation Pressure Point might clear the drug merchants out of their neighborhood, there was also some apprehension, in view of what had happened in a previous big narcotics bust there. In February of 1980, the police moved into the area and, in a few hours' time, arrested scores of drug pushers. Understandably, the police were eager to insure that the dealers would be out of business for good, and, with this goal in mind, they took destructive action. For example, they broke all the windows and destroyed the plumbing, electricity, and heating systems in three houses on Eldridge Street, including No. 237, in which a drug dealer had operated from quarters on the first floor. Before the raid, forty families had lived in No. 237. After the onslaught made it uninhabitable, twenty-eight of them somehow found other places to move into—doubling up with relatives, and so on. According to their former neighbors, some who had not been on welfare went on the welfare rolls, becoming the responsibility of the city's Human Resources Administration. Twelve families were without a place to live, and they became the responsibility of the department of H.R.A. which provides emergency shelter for the homeless—often in what a State Supreme Court judge, insisting that the city must raise the level of accommodations at least to that provided for its jail population, described last month as cubicles "infested with vermin" in run-down hotels. (At City Hall press conferences, officials often dwell on the care and money the city expends on its homeless population, mentioning that vans are dispatched each night to find individuals living on the streets and that the drivers urge the homeless to come to the city shelters. Sometimes policemen explain to the homeless that they will be arrested if they don't hop in. One night, eleven people said they would rather be arrested.) Soon after the Eldridge Street raid, the twelve homeless families, having considered the alternatives, made the perilous decision to try to move back into their old building, where some of them had lived for more than twenty years. The building's owner had by then disappeared, so an administrator was appointed by the Housing Court. Private social-service organizations such as Action-for-Progress and, later, the Community Service Society pitched in to keep the project from faltering. The tenants and their friends did some repairs themselves. Since the damage had been done by a city agency, another city agency—the Department of Housing Preservation and Development—began the slow and costly process of restoring No. 237's support system. The drug dealers were not, of course, pushed out of Loisaida. They were operating there in full force last win-

Marisabina

ter, when the city and Operation Pressure Point moved in on them again.

City Hall's drive to stamp out open-air drug markets was not looked upon by the Mayor's political advisers as one of his controversial initiatives. There was no danger that his public appearances would be disrupted by demonstrators chanting "Save the drug dealers!" Still, his dramatic action in a good cause has had some political fallout, as did his call, in late May, for the federal government to take dramatic action to prevent drugs from entering the country (after all, Koch points out, heroin and cocaine do not grow in Central Park) by forcing down suspicious planes and strip-searching all travellers from suspect countries, such as Mexico. Of the strip-search proposal he said that, considering the worthy goal, he was not at all disturbed by critics who raised what he called "the phony civil-liberties issues." Concerns that the proposal aroused in the Hispanic community could be a more serious matter. Like President Reagan, the Mayor gives the impression that he has written off the possibility of attracting any significant share of the black vote, and he has instead been spending considerable time courting influential Hispanics, in the hope that the minority vote will end up divided rather than ranged solidly against him. The week after he publicized his agenda for national action on drugs, the Mayor addressed the Hispanic Colloquium of Columbia University's Institute for Urban and Minority Education. One member of the audience said he feared that the proposal would mean that travellers with Hispanic names and accents would have especially rough going at customs points. "That's baloney!" said the Mayor. In the days that followed, however, he began suggesting that perhaps not *all* travellers from, say, Mexico should be strip-searched. Instead, they should have to run a gantlet of drug-sniffing police dogs, who would make it clear who should be strip-searched.

Meanwhile, demonstrating what a complicated matter it is to do good deeds in this town, the Mayor's anti-drug drive was making him some enemies among the very community leaders who in seasons past had demanded that City Hall do something to get the dope crowd out of their neighborhoods. On the narrow island of Manhattan, where the residential-vacancy rate approaches zero, real-estate prices have soared in recent years, even in

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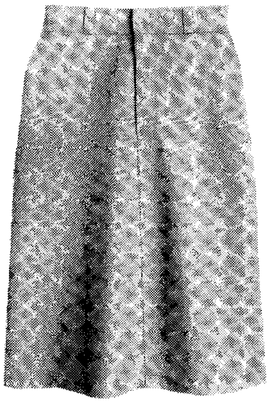

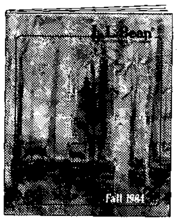

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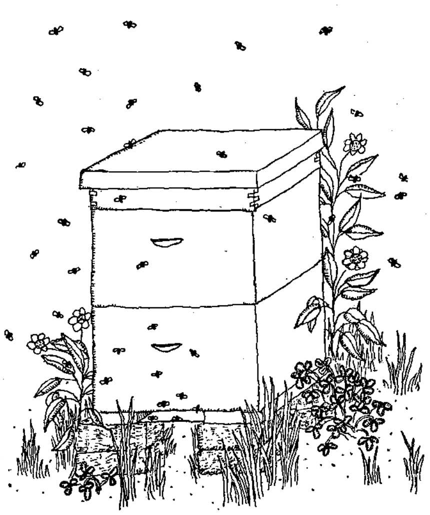
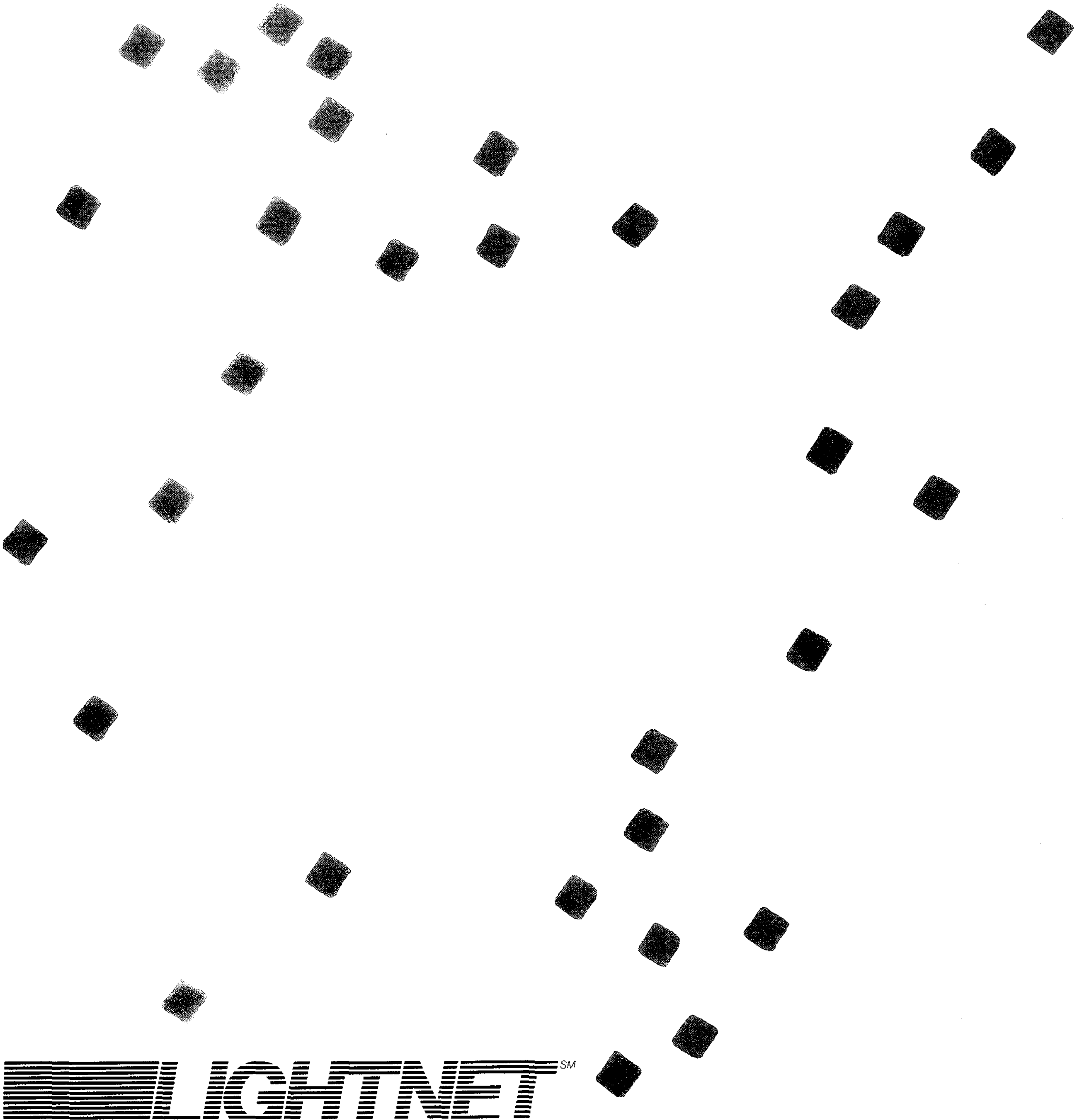
areas—such as the lower East Side—where fashionable New Yorkers once had no interest in living. Some residents of neighborhoods where police have been making wholesale drug arrests have commented openly that it was funny how City Hall didn't move in until real-estate values went up, and have suggested that the Mayor and other elected officials approve programs to clear the areas of criminal elements as an accommodation to big real-estate developers, such as Harry Helmsley and Donald Trump, who are also big contributors to their political campaigns. Another complaint is that arrests in one area mean only that the dealers will move their business elsewhere in town—for instance, to Clinton, formerly known as Hell's Kitchen, on the West Side. Last month, the Mayor, accompanied by his good friend New York Senator Alfonse D'Amato, held a press conference to announce the opening of a big anti-drug front in Clinton. Immediately, some of the neighborhood's residents said it was a funny coincidence that real-estate values had been sharply on the rise there, too.

The Police Commissioner did receive an offer of help from an unexpected quarter: James R. Lawson, the executive director of the Harlem Council for Economic Development, and also the founder of the New York Committee for Legalization, Amnesty, and Community Control of Policy Numbers—policy numbers being, of course, the huge illegal gambling operation that thrives in the city, particularly in black communities. In a letter to the Commissioner late in May, Lawson said that he and his colleagues, "as numbers entrepreneurs," would join the police and put their full force behind the fight against drugs. In return, he said, the police should stop arresting numbers writers. Lawson's position is that what they are doing is only what is being done by the employees of the state lottery, a highly successful enterprise that grossed over eight hundred and eighty-eight million dollars during the last fiscal year and that is cutting into the numbers take. "If Governor Cuomo's people can write numbers, why can't the people of Harlem?" Lawson asked reporters, and he accused the state of acting "just like in Russia," in attempting to take over the free-enterprise numbers business. The Police Department commented that it considered numbers operators to be in partnership with the narcotics gangs—in fact, in some areas they operate out of the same storefronts—and it did not take James Lawson up on his suggested deal, even though he had pointed out to the press that policy numbers was the city's fourth-largest industry (after banking, shipping, and the garment trade), employing, he said, two hundred thousand full-time and three hundred thousand part-time workers. "No government agency can match this employment record," Lawson likes to say. (The narcotics business is also, of course, a very large industry, and quite labor-intensive. Because of these two off-the-books enterprises, some experts regard official local unemployment figures with skepticism.) Lawson had complained that by closing down numbers spots the police had put "over a hundred thousand people" out of work in Queens, Brooklyn, and the Bronx, and that many of these had gone on welfare. "Think of the cost," said Lawson. "Our workers would rather work than receive welfare." It is perfectly true that the matter of jobs is a crucial issue in a city where the unemployment rate remains above the national average. When, as often happens, the Koch administration is criticized for giving tax breaks to industries and financial organizations that threaten to move out of town—usually to New Jersey—the explanation is that it must be done to save jobs. Last month, the city provided Shearson Lehman/American Express with various benefits, including what could amount to a thirty-four-million-dollar tax break, explaining that this would save thirty-five hundred jobs. In mid-May, Koch and Senator D'Amato spoke at a rally in a landfill area west of the World Trade Center to protest the favorable vote by a subcommittee of the United States House of Representatives on a bill that would, in effect, limit construction in the city until it stopped dumping raw sewage in the Hudson River. Also on hand were Peter Brennan, the head of the Building and Construction Trades Council, and several hundred hardhats. The workers waved signs that read "We Don't Want to Go on Welfare" and "Jobs—Not Welfare." A couple of weeks later, Lawson and other sympathizers with the New York Committee for Legalization, Amnesty, and Community Control of Policy Numbers staged a demonstration in front of Police Headquarters. They waved large signs that read "Stop Communism" and "Jobs—Not Welfare" while the police looked on, shaking their heads.



ALL in all, it would be understandable if the Mayor was happy at the prospect of getting out of town for the Democratic Convention in San Francisco. Although he is a delegate and will no doubt make the most of his opportunities, it promises not to be nearly as much fun for him as the one in 1980, when he was mayor of the host city. This year, he will be a face in the crowd as his old rival, Mario Cuomo, delivers the keynote address. The assignment may be partly a reward for Cuomo's direction of Walter Mondale's campaign in the New York primary election, in which the former Vice-President, whom Cuomo had endorsed in October, won a big victory. The Mayor played a very minor role in that campaign. Fellow-Democrats were polite in not mentioning that he had not endorsed Mondale until fifteen days before the primary. On Primary Night, April 3rd, it was Cuomo who stood beside the winner in front of the television cameras. Later in the spring, the Mayor made some campaign appearances around the country for Mondale—which meant some more chances to push his book. In Los Angeles' Chinatown, he called out to passersby, "Hello, everybody! It's me! I'm here!"—almost exactly the same line he had used last winter at the Berlin Wall, to the astonishment of East German soldiers. The expressions in Los Angeles were also bemused.

Cuomo isn't the only New Yorker who will play a significant role at the Democratic Convention. Carol Bellamy, the president of the City Council, who endorsed Mondale back in June, 1983, and who is likely to be a candidate against Koch for mayor next year, headed a delegation of prominent



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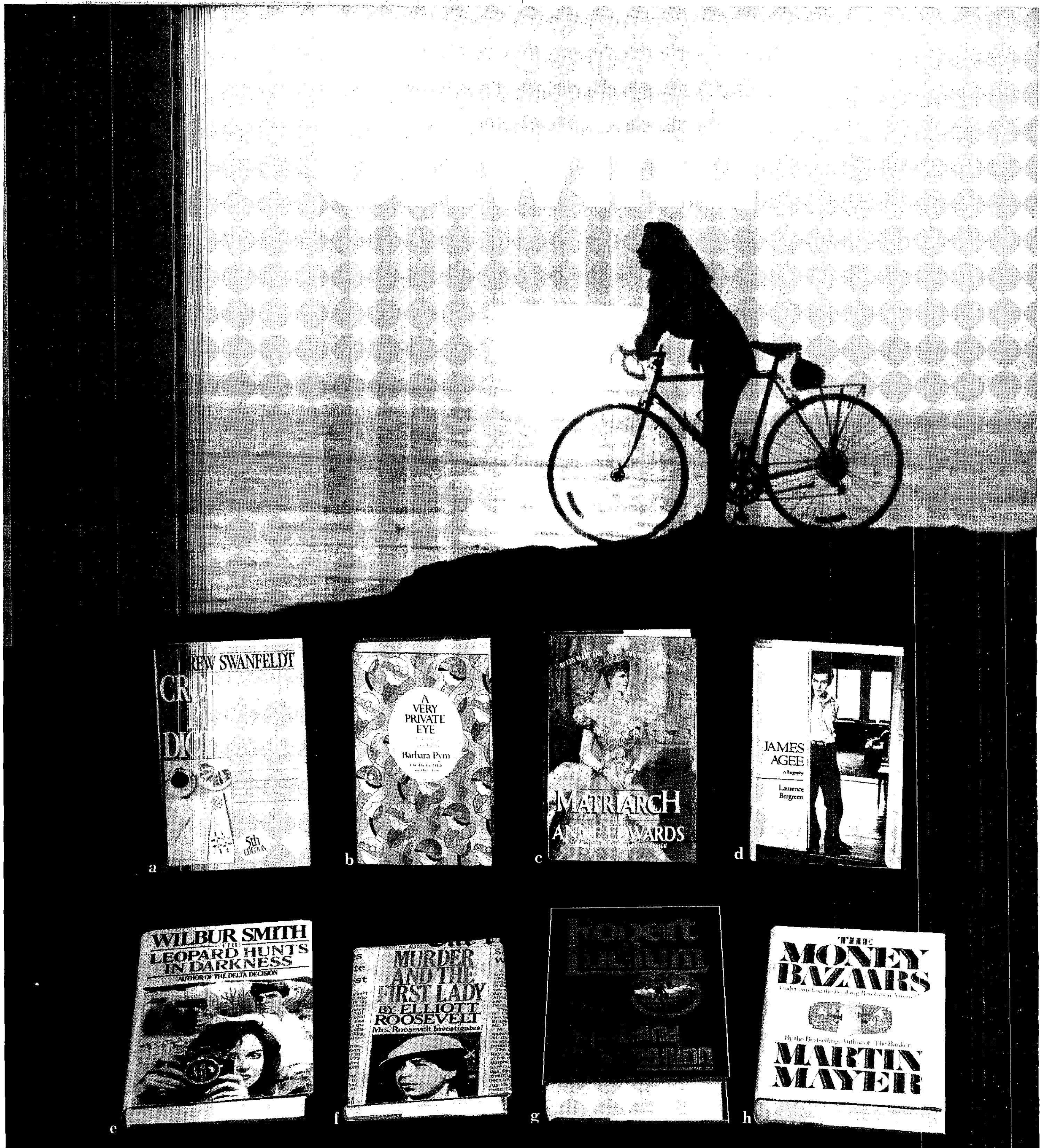
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women politicians who went to Minnesota this month to urge Mondale to choose a woman candidate for the Vice-Presidency but added that they would strongly support the Mondale ticket in any case. And New York Representative Geraldine Ferraro is at the top of many lists of women candidates for the Vice-Presidential nomination. In 1982, she made a campaign commercial for Koch explaining why he should be the choice for governor over Cuomo, but the winner of that contest—who, despite what some reporters covering him consider his maddening air of piety, is not always a forgiving sort—seems not to have held it against her, and has talked up her chances for the Vice-Presidential nomination at every opportunity. Like Cuomo, Representative Ferraro is an Italian-American from Queens. When someone suggested that Queens might be overrepresented at the Convention, the Governor said that in fact Queens was *under*represented. Though the Mayor is not scheduled to play more than a walk-on in San Francisco, he indirectly influenced the search for a Vice-Presidential nominee in the sense that he caused Cuomo to remove himself from consideration. The Governor has explained that during the 1982 campaign many of the people around the Mayor were saying that if Koch should be elected governor that year he would then be in line, in 1984, to be the first Jewish Vice-President of the United States. Cuomo's reaction was to make a public promise that, unlike Koch, if elected he would spend four years in Albany—a promise he has said that he has an obligation to keep.

The city itself was very briefly at center stage late last month, when Mondale and Colorado Senator Gary Hart held what was widely referred to as their summit meeting—a breakfast session at the home of the movie entrepreneur Arthur Krim, on Sixty-ninth Street near Park Avenue. It was not the first pre-Convention summit meeting to take place in that neighborhood, which, like Eldridge Street, is on Manhattan's East Side but several miles and a world away. (Uppisaida, which is said to be the ultimate destination of many of the drugs that are dealt downtown, is not a known local reference.) In 1960, the participants were Republicans: Richard Nixon and Nelson Rockefeller met for a few hours and reached a political truce, of sorts, at Rockefeller's apartment at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-third Street—the same building that Nixon moved into when he first became a New Yorker, in 1962. It was about a block away from the site of last month's summit that, in 1959, Nikita Khrushchev stood on the balcony of the Soviet Mission to the United Nations, at Sixty-eighth Street and Park Avenue, and took questions from the press. The Soviet Mission has since moved to East Sixty-seventh Street between Lexington and Third Avenues. In the same block are the synagogue to which the Mayor belongs and also—perhaps fortunately, in view of the anger of the more militant local Jewish groups over the Soviet government's limitations on Jewish immigration—a police station. Soon, by action of the New York City Council, the street sign nearest the mission, at Third Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street, will be changed to read "Sakharov-Bonner Corner," in honor of the Nobel Prize winner Andrei Sakharov and his wife, Yelena Bonner, who have been prevented from leaving the Soviet Union—presumably because their actions abroad might embarrass their country's leaders. The Mayor testified in favor of the bill before a City Council committee. One Council member—Sheldon Leffler, of Queens—wondered if putting up the sign might not be taken by the Russians as a provocative action and lead them to retaliate in some fashion, and he asked if the matter had been cleared with the State Department. The city, said Koch, hardly needed State Department clearance to change a street sign in a noble cause. A similar move had been considered by the United States Senate's subcommittee on the District of Columbia. One senator had urged the change because the Russians "will be reminded of their errors every time they get their mail." However, New York's Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan testified that when he was the United States Ambassador to India Calcutta officials had put a sign next to the American consulate there reading "Ho Chi Minh Street," and that "a small shadow fell between the relations of our two great countries." If the Russians should want to be provocative, they could change the street sign nearest the United States Embassy in Moscow to read "Paul Robeson Place," in honor of the distinguished black New Yorker who (as many seem to have forgotten) for eight years in the nineteen-fifties was prevented from

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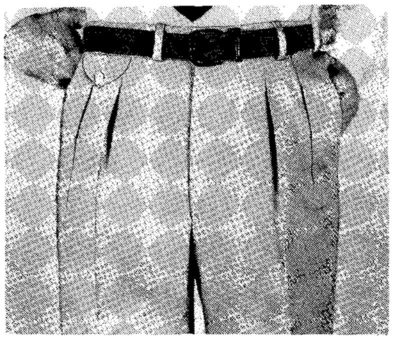

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leaving the United States—possibly because his actions abroad might embarrass his country's leaders. The Sakharov-Bonner bill passed the full Council and was signed by the Mayor, and plans got under way for the sign change, to be duly immortalized by the media—lights, cameras, gloms, and all.

SOMETIMES good news happens that escapes such glare of public attention. So far, there have been no televised public ceremonies in front of 237 Eldridge Street, but things are going well there. Though drug dealers continued to thrive elsewhere on the lower East Side after 1980, they did not return to their old stand at No. 237. Four and a half years after the calamitous raid, it is a coöperative: thirty-nine families live there, most of them Hispanic, and each owns a share of the building. After the long and painful repair process was almost completed—about the time real-estate prices began to rise in the neighborhood—the landlord returned and moved to evict everyone living there. Fighting back, the tenants hung a banner on the fire escape which read "This Land Is Ours, Speculators Keep Out." Help was at hand. Margarita Lopez, who had been keeping an eye on things for Action-for-Progress, coördinated the tenant effort. The Consumer-Farmer Foundation, a descendant of a milk-distributing coöperative set up in Loisaida during the Great Depression, provided funds for a down payment on the building—a seventeen-thousand-five-hundred-dollar loan at no interest—with the proviso that Miss Lopez, who works nearby, continue to keep an eye on things. Linda Cohen, of the Community Service Society, persuaded Citibank to give the tenants a mortgage. The city, under a program for rehabilitating housing, provided a fifteen-year loan of nearly a hundred and seventy thousand dollars at three per cent interest. So far, according to Harry DeRienzo, the Consumer-Farmer Foundation's vice-president, the new owners have met all payments, some of them ahead of schedule. "We feel very good about 237 Eldridge Street," DeRienzo said last week. —Andy Logan

•

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# CONCERT RECORDS

## *Grab Bag*

Beethoven's Septet in E Flat Major, Opus 20, for strings and winds, is a fine work that has been insufficiently recorded. It has now been set down by the Boston Symphony Chamber Players in a performance that makes every note clear and enjoyable (Nonesuch N-78015; single disc).

Samuel Barber's Sonata for Piano, "Souvenirs," and Nocturne are performed by Ruth Laredo (Nonesuch digital D-79032; single). This is contemplative music, some of it (the sonata) serial, the rest melodious and lyrical. The sonata is one of the great twentieth-century compositions.

"O Dolce Vita Mia" is the title of a disc containing music from the high Italian Renaissance, performed by the London Early Music Group, James Tyler, director (Nonesuch digital D-79029). The works recorded are by Gastoldi, Willaert, Merulo, Azzaiolo, Terzi, and Bassano, among others. The accompaniment is by instruments of the period, and the songs are rather quaint but pleasing.

Arnold Schoenberg's "Verklärte Nacht," composed when Schoenberg was twenty-five, along with his String Trio, composed when he was seventy-two, has been recorded by a group called the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival (Nonesuch digital D-79028; single). "Verklärte Nacht" is perhaps Schoenberg's most popular work, and deservedly. The String Trio is completely atonal and not as interesting. The Santa Fe Chamber players give both works an expert reading.

Benjamin Britten's Four Sea Interludes from "Peter Grimes" and Michael Tippett's four Ritual Dances from "The Midsummer Marriage" are performed on a recent record by Joan Carlyle, soprano; Alberto Remedios, tenor; Elizabeth Bainbridge, mezzo; and Stafford Dean, bass, with the Chorus and Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, Colin Davis conducting (Philips 6527 112; single). Britten's Sea Interludes are impressionistic and evocative of their subject. Tippett's Dances are lively and, if sometimes atonal, enjoyable. The performances are all that one could wish.

"The Odessa Balalaikas (The Art of the Balalaika)" is the title of a disc containing a lot of amusing and sometimes gripping folk melodies, played with considerable virtuosity by the Odessa Balalaikas (Nonesuch digital D-79034).

Janáček's Idyll for String Orchestra and his "Mládí" ("Youth"), for wind sextet, have been recorded by the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, Gerard Schwarz conducting (Nonesuch digital D-79033; single). The Idyll is an early work showing the influence of Moravian folk music; "Mládí" is a late work, made up, like Janáček's operas, of blocks of sound. The idiom is highly personal. The performances are more than adequate.

Two Horowitz recordings have recently appeared. In "Horowitz at the Met," he plays Scarlatti's Sonatas in A Flat, L. 186 (Allegro); in F Minor, L. 118 (Andante moderato); in F Minor, L. 189 (Allegro); in A Major, L. 494 (Allegro); in B Minor, L. 33 (Andante mosso); and in E Major, L. 224 (Allegro molto), and also Chopin's Ballade No. 4 in F Minor, Opus 52; Liszt's Ballade No. 2 in B Minor; Chopin's Waltz in A Flat, Opus 69, No. 1; and Rachmaninoff's Prelude in G Minor, Opus 23, No. 5 (RCA ARC 1 4585; single). The other Horowitz recording consists of Schumann's Kinderscenen, Opus 15; Chopin's Ballade No. 1 in G Minor, Opus 23; and Rachmaninoff's Sonata No. 2 in B Flat Minor, Opus 36 (RCA XRL1-4329; single). Brilliance and incredible agility characterize the playing on both records, as they do all Horowitz's performances.

Hindemith's Concert Music for Strings and Brass, "Morgenmusik," for brass, and Concert Music for Piano, Brass, and Harps have been recorded by the Philip Jones Brass Ensemble (London digital LDR 71053; single). These works are rather imposing but also rather diffuse and unmelodious—in other words, typical of Hindemith's style. The performances, however, are very fine.

A disc called "The Tango Project" includes "La Cumparsita," "Por una Cabeza," "Yira Yira," "La Violetera," "Caminito," "Retintín,"

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"Chalita," "El Choclo," and a number of other Argentine popular works, performed by William Schimmel, accordion; Michael Sahl, piano; and Stan Curtis, violin (Nonesuch digital D-79030). These performances are in the authentic Argentine tradition.

Joan Sutherland sings a number of arias on a new London record (JL 41011; single). The glorious Sutherland voice and the usual vague diction are present. The selections include works by Handel, Arne, Shield, Bononcini, Paisiello, and Piccinni.

Some fine singing of Gregorian chant appears on a recently reissued recording of the Easter Sunday Mass (Missa in Dominica Resurrectionis), performed by the Monks' Choir of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Martin, Beuron, Germany, Fr. Maurus Pfaff, director (Archiv Produktion, mono 2547 016-10).

Three concertos from Georg Philipp Telemann's "Musique de Table" have been recorded by the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis, under the direction of August Wenzinger (Archiv Produktion 2547 013-10; single). The performances are memorable.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Strauss said Mondale is hampered by a lackluster campaign style.

"I don't think we'll ever make the case that Mondale is an exciting candidate," Mondale said.—*Sherman (Texas) Democrat.*

Come on, Fritz, cheer up!

•

4 MOVIE★★ "Joe Kidd" (1972) Clint Eastwood, John Saxon, Robert Duvall. When discourse erupts among Mexican-Americans in a small western town, a gunman is hired by a powerful land baron to put a stop to it.—*TV listing in the Detroit Free Press.*

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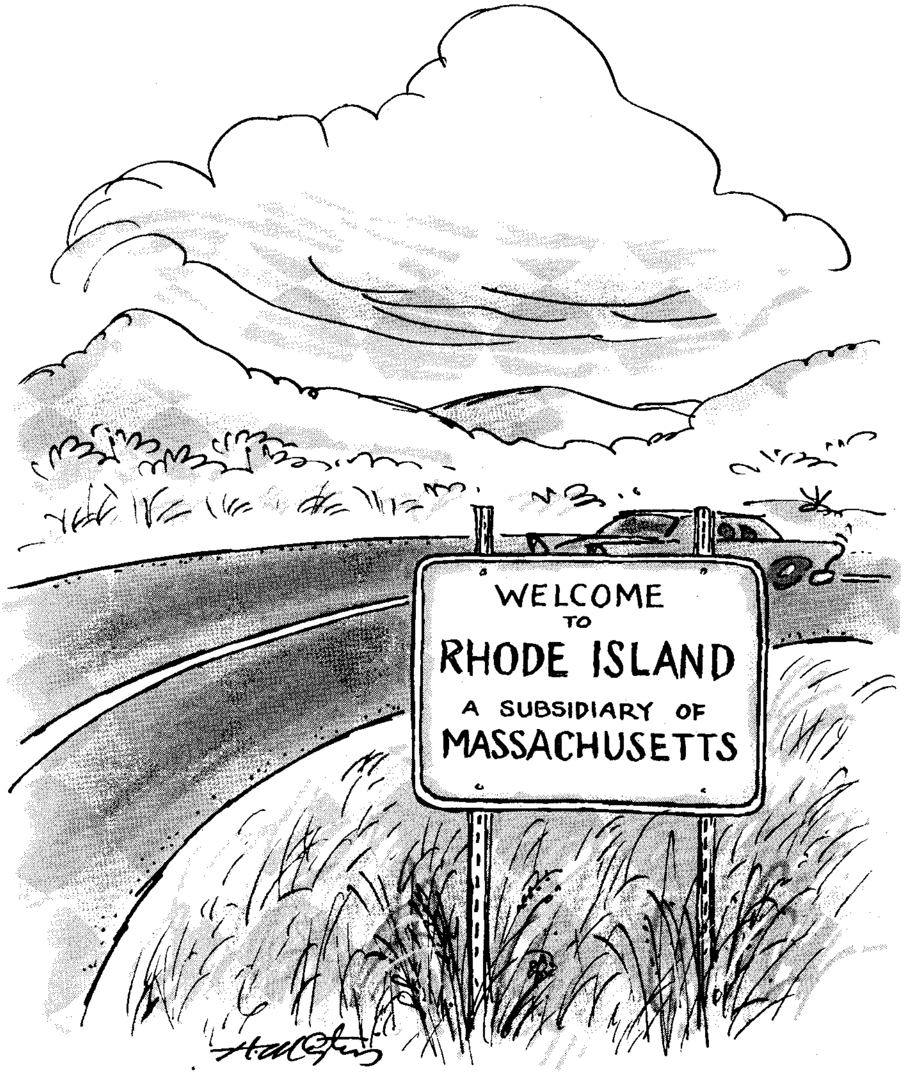
# DANCING

## *Bad Smells*

I HAPPENED to see "Amnon V'Tamar" the week Pina Bausch's Dance Theatre of Wuppertal opened its local engagement, and the night it closed I saw "Take-Off from a Forced Landing." Martine van Hamel was making her début as a choreographer for American Ballet Theatre with "Amnon V'Tamar," and it wasn't an auspicious one; I don't suppose the ballet will be around when the company comes back to town. "Take-Off from a Forced Landing" was a dance-and-dialogue drama by Dianne McIntyre, which played a few performances at the Joyce without attracting much attention. Ordinarily, I'd refrain from mentioning either of these events, on the ground that their amateurishness places them beyond serious discussion. But the truly otherworldly success of Pina Bausch's troupe at the Brooklyn Academy brings a new meaning to the word "amateur." To the aggression of those who have not the means of doing what they aspire to do but do it anyway Bausch adds the utter nihilistic certainty that no such means exist. This truth then becomes a joke to be shared with the audience, and the show goes on in a kind of pretended nightmare of decomposition. Nothing happens, and it happens over and over again. Anything follows anything. The tone of confident directionlessness is carefully designed. Bausch hasn't a smidgen more technique than van Hamel or McIntyre, but, unlike them, she's willing to strike attitudes over the fact, and she has found an audience that takes the attitudes for art.

Of course, it was van Hamel's stature as a ballerina that entitled her to a conspicuous and expensive première. Maybe, since she has taste and a flair for arranging plastically interesting steps, she'll do a real ballet one day, and that will give us something to measure "Amnon V'Tamar" by. But how do you deal with a Biblical sin-and-sex epic—a cliché of a subject to begin with—that can't make its characters' identities clear or define anything that happens between them? The title, in Hebrew, means "Amnon [the son of David] and Tamar [his half sister]"—not "Amnon Versus Tamar," as one might suppose from some of the action. When the curtain rose, the title characters were onstage with two other characters—whether David and Bathsheba or David and Jonathan, the friend of David's youth, I can't remember—and van Hamel was giving us involvements and "conflicts" before she'd even stated her premise. I couldn't straighten out much of what went on in Dianne McIntyre's piece, either, but at least it was based on an original idea—a tribute to the choreographer's mother, who was one of the few black women to get a pilot's license in the forties. She wasn't able to make a career out of aviation, but the experience of flying planes, we are told, caused her to raise powerfully motivated children. Dianne McIntyre attributes her own career as a dancer to her mother's example. In "Take-Off from a Forced Landing," flying is identified with dancing and with overcoming handicaps; it's a metaphor for transcendence. In the best scene, the company of six dancers takes a flying lesson in the form of a dance class, translating into dance exercises such instructions as "Taxi into the crosswind" and "Reverse controls and sideslip." McIntyre, who plays her mother, moves with the attenuated strength of Carmen de Lavallade, but her dancers look like beginners, and they use too many big, wide, ecstatically imprecise movements. Although their spirits soar, their style remains grounded in the generalizations of religiose modern dance. Yet it probably wasn't the wooziness of the technique that caused the piece to be overlooked so much as it was the upbeat attitude expressed in the flying imagery. A black woman artist who does jubilation dances and whose message is "Keep your nose on the horizon" is as unfashionable as a ballerina who makes Biblical costume dramas.

Meanwhile, out in Brooklyn, the Bausch company was sensational chic, a resounding hit with the fashion-conscious. Nothing could have better served the current depressed mood of fashion than these glum, despondent dabblings in theatrical Dada. The visual effects echoed fashion-magazine layouts; the politics did, too. If Pina



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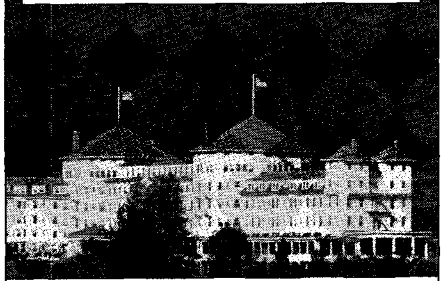

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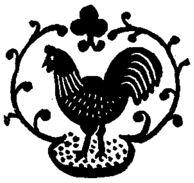
Bausch had staged McIntyre's piece, the flying dances might have represented drug highs and all those black girls who wanted wings would almost certainly have been given their revenge on the male white world. Pina Bausch plays right into feminist paranoia; besides the ritualistic amateurism, it's her most consistent theme.

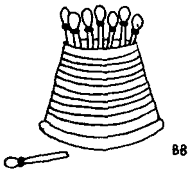
In the Louise Brooks movie "Diary of a Lost Girl," a sadistic matron in an orphanage makes the girls spoon up their soup to a metronomic rhythm. The rhythm of a Pina Bausch piece is obsessively regular. Bursts of violence are followed by long stillnesses. Bits of business are systematically repeated, sometimes with increasing urgency but more often with no variation at all. At every repetition, less is revealed, and action that looked gratuitous to begin with dissolves into meaningless frenzy. "Café Müller," which opened the Bausch season and set the pattern for it, is thirty-five minutes long and feels ninety; its subject is duration, and repetition is its only device. The café—apparently it is meant to resemble a real place—seems to be the canteen of a mental hospital. A small cast of inmates gives us intermittent doses of violent/apathetic behavior while a woman who may be a visitor scurries noisily about in high-heeled shoes. Music from Purcell's operas drifts over the loudspeakers, doing its best to solemnize the goings on. "Café Müller," with its thin but flashy shtick, is a how-to-make-theatre handbook. It enshrines the amateur's faith in psychopathy as drama. Bausch herself is in it, entering the set at curtain rise and remaining onstage throughout. A thin, spectral figure in a nightgown, she is also sightless, and she creeps along a wall and huddles in the dark until the end, when she staggers dimly downstage and starts bumping into the furniture. It takes a considerable ego to cast yourself as a pathetic, sightless, wandering creature. When I saw Bausch playing the blind princess with the sad smiles in the movie "And the Ship Sails On," I thought she was a typical piece of hammy Fellini invention. But Bausch evidently sees herself as this wan, wasted Duse; the blind-seeress act is perfectly in keeping with the inverted romanticism of her theatre. There have been numerous clinical analyses of Bausch's Theatre of Dejection; they're beside the point. Bausch may have her hangups, but basically she's an entrepreneuse who fills theatres with projections of herself and her self-pity. Since there's nothing between us and her—no mediating dramatic rationale, no technique to transfigure and validate raw emotion—we think that she's somehow authentic, that her suffering, at least, must be real. She *can't* be just a little girl acting po' faced. Bausch's power lies in having calculated audience voyeurism to a nicety, and those sad smiles have a way of curling up contemptuously when it comes to her favorite theme of men and women. In Bausch theatre, men brutalize women and women humiliate men; the savage round goes on endlessly. The content of these bruising encounters is always minimal. Bausch doesn't build psychodramas in which people come to understand something about themselves and their pain. She keeps referring us to the *act* of brutalization or humiliation—to the pornography of pain. It's what we came for, isn't it? Presumably, the superficiality of it all is what allows the Wuppertaler Tanztheater to call itself that; *dance* is something it hardly ever shows us. (One of the great jokes of the season was the choice of this supremely unathletic company to open the Olympic Arts Festival.)



When the Wuppertalers do dance, they're strangely inhibited. They usually begin by standing in place and stretching and swerving the upper body this way and that, their hands locked over or behind their heads. They don't move their feet much except when they run, and then it's usually pell-mell. But it seems they only run in order to halt. Either they halt stymied (by banging into something or somebody) or they halt dead, feet planted apart, eyes cast down, as if they'd suddenly realized they were violating the ground by running over it. The run motifs and the halt motifs are used in Bausch's version of "Le Sacre du Printemps." Running in herds (the Tribe) is opposed to running alone (the Sacrifice). The catalogue expands as the piece goes on: sweating, heavy breathing, clammy bodies slapping against each other, peeling wet clothes from clammy bodies. We'd already seen these motifs in "Café Müller," but there the stage was completely filled with little black tables and chairs, and in the "Sacre" it's covered with packed-down dirt, like a camping ground or like a Peter Brook set. Bausch's covered floors have become famous, and I imagine the clinicians really do have something to say about this need to fill the floor end to end and wing to wing with objects or foreign substances: dead leaves are used in "Bluebeard," live grass in "1980." Another aberration—or perhaps it is an extension of the littering compulsion—is Bausch's use of sets with walls and ceilings that completely enclose the stage picture. For someone in search of dance theatre—or, indeed, theatre of any kind—all this is just so much window dressing, and it's of the same order of unpleasantness as everything else. By getting sweaty dancers dirty, the earth floor adds an element of yuck to "Sacre" which the other pieces don't have, but the dead leaves and the grass are bad enough: they made the Brooklyn Academy, which isn't air-conditioned, smell like a stable. Naturally, you don't dance on such stages.

In spite of its yuckiness, the "Sacre" remains in memory as the only tolerable Bausch piece. But if the Stravinsky score sets limits on her tendency to maunder and repeat, it also amplifies and energizes her theme of female persecution. This must be the tenth or twelfth "Sacre" I've seen in the past five years. Every one but Paul Taylor's has used the score to whip up an excitement the choreography could not have sustained on its own. Bausch's version, which is about ritual murder with no reference to fertility, has no more feel for the rhythms of the score than Martha Graham's version did, earlier this season. In the Sacrificial Victim's dance, it reaches its wit's end long before the music runs out. If Bausch has a choreographic technique that she disdains to use in her "theatre" pieces, here was the place for it. But she produced a run-of-the-mill "Sacre." The only moment of tension—I found it agonizing—came when the choice of the Victim seemed about to settle on one of the little fat girls in the company. The Bausch troupe contains quite a few members who don't look like dancers and are none too prepossessing physically. They look their best in "1980;" the women dress up and comb their hair and put on makeup, and even the men seem civilized. When the whole cast of eighteen comes on like a chorus line, snaking through the audience and grinning in all directions, we can see that they mean to be likably batty, but then they go on to do vaudeville turns and little skits reminiscing about or reverting to their childhoods, and they're corny and tiresome. The casting is so determinedly egalitarian (everyone gets a chance to bore you) and the material is so clownish or so literally childish (actual children's games and songs, actually played and sung) that the fact that some, if not all, of these reminiscences are biographical has no weight. And why is it that everyone seems to have had a sad childhood? Because everyone belongs to the Theatre of Dejection, that's why. "1980," named for the year it was first put on, suggests what life in the Bausch company must be like: "Animal House" with weltschmerz.

The Theatre of Dejection builds down from the Theatre of Absurdity and the Theatre of Cruelty and other manifestations of the sixties; the cycle has come back to the raw pulp of abuse it started with. It is hard to believe in mental-asylum metaphors twenty years after "Marat/Sade;" in audience-involvement techniques fifteen years after the Living Theatre; in bleak despair, in the prankishly surrealistic, in monomaniacal simplicity, and in all the affectless contrivances of avant-garde fashion which Bausch puts on the stage after two full generations of American modern dancers have done them to death. She is a force in European theatre, and perhaps that explains everything. (It explains quite a bit of Carolyn Carlson, an American choreographer now working in Europe, in the European mode. In exchange for the dirt floors Bausch has from Peter Brook—who probably got *his* from Gurdjieff's headquarters—Bausch gives Carlson madwomen in lingerie.) To judge from the Eurotrash that has poured in on us in recent seasons—a partial list would begin with all those terrible ballet companies that preceded Bausch into the Brooklyn Academy, and include Brook's "Carmen," Maurice Béjart, Jiří Kylián, and Patrice Chéreau's "Ring"—there is not much resistance to such a force.



I can't say I was surprised by anything I saw done by the Wuppertal Dance Theatre, but there was one element I was surprised not to see. Bausch's publicity has exaggerated the amount of scandal and salaciousness in her work. Some mild ribaldry, some rather unappetizing nudity are all she has. As a theatre terrorist, she gets her main effects by repetition. People throw each other against the walls not

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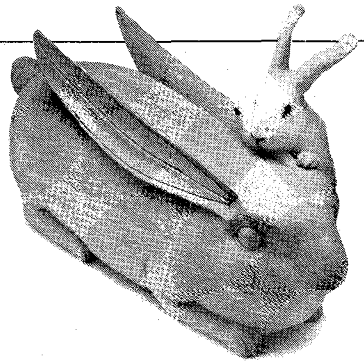

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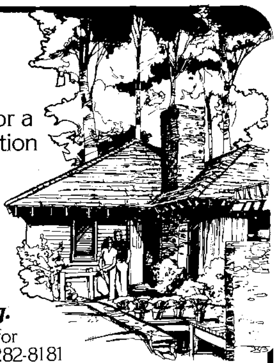

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once but many times. Women are caught in a sling and swung round and round and round not once but many times. Men are undressed, paraded naked, and smeared with lipstick not once but so frequently and maliciously that the point reverses itself: the worm turns once too often, and Bausch's vengeance becomes seemingly that of a woman who not only has hated to expose herself for male delectation but has feared to. Body shame is a subtheme of the female-exploitation theme. In "Café Müller," "Le Sacre du Printemps," and "Bluebeard," the women most of the time wear filmy slips without bras, which makes them look like a bunch of sad sacks, and they use a characteristic Bauschian gesture: they hang their heads and let their hands creep up the front of their bodies, lifting the garment exhibitionistically as they go. Skirts are sometimes lifted without implications of shame but never with implications of pleasure, and it's typical of Bausch's males that they show no interest whatever. It's typical, too, that when they strip they have nothing to show *us*. I was unable to hold myself in the theatre for more than an hour of "Bluebeard," the most concentrated of Bausch's feminist tirades, and an hour and a half of "1980" (which was four hours long), but I should be surprised to learn that Bausch was able to turn out one credible, attractive image of masculinity. Having made women look worse on the stage than any misogynist ever has, she is under no obligation to men. —ARLENE CROCE

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[*From the Mamaroneck Daily Times*]

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[*Notice in the Monterey Peninsula* (*Calif.*) *Review*]

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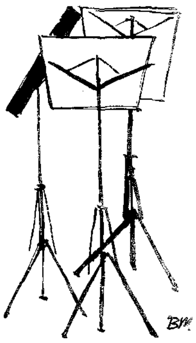
# MUSICAL EVENTS

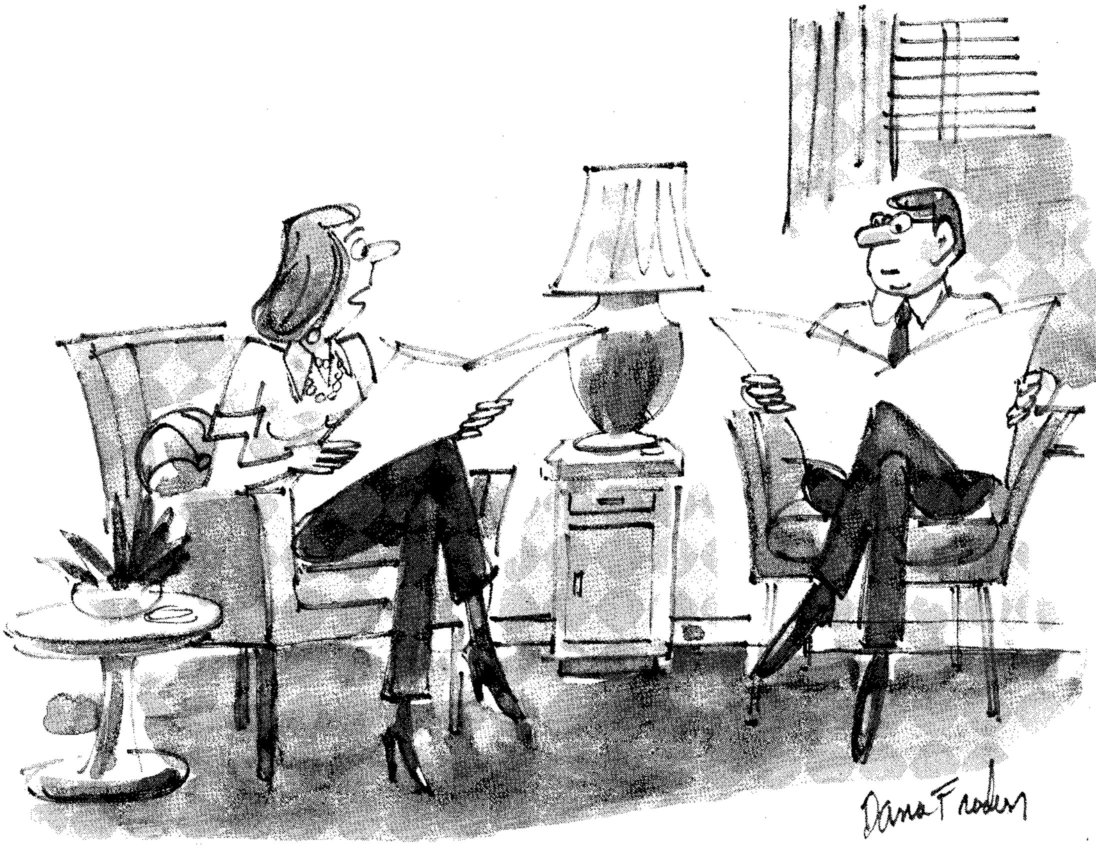
## *High Encounters*



“SIEGFRIED,” the third installment of the San Francisco Opera’s new “Ring,” staged during the company’s summer season, is a very successful production—close to the opera that Wagner composed, uncontroversial, unquirky, but not unimaginative in its presentation of what Wagner called “deeds of music made visible.” The conductor was Edo de Waart, the director Nikolaus Lehnhoff, and the designer John Conklin. Last summer’s “Rheingold” and “Walküre” by this team were striking and beautiful but carried some clutter from modish “Ring” stagings of our day—by Patrice Chéreau, Götz Friedrich, Joachim Herz, Luca Ronconi—set in worlds far removed from Wagner’s mythical epoch. By such stagings, the great allegory is limited, reduced to specific (albeit ingenious and entertaining) similes, even representations. (Turning Loge, the God of Fire, into a sharp modern lawyer, nattily suited and reading the *Wall Street Journal*, is the sort of thing I mean.) In the San Francisco “Siegfried,” Mr. Lehnhoff has shown himself readier to think for himself, along Wagnerian lines. He is a bold, intelligent director with a feeling for precise, revealing details of behavior and an eye for strong, eloquent stage imagery—a worthy disciple of Wieland Wagner, on whose 1965 Bayreuth “Ring” he worked. He is not afraid of color and knows that picturesqueness is a necessary weapon in Wagner’s expressive armory.

In Act I, Mime has made of his cave a kind of mini-Nibelheim, equipped with a traditional forge (no nonsense about a modern hydraulic press) and other cunning devices—such as a door swinging up on counterweights—that give testimony to his skill and ingenuity. When he recalls the toys he made to beguile Siegfried’s young years, he pulls from a dusty recess a cuddly black beastie on wheels. The strong sense of a sun-filled forest outside is not lost. Act II is an open evocation of a Caspar David Friedrich landscape—specifically, “Graves of the Fallen Freedom Fighters,” in the Hamburg Kunsthalle. The dragon is a shade disappointing: we see only its head—huge (sixteen feet long), pterodactylic, with snapping bony jaws, but no fiery breath or glowing eyes. Act III opens on the classical terrace (recalling the Friedrich painting of Agrigento now in Dortmund) where in “Das Rheingold” the gods assembled. Then it was already a noble ruin (Mr. Lehnhoff began his cycle in a degenerate society, not at the dawn of civilization) but a neat one; now brambles and further decay have romanticized it. And the Valkyrie Rock of the final scene, once a way station on the flight path to Valhalla, has similarly lost much of its high, godlike aspect and become an abandoned, lonely place. The tree sheltering Brünnhilde’s long sleep has grown taller; there are drifts of fallen leaves. The collaborators on this “Ring” intended to suggest a four-seasons progress, and their “Siegfried” has a warmly autumnal tone.

René Kollo seems to me, on balance (by which I mean a balance of voice, acting ability, interpretative insight, and appearance), the most satisfactory Siegfried around. When he sang the role—but not the “Götterdämmerung” Siegfried—in the first years of the Chéreau “Ring” at Bayreuth, he was variously deemed “completely miscast vocally” (*Opera* in 1976) and “youthful and agreeably fresh” (*Opera* in 1977). In San Francisco, he didn’t have loud, beefy trombone tones. (I doubt whether Jean de Reszke had them, either.) The sound was bright, lyrical, easily produced, excellently focussed, unforced, and always energetic and audible. I’d have enjoyed a little more volume in the forging song—but not if it meant the thick, dry, prosaic timbre that most loud Siegfrieds suffer



*“Did Yogi Berra ever say anything besides ‘It ain’t over till it’s over’?”*

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from. In voice, Mr. Kollo recalled Wolfgang Windgassen (another tenor usually declared insufficiently a *Heldentenor*), and he's a better, a more poetic actor. But he overclowned—as Mr. Windgassen used to—the youth's attempts to converse on his reed with the Woodbird.

Francis Egerton was a trim, incisive, precise Mime. Thomas Stewart, as Wotan the Wanderer, was warm, noble, and wise. Once—to a generation brought up on Hans Hotter's god—he seemed to be a new-style Wotan. (Did Hotter seem that way to the generation brought up on Friedrich Schorr's god?) The years go by—Mr. Stewart first sang at Bayreuth twenty-four years ago—and now in San Francisco he brought into the performance an air of old, high Wagnerian breeding: calm, authoritative, and all but lost today. (Wieland Wagner's "Ring" productions, found iconoclastic when they appeared, are now remembered as "classic.") It was apt to the encounter between the god and his impetuous, uncouth modern grandson. (Mr. Kollo began his career as a pop singer.) Wotan's acknowledgment that things are changing was poignantly enacted.

Stanley Wexler (who sings Sweeney Todd at the City Opera later this season) was a vivid, alert Alberich, until his voice tired during the argument with Mime. James Patterson gave Fafner a big, steady, impressive bass. (Fafner when dying here reverts from dragon to giant form—one of Mr. Lehnhoff's few endorsements of modishness.) Cheryl Parrish's Woodbird was bright and clear. Helga Dernesch sang her first Erda. She has been a soprano (the Marschallin in Glasgow; Brünnhilde and Isolde in Salzburg, for Karajan) and is a mezzo (Goneril, Herodias, Fricka in San Francisco) whose performances leave an indelible impression. In this "Siegfried," Erda totters forth like a dying lady, lean and pale, wrapped in a gauzy veil, at Wotan's stern summons. Miss Dernesch made every word clear. The sense of an old order's coming to an end and the once all-wise woman's distress at a confused, unpredictable future were potently conveyed. The encounter between god and sibyl carried its full symbolic charge and was also—this is a general virtue of Mr. Lehnhoff's staging—a clash of characters. On one level, it might have been Siegfried Wagner informing Cosima that he intends to introduce new ideas into Bayreuth, or even a

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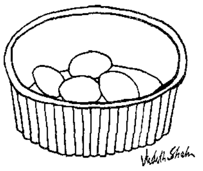
mature Pip confronting Miss Havisham: primeval matriarchy's days are done. On another, it was a man's last farewell to his mistress of many years before, aged now but still beautiful. Those notions are too definite. Enough, perhaps, to say that the great scene seemed to be a necessary interview—a psychic liberation that Wotan must achieve before he himself can freely resign the conduct of the world and entrust it to younger hands. When the scene that Wagner wrote, and not one possible interpretation of it, is played as intensely and beautifully as it was here, its manifold resonances—half-defined but fully felt—sound more stirringly.



Eva Marton sang her first Brünnhilde, and it was promising. Her voice is perhaps unremarkable except for its power, but vocal power is a good foundation for a Brünnhilde to build on. She played the role with simple, straightforward dignity. Sometimes she pushed too hard, and notes that should have a steady shine acquired a shudder. "Ewig war ich" was smoothly and tenderly sung.

The complete "Ring" is due in San Francisco next summer, and one looks forward to it. So far, it seems to me the best-looking—and aptest-looking—of contemporary "Ring" stagings, and so far it has been, on the whole, as well cast as any I know, with experienced Wagnerians and accomplished newcomers carefully blended. Mr. Lehnhoff will no doubt rethink some aspects of last year's "Rheingold" and "Walküre"—where sometimes he seemed too much concerned to make a striking "personal statement"—in the light of this confident, masterly "Siegfried." My chief reservation concerns the conducting. Mr. de Waart is scrupulous and careful. The orchestral playing is well rehearsed, well balanced. What one misses is what is loosely called "inspiration": a sense that the music—singers and instrumentalists together—has taken on a life of its own, that it's moving in huge, inevitable spans. With Mr. de Waart, one is often aware of a man in the pit beating four, three, whatever to the bar. Nevertheless, it's decent, respectable conducting. Furtwängler is dead, and Reginald Goodall conducts only in Britain.

Thomas Munn's sensitive lighting was, at the performance I attended, the last of the series, spoiled by the flashing on and off of "supertitles"—tags of the text in English translation—above the scenes. If singers would learn English or—better—if audiences would learn German, supertitles wouldn't be necessary. On a television screen, subtitles can be taken in almost subliminally. In the theatre, supertitles divide the attention of those who follow them between the actors and the summary script, disturbing the direct communication that is one of the joys of living theatre; and for those who try to ignore them they are a flickering distraction. But words need to be understood. It's a tricky subject. I'll return to it after I've seen more of supertitling in action, at the State Theatre this season. Wagnerians tend to be more serious and better prepared than other operagoers, readier to listen, less in need of visual aids. Only two of San Francisco's five "Siegfried" performances were supertitled.

—Andrew Porter

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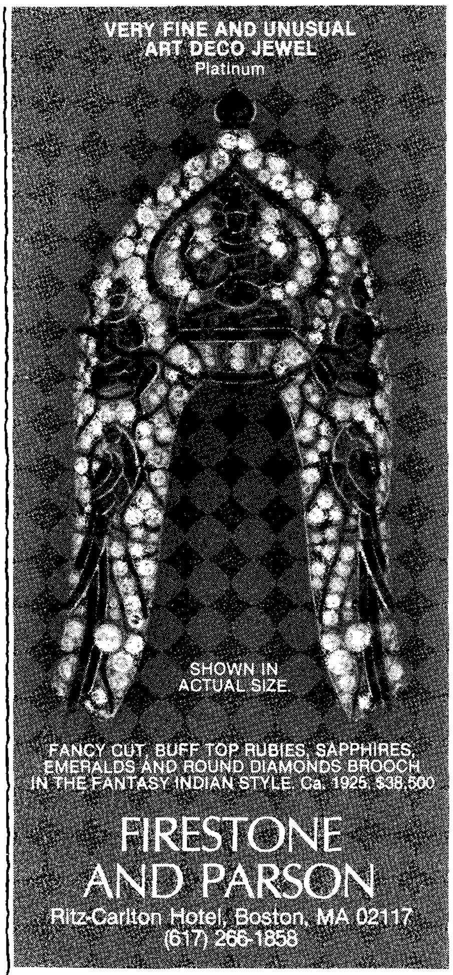
## MARIGOLDS

Each morning Great Birnam Wood
walks in a dense troop
and lines the corner.
That is how I know everything is all right.
Another day has been dragged potted
from the dark
behind the store or under the sidewalk
and put out into the mother light.
It is Forest Hills. It is the Champs-Élysées.
It is the Jungle Greenhouse at Kew.
My silver husband has left for work.
My two rare birds have flown.
How vivid the exotic bloom
of your first words in the morning, lasting
marigolds.

—Jill Hoffman



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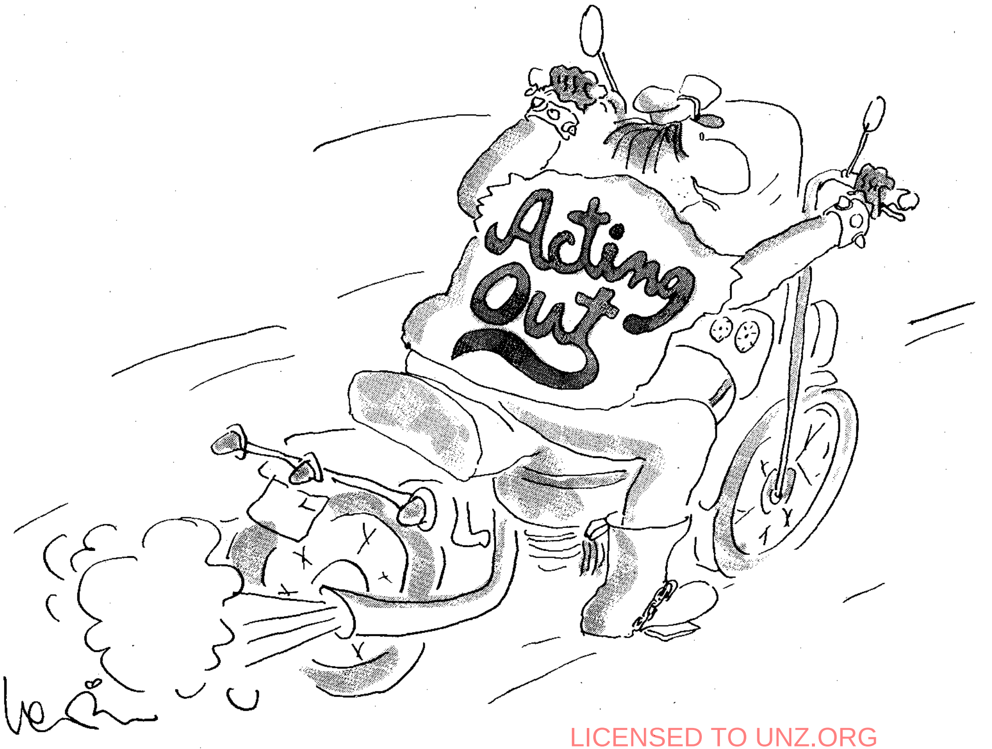
# BOOKS

## *Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth*

IN “Outgrowing Democracy: A History of the United States in the Twentieth Century” (Doubleday; $19.95), John Lukacs offers an interpretation of an era that he believes has seen the beginning and the end of American world dominance. Mr. Lukacs, a historian whose most recent book was “Philadelphia 1900-1950: Patricians and Philistines,” does not emphasize a loss of military power or diplomatic influence as much as a decline in productivity and wealth. He notes that as of 1980 Americans owned more cars than ever before, but Japan produced more cars than the United States, and that in the same year, for the first time, West Germany and Switzerland had greater incomes per capita. He thinks that the United States’ decline has been partly masked by “the deteriorating prestige of the Soviet Union” but that it is nonetheless genuine, and has been caused by flaws and inadequacies in American culture and character. Mr. Lukacs is an original and subtle historian, and “Outgrowing Democracy” is an engaging intellectual surprise party. I like his notion that, just as physics has made matter less substantial, property has become more abstract, with concepts like the velocity of Eurodollars replacing the chink of gold. And his calling attention to the way that the contemporary passion for fame has gobbled up the traditional notion of honor. And his comment on the typically American mixture of conservatism and radicalism. Yet though I was continuously enchanted by the play of his ideas—by the sharpness of his distinctions and the acuteness of his descriptions—and realize that he and I share many values (or, at least, dislikes), I found myself in deep disagreement with him about the meaning of America.

Mr. Lukacs’ critical standpoint resembles that of literary conservatives—T. S. Eliot, say, or the Southern agrarians associated with *The Fugitive*—yet he seems to me to share with many radicals an assumption of American omnipotence. For example, he blames the United States and Woodrow Wilson for dismembering Austria-Hungary, even though national self-determination is a cause older than Gladstone (or Kossuth), and even though—despite his suggestion that “the zenith of American power in the world may have been 1918 even more than 1945”—the American Expeditionary Force could never have herded all those rebel peoples back into the Hapsburg Empire. Powerful nations make plenty of mistakes, but lesser nations make mistakes of their own. Mr. Lukacs describes a string of American errors that destroyed Europe and left us sole guardians of the heritage of Western civilization. I think that Western civilization is thriving in many places around the globe, but since it is not all Bach and Botticelli—it includes Communism and Fascism—we may not care for some of the forms it takes. Mr. Lukacs himself does not approve of every element in the Western heritage. He holds it to Americans’ discredit that our minds remain partly medieval. He notes the medievalism in seventeenth-century Puritanism, but he ascribes greater importance to the medieval inheritance that he finds among nineteenth-century German immigrants. I think the earlier influence has been more profound. The American Revolution was not only the heritage of Locke and the English Revolution of 1688; it was also a child of the English Revolution of the sixteen-forties, and particularly of its religious sectarians, whose history is even older than Lollardry. Movements that the Middle Ages stigmatized as heresy became in our country respectable denominations. Mr. Lukacs’ concern that the United States could become a Third World country may be an example of his perceptiveness: the medieval equivalent of the Third World’s “liberation theology” has been part of us from the beginning. If he is distressed by the staying power of our medieval heritage, he is more disturbed by the dilution of our Anglo-Saxon genetic heritage. He feels that our national character was “decrystallized” by our acceptance of so many non-English-speaking immigrants, for he follows Tocqueville in attributing the republic’s early stability to its Anglo-Saxon ethnic composition. Yet Anglo-Saxon Americans have scarcely been stable or stolid: they have been distinguished for political agitation, social experimentation, and religious innovation.



Mr. Lukacs shrewdly points out that the Spanish-American War ratified the United States’ standing as a major power not only because we won it but because no nation dared come to the assistance of Spain. As he goes on to trace our rising power and influence, an American reader may be struck by how little we enjoyed our palmy past. Our history books treat the Spanish-American War as a shameful, if not frivolous, episode, and most of the writing that survives about the First World War is a literature of disillusion. Americans did not think of themselves as top-notch until about the nineteen-fifties, when we were troubled by the Cold War, and when, Mr. Lukacs points out, the end of American world dominance was in sight. He calls the Eisenhower era "a decade of missed opportunities," and his list of the indices of decline that appeared during the Eisenhower Presidency, though by now familiar, remains shocking. He notes that 1955 was the last year in which the consumer price index dropped; in 1956 gold began to leave the United States and, for the first time, we imported more automobiles than we exported. (Hindsight may attribute some of these phenomena to our rejecting, at the Bretton Woods Conference of 1944, J. M. Keynes' proposal to create an international currency, the Bancor, and instead allowing the dollar to become the world's reserve currency.) Other tendencies of the fifties—notably the decay of our cities and their loss of population—reveal a kind of thoughtlessness that may be, as Mr. Lukacs suggests, a real defect in our culture. He links inflation to bureaucracy, and thinks that another phenomenon of the fifties—the transfer of a majority of the working population from producing goods to providing services—signals the rise of paperwork bureaucracies, public and private, that are inherently inflationary. In the fifties, our social criticism was hit or miss. Some commentators objected to symptoms—to, say, tail fins on automobiles. The efflorescence of the suburbs elicited more negative comment than the fall of the cities. Large-scale private organization was assessed more often as a threat to the independence of the gray-flannel-suited commuter than as a peril to the economy, although a few observers guessed that the predominance of service workers might lead to inflation or stagnation. For the era of our grandeur, at any rate, the bibliography of American self-criticism, accurate or not, is richer than that of American complacency.

Mr. Lukacs objects not only to what we have done but to who we are. For example, in the course of regretting that our high urban period lasted only sixty years—1895-1955—he makes an elegant distinction between "middle class" and "bourgeois," associating the latter with the patrician families of European cities. But we cannot help it that our nation was not populated by patricians; they stayed where they reigned. And it is also true that the suburb as a riposte to the slum is as European as it is American. For the most part, where Mr. Lukacs discusses the world's "Americanization" and contrasts or opposes Europe and America, I find reciprocity. For in-

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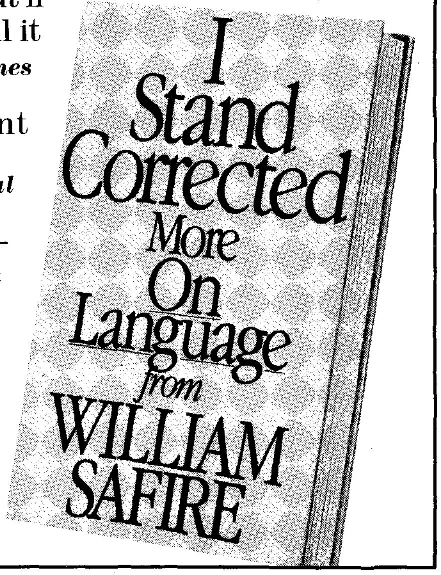

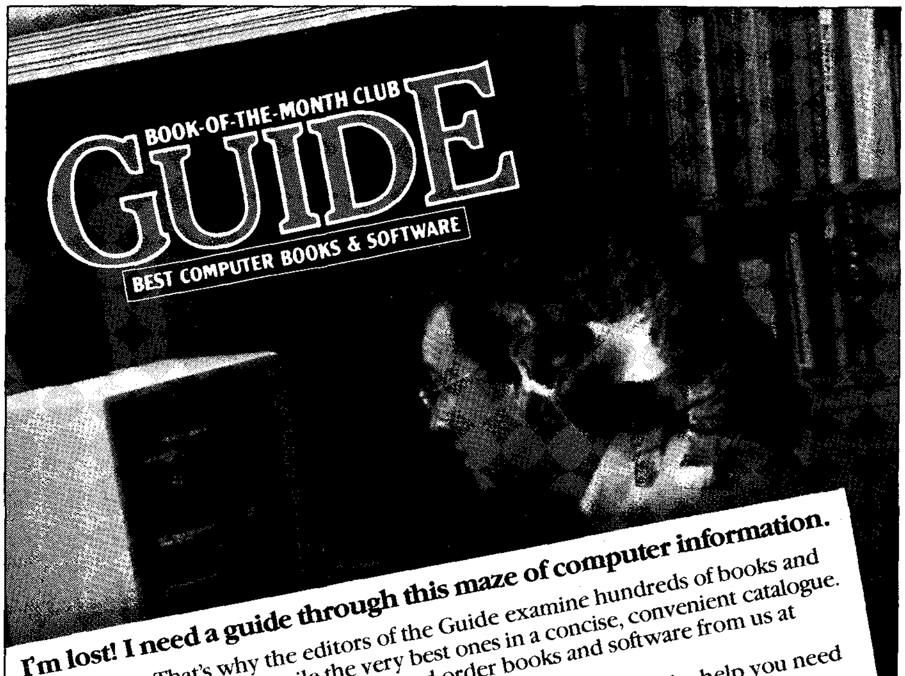

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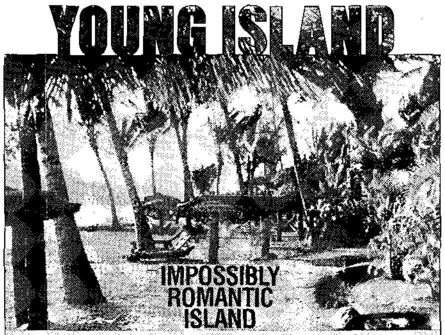

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stance, he thinks the comparative laxity of American child discipline comes from the Amerindian, while I think it has many sources, including Rousseau—who, to be sure, was affected by the European myth of the noble savage. Much of what Mr. Lukacs calls "Americanization"—bureaucracy, for example—I think of as "Europeanization."

Noting that Western Europe, after a period of growth like ours, is, like us, suffering an economic slowdown, Mr. Lukacs cites a French writer, Jean Fourastié, who in 1979 listed the immense material benefits the French population had gained in the preceding thirty years, and regretted that these did not improve the French spiritually. I do not know why this kind of lament became fashionable after the Second World War, for technology had been spreading material benefits since the beginnings of the Industrial Revolution. Earlier generations had rejoiced at the arrival of illuminating gas and electric light. Why have more recent thinkers been dissatisfied because washing machines produce only cleanliness, not godliness? Mr. Lukacs is pleased by the prospect of a slowing of economic growth, and appears untroubled by the likelihood that slower growth means lasting unemployment and fewer chances for the poor. He observes that the expansion of formal education in the United States coincided with—and he thinks caused—an accelerating decline in the quality of education. He seems more scornful of the extravagance of American naïveté than rueful about the failure of American aspiration. Yet the vision of sharing learning is noble; its failure of realization is tragic. The conflict between quantity and quality is more perplexing and painful in the intellectual or spiritual realm than in the material. Mr. Lukacs points out, for example, that in the first decade of this century "young men and women of the upper classes" dedicated their college years "to the perfection of their social selves." This seems to have worked no particular harm to our cultural development, yet the post-Second World War high-school courses in "life adjustment," which attempted to bring similar polish to a wider population, apparently have done harm. Is it mere numbers that made the difference? Mr. Lukacs blames an ever-inflating educational bureaucracy that has insisted on its prerogatives while yielding to a succession of specious pedagogical trends—a large-scale paperwork organization.

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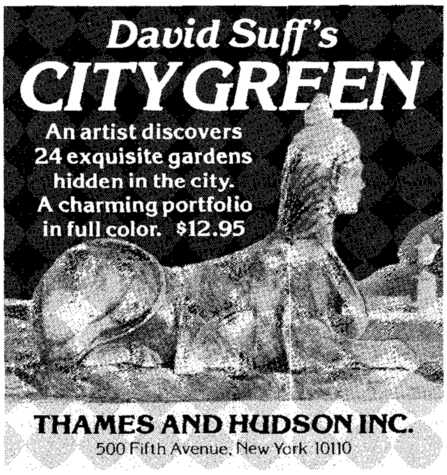
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Maybe. Yet the goal of an educated and cultivated citizenry strikes me as too important to abandon with a shrug or a sneer.

Among Mr. Lukacs' illuminating notions is a comparison between Russia's Slavophiles and Westernizers, on the one hand, and the United States' isolationists and internationalists, on the other, which suggests a huge and entertaining variety of possibilities in the sport of national self-definition. He also cites a number of American self-definitions, among them Edward Bok's popular—as of the nineteen-twenties—characterization of the United States as "the only first-rate civilization in the world." I think the date explains the boastfulness. Booms encourage bragging. Busts, losses, recessions elicit darkling hypotheses, such as Mr. Lukacs' conviction that we are approaching the close of the Modern Age, and that the United States can expect ever more domestic stress and further decline. He also feels that we must develop a firmer grasp of the doctrine of original sin, and abandon our "religion of progress." I realize that when pessimism is in vogue a belief in progress sounds dated. At the risk of appearing in my great-grandmothers' mental clothes, however, I must confess that it seems to me that since the fall of Rome, which, despite its admirable achievements, was a slave empire, the story of the West *has* been progress—the emancipation and elevation of more and more human beings. This historic ascent has been interrupted whenever human beings have collided with their own limitations and those imposed by matter itself. Perhaps it is about to be interrupted now; perhaps Mr. Lukacs' sparkling dejection is accurate for the short run; perhaps the next century will present problems beyond our solving. Yet in the long run, I think, the way will continue upward. Were American history—never mind American dominance—to cease tomorrow, our contribution to the process of advancement would deserve a more generous assessment than Mr. Lukacs'.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE FOREVER STREET, by Frederic Morton (Doubleday; $16.95). Pay no attention to the washed-out artwork and washed-out prose on the dust jacket of this wonderful story of a Slovakian blacksmith named Spiegelglass, who believes in a brick: in the Brick, that is—a fragment of the Wailing Wall which made its way, with the Turkish Grand Vizier, to the outskirts of Vienna in 1683, and stayed there, in a neighborhood later dubbed Turk Place, after the Grand Vizier and his hordes were routed. In 1873, Spiegelglass makes his way, by gypsy wagon, to Turk Place and sets up shop by converting a giant steam-driven tricycle into elaborate metal-stamping machinery and plumbing. The orders that his family fills over the next sixty years—as the family, in turn, fills Turk Place with bakers, sweethearts, visionaries, and babies as well as with mezuzoth, baked dainties, roosters, and more tricycles—reflect dire changes in Austria as another conqueror approaches, this one less unwelcome than the Grand Vizier: from a batch of medallions commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Emperor Franz Joseph's reign to three hundred thousand government-party badges, in 1938, intended to counter "German saber rattling" and rendered obsolete before the order can be filled. Despite the diaspora that looms ahead for the Spiegelglass clan, the story of the Brick is a joyous, dreamlike one, about miracles and about faith. In the final pages, a young Spiegelglass begins to become, in his flight out of Austria in a "Victorian spaceship," or railway train, the "aeronaut rabbi" that his grandfather has wished him to grow up to be.

MOUROIR, by Breyten Breytenbach (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $13.95). These "mirrornotes of a novel," as the subtitle puts it, littered with mystical musings and surrealistic visions involving moths, dying horses, ants, and, yes, mirrors, were composed while the author was imprisoned for seven years (two of them spent in solitary) in his native South Africa. They are almost impenetrable—if therefore, in a way, eloquent—proof that a writer writing for his mind's eye alone may condemn himself to oblivion: "We are the aviaries of birds without amplitude which have smashed into mirrors because they/we wanted to be aeroplanes."

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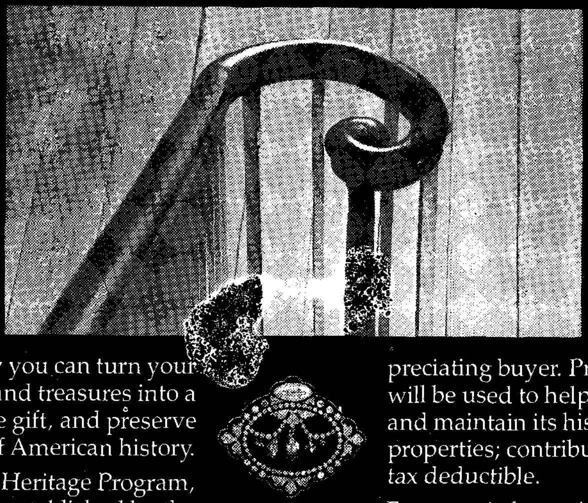

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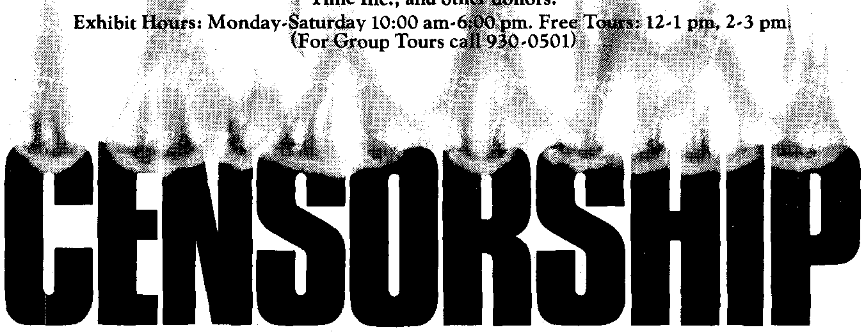

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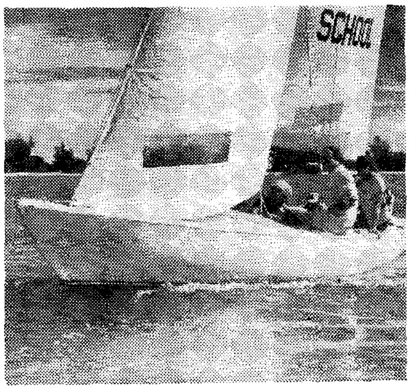
TERS, by Barbara Pym, edited by Hazel Holt and Hilary Pym (Dutton; $19.95). "*Non frustra vixi*": only a few weeks before her death, early in 1980, Barbara Pym dared to quote the motto of her alma mater, St. Hilda's, Oxford, in writing to Philip Larkin, who had championed her novels through "all those years of 'This is well written, but . . . ' " The first part of this handsome volume, headed "Oxford: 1932-39," is especially rich in comic characters, including Barbara Pym herself and her first boyfriend (the first in a respectable series) "reading 'Samson Agonistes' in bed with nothing on," and an enterprising scholar in a Spenser review class who "had a great cauldron of marmalade boiling on the gas ring." After the war, Barbara Pym joined the staff of an arcane academic journal, *Africa* (where she met Hazel Holt), and settled down with her sister, Hilary, first in London and then near Oxford. Her many letters to Philip Larkin chronicle her belated critical success, in the nineteen-seventies, which paralleled her physical decline, but it is in her diaries that one finds the essential Barbara Pym: curious and wry, and always gathering, sometimes grimly, grist for her mill. "On how many evenings," she wonders, a lovelorn Wren in 1943, "when one is older, does one just go 'Doggedly to Bed' (Obviously the title of something)." After sending a polite letter to Larkin in 1968, thanking him for a picture of his library's extension, she asks herself, "Was ever a stranger photo sent by a man to a woman (in a novel she might be disappointed)." Of a visit to "Dr. S" she reports, ten years later, "He told me about a pacemaker that could be fitted to the heart but which must be removed at death as it is liable to explode in the crematorium. (He said I could use it in a book.)"

## MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEATH OF A MINOR POET, by William Krasner (Scribners; $12.95). A young man named Wesley Gowen is found dead of a head blow on the stairs of a rooming house whose tenants include a thirtyish illustrator with a young son, a variety of vaguely "intellectual" people, and the artist-proprietor of a "bohemian" café on the ground floor. Detective Captain Sam Birge (whose adventures Mr. Krasner has related be-



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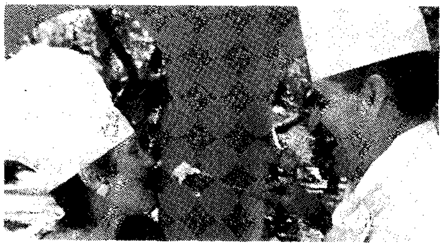

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fore) finds himself in charge of the investigation, and that investigation—what is turned up about young Gowen and his widowed mother, about the illustrator and her coterie and her strange little boy, about the artist and his café—provides a story that has a disturbing moodiness, a heavy atmosphere of troubled people striving to keep going, which is interestingly suggestive of Simenon at his brooding best.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE ROSE, by David Morrell (St. Martin's; $15.95). Two waifs—Chris, a Catholic, and Saul, a Jew—are placed at age five in a Philadelphia orphanage that trains its inmates to be militant warrior patriots, and they are befriended there by a "foster father" named Eliot, chief of counterintelligence for the C.I.A. Under Eliot's stern but seemingly loving direction, Chris and Saul grow up to be killers of the highest Black Belt–Green Beret order, but when we meet them they have come to realize that they are victims of Eliot's greedy duplicity and are in deadly danger from his other minions. To survive, they must kill or be killed. Mr. Morrell then embarks on a frenetic chase that touches Washington, Bangkok, London, Paris, Panama City, Honolulu, and the wilds of British Columbia. This is the kind of thriller that only a speed-reader can enjoy. One pause for reflection and Mr. Morrell's silly jig is up.

•

Shortwaisted women wear one-piece suits well; the uninterrupted line elongates the waist. So do those high-cut legs. Umpire waists work too.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

But masks and chest protectors are out.

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On June 22, a Chestnut St. physician told police someone had stolen his medical bag from either his car or office sometime in March.—*Police Report in the Needham (Mass.) Times.*

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### THE HIGH-TECH LIFE

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

A Justice Department spokesman said that no decision would be made on whether to appeal Hogan's order until the judge's opinion, temporarily stuck in a court word processor, could be studied. An aide to Hogan said that the opinion might not be available for dissemination until Tuesday.

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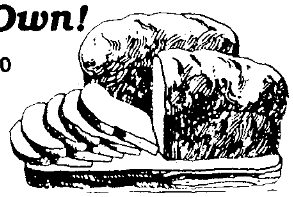

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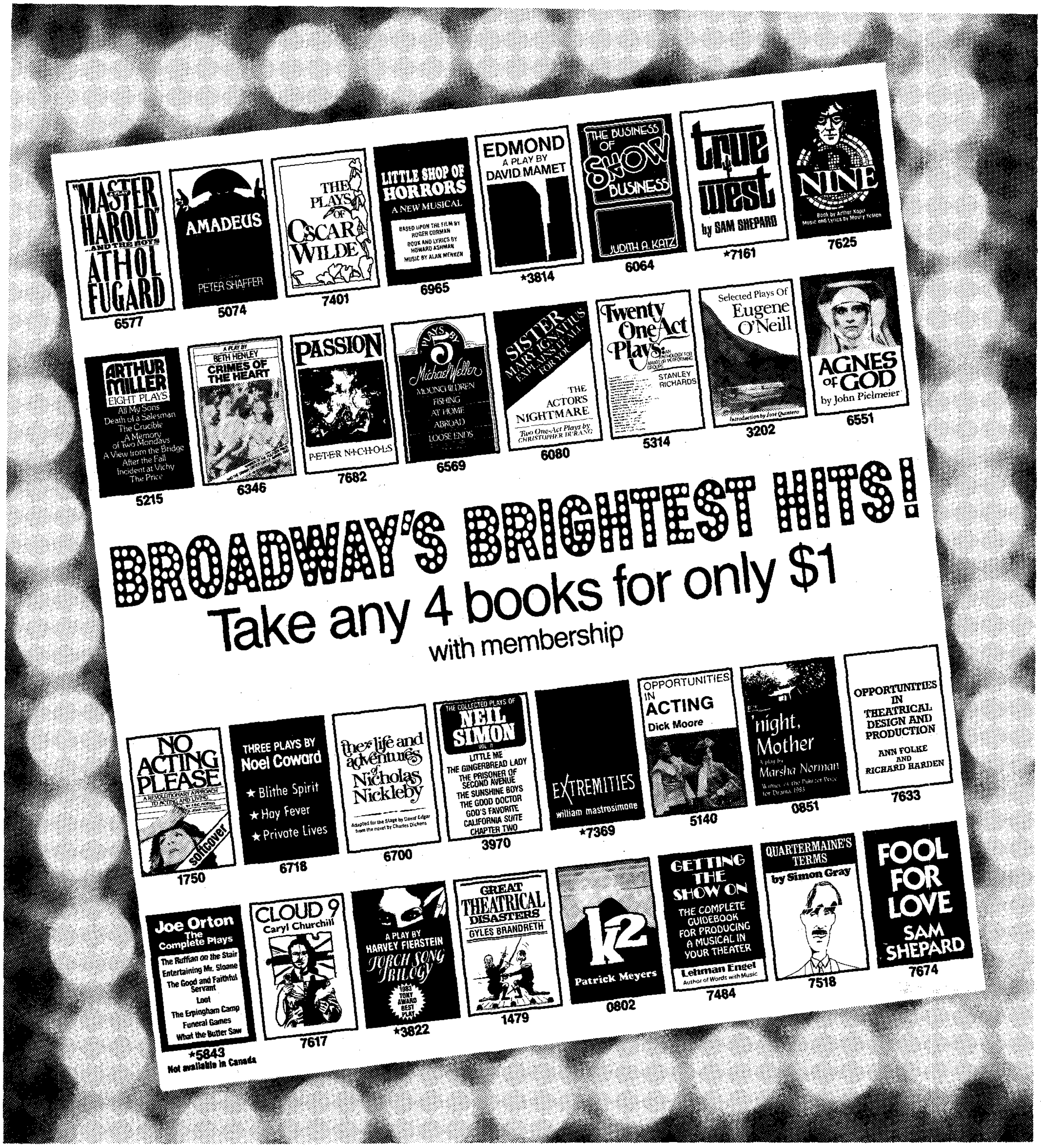
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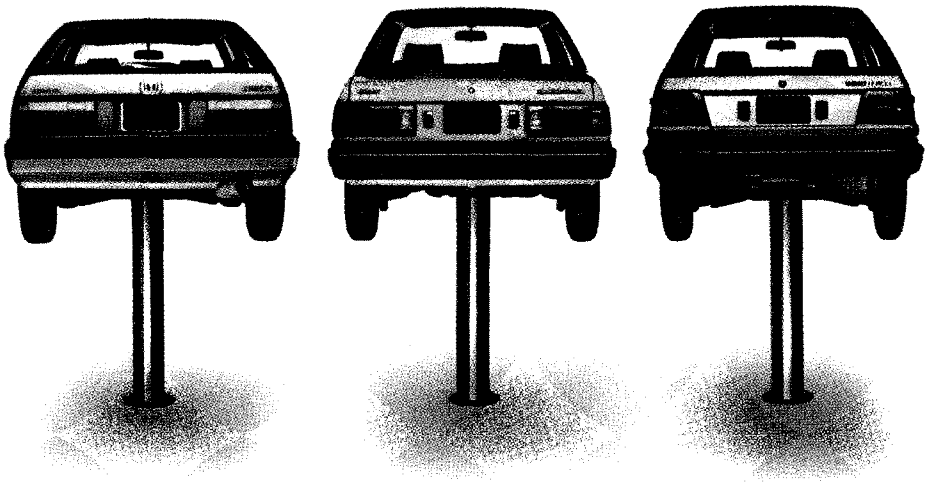

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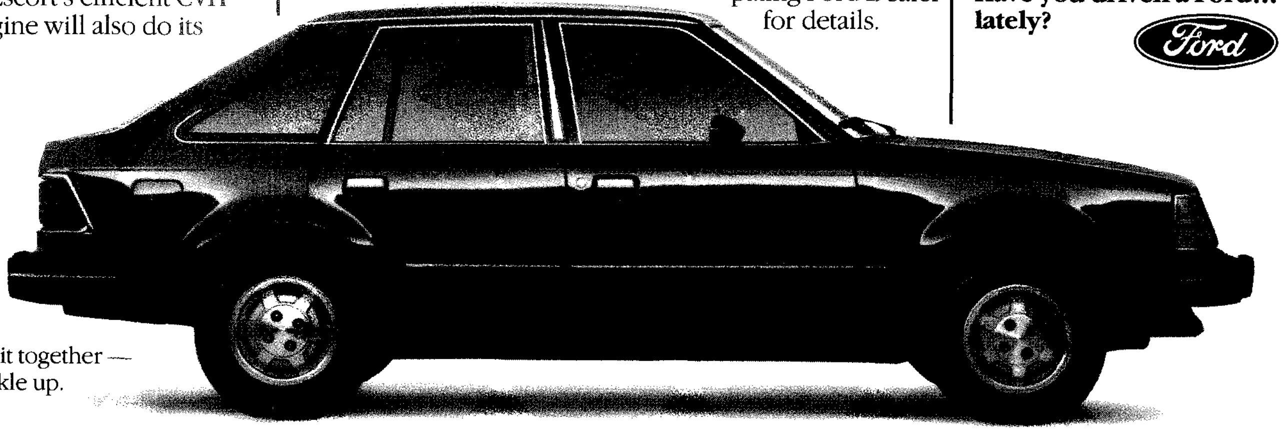

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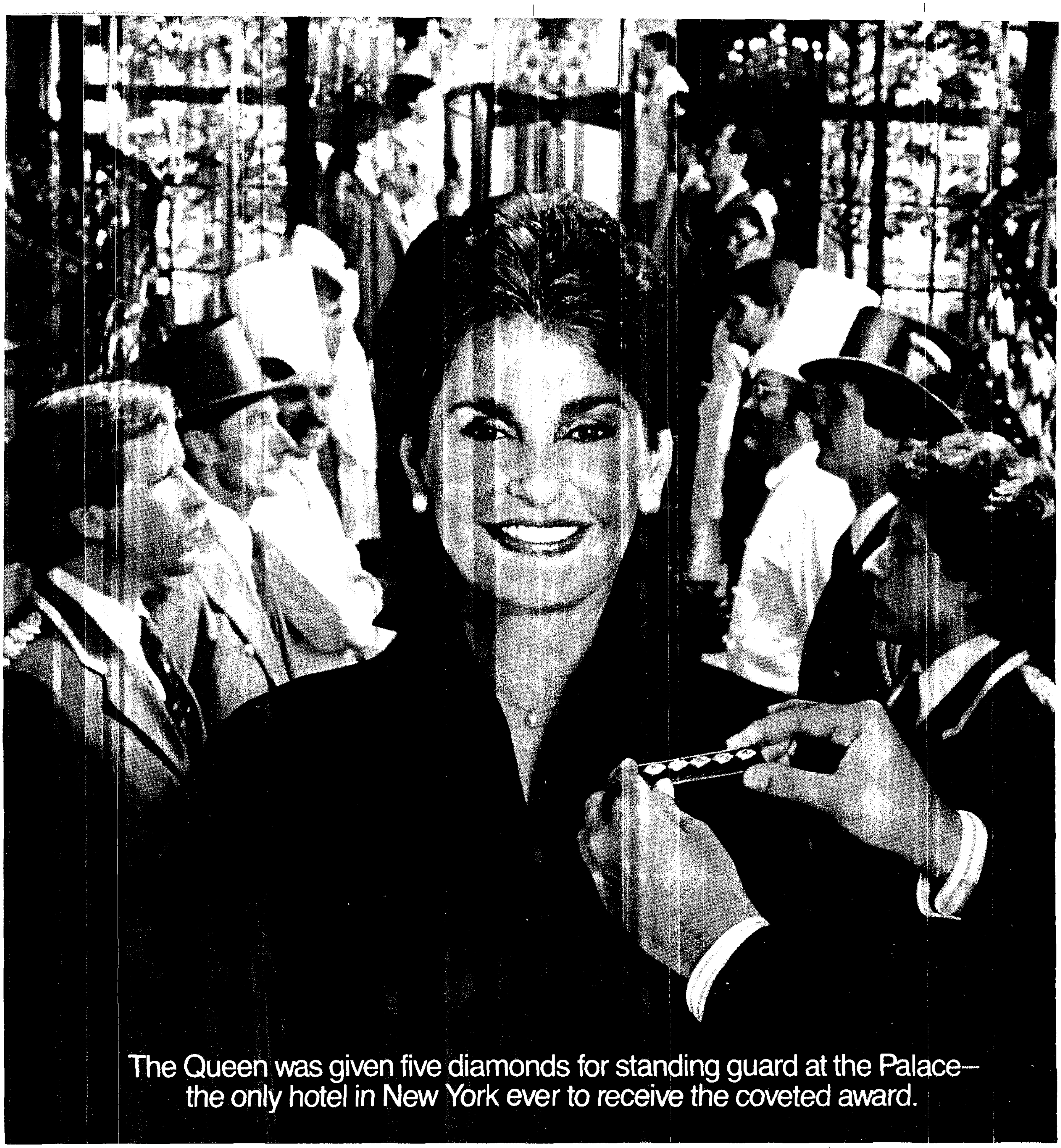
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